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LYRA INNOCENTII

“Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the
midst of them.”

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„	—	ix.	5.	The Empty Church.
1842.	—	v.	10.	Fire.
„	April 4.	x.	7.	Easter Eve.
„	April 27.	i.	6.	Death of the New-Baptized.
„	Oct. 11.	iii.	6.	Tell thy Mother.
„	Oct. 15.	ix.	13.	Disuse of Excommunication.
„	Oct. 19.	iii.	10.	Lessons and Accomplishments.
„	Nov. 8.	ix.	7.	Church Windows.
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„	Nov. 19.	viii.	9.	The Boy with the Five Loaves.
„	Nov. 25.	viii.	11.	St Andrew and his Cross.
„	Dec. 3.	x.	2.	Christmas Eve: Compline.
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„	Dec. 13.	iii.	7.	Absolution.
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1845.	Aug. 9.	x. 9.	Whitsun Eve.
„	Sept. 1.	v. 11.	Punishment.
„	Dec.	ii. 1.	The First Smile.
1846.	Jan.	vii. 2.	The Bird's Nest.
„	Jan. or Feb.	v. 13.	Languor.
„	Feb. 8.	Introd.	Stanzas 4-7.

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iv. 2.	Presumption.
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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

A BOOK of poems about children must in the main be left to explain itself and to justify its existence by its correspondence with the facts of childhood, and its power of satisfying the universal and instinctive delight of the grown-up in child-life. But the "Lyra Innocentium" also takes a strong colouring from the circumstances of the time at which it was produced, and cannot be understood adequately without due regard to them. As far as the dates of the poems are known, their composition falls entirely within the years 1841-1846; and those were years of intense anxiety both for the Church of England and for Mr Keble himself. The first wave of the Tractarian movement had spent itself: suspicions of its tendency had been aroused; criticism and denunciation, fair and unfair, learned and ignorant, had taken the place of enthusiasm; reckless followers would not follow the guidance of their leaders; and the most prominent of those leaders, John Henry Newman, to whom Keble had given his heart away in loyal affectionateness, and to whom he had

*Origin and
purpose of
the poems.*

been wont (in his own words) to pay "habitual deference," was known to be himself uncertain of his position, drawn this way and that, on a current which now ebbed and now advanced, but which was clearly setting Romeward. In 1842 he left his college rooms at Oriel College, Oxford, and withdrew to Littlemore; in 1843 he resigned the vicarage of St Mary's; in 1845 he resigned his fellowship, renounced allegiance to the Church of England, and was formally received into the Church of Rome. At each step Keble had been in communication with him, recalling the memories of past spiritual blessings, suggesting thoughts of reassurance, with the most delicate respectfulness throwing out hints, suggestions, pleadings. Newman has described him as broken-hearted, morbid, and over-wrought, accusing himself of being the cause of Newman's own perplexity. The sense of personal sinfulness grew upon him. He cast about to see how far the truth would allow him to go with Newman, what aspects of truth the Church of England had neglected, what her right attitude was to the Church of Rome and the other Churches from which she was separated. The serious illness, in 1845, of his only brother and of his wife added to his own personal anxieties. There were "thoughts that ache and eyes that

lower" (i. 3); there was "a wearier age" to bear (ii. 3): he could only see "far-reaching ways, unknown and wide" (v. 7). But through all this stress he remained quite clear of his own duty of loyalty to the Church of England, and of the impossibility of joining Rome, "until Rome is much changed indeed"; and he emerged from the strain, even more confident than before of the spiritual realities within her; assured of forgiveness, and assuring many another of forgiveness, through her ordinances; "with hopes to sweet sad memories akin" (ix. 16), but clearly hopeful, radiant, even joyous.¹ Two voices had been arguing in his heart, as in the heart of Tennyson and of so many others in those days of eager questioning, but the dull and bitter voice of despair and doubt was gone,

"A second voice was at my ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer'";

and to him this voice had been the voice of children. He had been thrown more with

¹ He wrote in Lent 1846: "For myself I can truly say that everything which has happened during the last six months seems to me to tell one way—*i.e.* to satisfy one more and more that it is one's duty to stay where one's lot is cast, and make the best of it. Everything almost, public and private, speaks to my ear with one voice."

children than in his earlier years. Over and above the children in his village school at Hursley (whose sayings have suggested many of his poems), there were the growing families of his own brother at Bisley, of Sir W. Heathcote at Hursley Park, of Dr Moberly at Winchester, of Mr Justice Coleridge at Ottery. Some of these he had baptized, to others he had acted as sponsor; so, like another St Joseph (viii. 8), the childless one found a new place and portion "in bowers of home delight," and claimed his share of the children's smiles and tears as their "father in God." He would have gladly spoken of them in the words of a later poet, as

— the innocent little ones,
Of value high o'er stars and suns,
Evangelists by heaven's decree,
Commissioned truths to teach to me
That otherwise I had never known

His scholars taught him his own forgotten lore: they stirred once more the deepest feelings of his heart, and those feelings found their relief in song. He was now about fifty years of age. "The Christian Year" had been published fourteen years before (1827): the Tractarian movement had called out some forty short poems of much vigour, much stern defiance, and warlike tone, which had appeared in the

“Lyra Apostolica”; but since then he had, it would seem, scarcely written anything. Now, however, the springs that had been stopped were re-opened, and we have in the “Lyra Innocentium” the aftermath of a St Luke’s Summer.

These poems he decided to publish, partly for the practical reason that he needed money for the restoration of Hursley Church, partly because he hoped that he

A true and timely word might frame
 “For weary hearts that ask to see
 Their way in our dim twilight hour.”

And, therefore, if we may say it with all due reverence, he did as his Master had done at a time of disputing and wrangling, “*He took a child and set him in the midst of them.*”

He took a child and set him in the midst of them—and that, it would seem, with a threefold purpose:

i. He set it there for its own charm and attractiveness: its sweet magic had charmed him out of restlessness into peace, out of morbidity into health, out of perplexity into faith. Two days before the proposed condemnation of Tract xc., at a time of “fretting cares” and “broken hearts,” the sight of a bright-haired babe sleeping trustfully amid the storms of winter had called forth that most restful of all the poems, “Sleeping on the Waters” (ii. 4,

where see note). Children's "artless smiles," whether awake or asleep, their "beaming glances," their "flashes of quick thought," their "gladsome talk and gay," their "pure thoughts fashioned to the Master's mind," their sports, their May garlands, their sympathy with animal life, their ready thankfulness, their simple words of praise, their delight in hearing a thing that they liked "again," "again,"—even their bereavements had drawn him out of his moodiness. "The book has been" (so he wrote to Mr Justice Coleridge, in May 1845) "a great comfort to me in the desolating anxiety of the last two years."¹ "When things were most perplexing" (writes Miss Yonge of these years), "and the heaviest shocks were in full force, a child, or a child's festival, or a great holy day, had a striking power of making him put off cares and griefs, and be thoroughly happy and blithe. . . . The delight in scenery, children, animals, flowers, and books was as fresh as ever."² He hoped, therefore, to relieve the strain of others' minds by the sound of children's voices, as though in the crisis of a tragedy a chorus of children had passed across the stage chanting their sacred hymns. Had

¹ Coleridge, "Memoir of Rev. J. Keble," p. 279.

² "Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Innocentium,'" p. xxiii.

one asked "Who are those with thee?" he would have answered with Jacob: "The children which God hath graciously given thy servant" (*τί ταῦτα σοι ἐστί; ὁ δὲ εἶπεν, τὰ παῖδια οἷς ἠλέησέ με ὁ θεός. Gen. xxxiii. 5*).

ii. This beautiful child-life was not only attractive in itself; it served "to still the enemy and the avenger"; it served as a reassurance to the perplexed, and as an apologetic answer to the opponent, as being a proof of the reality of God's grace working within the Church of England. It was a life of "faith and silent praise"; it was like the life of the harebell or the nodding fern, growing, blooming, green and gay, at the very side of the waterfall, unscared by the roar of its waters, untroubled by the uncertainty of its course, leaning without fear into its spray, and kept fresh and bright by it (vii. 9). The reality of the regenerating gift of baptism was proved by the growing likeness of the baptised child to the Father, to Christ, to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints; their filial yearnings, their patient smiles, their desire to learn, their willingness to obey, their sense of awe and reverence, their pastoral care for animals and for children younger than themselves, their self-devotion in confirmation—these and many such traits of the true Christian character were proofs that God's grace is still

real, active, powerful in our midst; indications of the serious peril that those would run who defaced the cross so clearly stamped upon children; grounds, too, of hope that the prayer of innocents on earth would

Guard, as of old, our lonely tents,
Till, as one faith is ours, in Love
We own all Churches, and are owned.

“Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and wonders in Israel from the Lord of Hosts.” (Is. viii. 18.)

iii. As with our Lord's own action, so here, the child-character was also to serve as an example. “Be thou through life a little child, by manhood undefiled” (vii. 1), was one lesson of the book. “Except ye *continue to be* as little children, ye cannot *remain* in the kingdom of Heaven.” In contrast to “the world's freedom feverish and untrue” (iv. 8), to “our cold irreverent age” (ii. 10), in days of much restlessness, much wilfulness, great timidity, and much morbid introspection, we have the picture of their simple delight in all that is bright outside themselves, “tracing glad lessons in the moonlight skies,” and able to view this earth as still being like “Eden's stainless bowers”; their courageous love of animals and sympathy with them; their shyness, which is the germ of true reverence; their trustful cling-

ing to their mother's robe; their alarms quickly stilled by the sound of her voice; their faults told into her loving ears; their quick "thank you" for any gift; their generosity with their own treasures; their loyal clinging to a friend who is leaving them; their tenderness for a sick sister; their indignation against injustice or cruelty; their courage in venturing out of their depth in bathing; and, above all, their *duteousness*, are all portrayed with more or less explicit suggestion of the inference to be drawn from them.

Jesus in His Babes abiding
Shames our cold, ungentle ways,
Silently the young heart guiding
To unconscious love and praise. (ix. 15.)

Indeed, if there is one word characteristic of the book, it is this word *duteous*. It is applied to Nature's obedience to Law. The sun that performs his daily appointed round is the *duteous* sun. It is applied to animals; the watch-dog's *duteous* care guards the slumbering child. More frequently it is the characteristic of human life: Naaman's maid-servant served Jehovah with *duteous* fear; St Joseph guided the Virgin and the Child into Egypt with *duteous* staff; the boy at the miracle of the Feeding of the Five Thousand brought his basket to the Apostles with *duteous* heart; with

duteous cry the children welcomed our Lord to Jerusalem; the buyers and sellers in the temple made *duteous* way for His sounding scourge; his *duteous* friends waited for the promise of the Holy Spirit at Jerusalem; with *duteous* art St Andrew changed the form of the Cross on which he was to be crucified, lest he should seem presumptuously to imitate his Master; the Christmas festival yields its *duteous* love and praise; the Church is Christ's *duteous* spouse; *duteous* maidens come in stainless white to confirmation; day by day we to Our Father *duteous* pray; *duteous* deed, *duteous* fear of sin, a *duteous* mind, are characteristic of the Christian boy; the *duteous-hearted* boy waits upon the old; and—

With joy the guardian angel sees
A *duteous* child upon his knees.

In this Mr Keble carries out the ideal legislation of Plato for the training of the young, that the sacred choir of children should first sing with all their heart their songs in the ears of the whole city, and that their theme should be that the gods declare the holiest life to be the happiest.¹

Child-life is thus put forward to relieve from strain, to reassure from perplexity, to restore to a true ideal of character; whence

¹ Laws, ii. p. 664.

it follows, of necessity, that the volume is not primarily a child's book in the sense of being a book for children to use. In its first inception it was intended to be "a sort of Christian Year for Teachers and Nurses, and others who are much employed about children." Its title was to have been "The Child's Christian Year," with the poems adapted to each Sunday and holy day of the year, and many of the poems bear in the MS. the inscription, "C.C.Y.," or even "C.C.Y., pt. ii.," as though the plan of the book had been thought out completely; but that title was used in 1841 for another volume of poems, compiled under Mr Keble's supervision by Mrs Yonge of Otterbourne; and, apart from that fact, the book had taken a different shape, and, when published, it was arranged by subjects rather than by days, the index of days being, except in the case of the earlier poems, a subsequent and somewhat arbitrary adaptation.

The result is that the book is of a composite character: some of the poems are addressed *to* children; others are written *for* children and put into their mouths; more frequently they are moralisings *about* the ways and sayings and privileges of children; in a few cases there is no reference to children at all. But these last are few, and, with their exception, the book

is always the "lyre of innocents," the chord touched by their fingers, the thoughts which, consciously or unconsciously, they sing to us, the melody which they inspire, the utterance of their "soul's immensity." Mr Keble was fond of the thought that angels take up and expand into a richer meaning the simple prayers of children¹; and as in "The Christian Year," he had described their innocent gestures as wearing a meaning half-divine, so here, angel-wise, he takes up and expands their simple sayings into a deeper spiritual or ecclesiastical analogue.

*Character-
istics.*

The book was published anonymously; but it could not fail to be recognised as the work of the author of "The Christian Year." The charitable austerity; the deep sense of personal sinfulness; the faith in forgiving love; the soothing, sober tone; the delight in home life, in children, in the quieter aspects of Nature; the classical diction; the touch of obscurity:—these were clear indications of its source, and on these points of similarity we have no call to dwell. But it may be well to note two characteristics which somewhat separate it from its elder brother, the one a clear gain, the other at once a gain and a loss—a gain to those who

¹ Cf. iii. 2, ix. 5, "The Christian Year," on The Catechism, and "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 101.

have accepted the full Church position, at least an apparent loss to those many devout souls outside the Church who yet had welcomed "The Christian Year": they are, first, its brighter joyousness of tone; and, secondly, the stronger ecclesiastical stamp upon it.

The brighter joyousness can be found in almost every page; there is, indeed, side by side with it, a terribly stern and solemn side: the cradle has its fears as well as its hopes; a child may turn out to be a Cain, a Judas, even an anti-Christ; the generous boy may, like David, prove "a fallen man"; and teaching about the eternal consequences of sin is a true act of a mother's love, guarding her child from evil. There is, indeed, nothing in "The Christian Year" more grimly stern than "The Cradle Guarded" (ii. 15), more impressive and awe-inspiring than "The Effect of Example" and "Presumption" (iv. 1 and 2). Yet, in the main, the joyousness predominates. "The Christian Year" had assumed the Church to be "in decay"; but the Tractarian movement was a proof of its intrinsic vitality. It had revived; it had asserted itself; it had conveyed its message of forgiveness to penitents; it had gone through fresh travail pangs: and the "Lyra" expresses the joy that a new life was born into the world. There is the man's joy in the joy

of children; there is the joy—even if only “joy subdued”—in the heart of the penitent; there is joy in earth as well as in Heaven over the return of the penitent. “White” is the poet’s favourite colour, and it is seen from one end of life to the other, starting from the babe’s white chrisom, passing through the Sunday dress, the confirmation veil, the surplice for priest and chorister and penitent, the bridal dress, the linen on the altar, and ending in the white winding-sheet of the last scene on earth. “*Healing*” is the poet’s favourite word; whereas “*soothing*” was the favourite word of “The Christian Year,” “*healing*” is used here twice as often as “*soothing*.”¹ Thus, Jehovah’s Name was the *healing* name; the faith of the widow of Sarepta was worth *healing* and life to her child. Christ is the *Healer*, He who waits to *heal*, born under Bethlehem’s *healing* star. His Hand is a *healing* Hand; *healing* balms flow, and the *healing* cloud descends from Him. He has store of *healing* for our daily sore; His grace can *heal* the wound within. His Cross is a *healing* rood; the pangs He suffered then were *healing* pangs, His Blood

¹ In one passage (ix. 16) the original phrase of the MS. “The sweet bells that *soothed* Life’s morn,” was strengthened into “The sweet bells that *charmed* Life’s morn,” on publication.

all-healing, kindly blood ; the waters of Baptism are *healing*, holy waters ; the Comforter comes on *healing* wings ; none, not even the sullen and passionate and envious temper, are without the reach of his *healing*.

It is a natural result of this radiancy of tone that there is a greater charm of melody and lyrical expression. There is no poem in "The Christian Year" in which we feel the real harmony between thought and form so perfectly caught as in "The Offertory," "Christmas Eve," "Continual Services" (ix. 15, x. 2, ix. 17). In the two former the bright, vigorous melody expresses excellently the appeal for generosity and joy ; in the last the quiet stately flow of the metre, line passing into line with no "harsh bounding," is the utterance of one whose ear has caught somewhat of "the eternal melodies" of the majestic movement of the universe. One poem, "The Song of the Manna-Gatherers" (viii. 2), stands quite by itself in Mr Keble's poetry for its combination of melody with dramatic force. He has for once given himself the rein, and thrown himself into a bright, happy situation, describing the feelings of the Israelites, without staying to allegorise it or consider any spiritual inference.

The second note of difference from "The

Christian Year" is that of ecclesiasticism. This, indeed, is only a difference of degree, but it is clearly marked. The struggles and activities of the Church had made it dearer to the poet, more all-embracing, more clearly correspondent to all in Nature that was typical of its truth. There is, perhaps, a greater emphasis on a few doctrines—those which had specially been the centre of controversy—the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, of sacramental grace (*cf.* ix. 10, Church Rites), of absolution, of eternal punishment. There is a more didactic tone; so that a poem is often the lyrical expression of one of his sermons. This is particularly true of the first section, "Holy Baptism," which should be read with the Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices. There is, at times, a patristic over-straining of the allegorical interpretation of the Bible (*cf.* i. 2, ix. 14). More significantly still, scenes in Nature are seldom described for their own beauty. The loving description of the river, with its willows and lilies, and willow-herb and meadow-sweet (vi. 6), is a striking exception to this; but, as a rule, Nature is brought closely into line with Church doctrine or with some spiritual or ecclesiastical analogue. In "The Christian Year" the praise of God's goodness was heard in the outside world in the chant of

wakeful birds, in the deep weltering flood, in whispering leaves; in the "Lyra" it is heard, not only there (*cf.* especially v. 12, and 13), but also in the carol of the Redbreast which has found its way into a cathedral. It is the holly used in church decorations, the violet picked to lie on a grave, rather than the snowdrop or the willow-tree in the open country, that teach their lesson. The church bells are heard in every breeze; Nature's chords "make tunes for holy times"; and "the endless round of Nature's wheel" gains its chief charm from the fact that it suggests the universal Eucharist of the Church. There is, no doubt, a mysterious and important truth in all this, for it expresses the unity of all God's work, and the sense of Nature being "free to wait on grace"; but there is at times a feeling that the two halves of the analogy have not fallen into line, but have been forced into line; there is, here and there, a sense of unnaturalness, of a want of freedom; there is in the poems a larger amount of what is prosaic, and apparently written to order, than there was in "The Christian Year." The range of illustration is again scarcely so wide and varied as there¹; yet it is still wide. The Bible, Christian traditions about the Virgin, Plato,

¹ *Cf.* "The Christian Year," Introduction, pp. 12-16.

Virgil, Hooker, Spenser, Newton, Wordsworth, Sir W. Scott, the scenery of Hampshire and of Scotland, have all given their contribution; there is, too, a more frequent allusion to music and to paintings, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, Domenichino's "St John," Overbeck's "Christ blessing little children," Miss Trench's sketch of a "Belgian girl lifting up her baby sister to the Cross," all being described. The whole volume proves the truth of Miss Yonge's account of the author: "It seems to me that in power of exceeding enjoyment, in positive admiration (which was real thankfulness), he was an unusually happy man; children, high characters, good people, noble actions, fine prints or pictures, music, scenery, all gave him such great delight."¹

*Devotional
value.*

For whom, then, will such a book have a devotional value? for whose sake is it included in a Library of Devotion?

i. For children? Yes and No. Not, it would seem at least to me, for young children, for with them it might tend to produce a premature self-consciousness. But it would be a

¹ "Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Innocentium,'" p. xlv. One poem ("The First Smile," ii. 1) is not Mr Keble's, but was written by Mr Justice Coleridge; the thought of another (Languor, v. 13) was also suggested to Mr Keble by him.

healthy book for boys and girls as they approach the time of confirmation : they would be helped to realise the greatness of their privileges, the true responsibility for them, the contribution which each life, each prayer, makes to the whole life and worship of the Church, the value of little things, the effect of example, the danger of trusting mere generous impulse ; boys would learn fearlessness and the true soldier spirit ; girls would learn humility and love and the true maidenly spirit ; boys and girls alike would learn *duteousness*.

ii. For parents ? Yes ; most of all for parents, and any who stand *in loco parentis* ; for they would be taught the beauty of each regenerate soul, fairer than the flowers of Eden, or the stars of Heaven (i. 3) ; the separateness of each life with its "world of thought alone" (iii. 1) ; "the heart's lone awful world" (v. 2) ; "the mystery of the tears of men" (*ib.*) ; they would be reminded also of the serious possibilities of evil as well as of good that lie in each child of man : and therefore no cradle would remain "uncharmed by prayer" ; there would be no driving, no forcing of the child's will, but a true reverence for it, a respect even for its shyness and its stammering, a bright expectation of its capacities, no parade of its cleverness, but a gradual training in God's laws, and a

commendation of it into the hands of Him who alone could guard it securely. And parents would find the lines of Christian training clearly drawn for them; they would be reminded of the danger of a love of praise and admiration; of trusting to mere impulse, however good; of the spirit of selfishness, envy, disrespect, irreverence, inward pride; even of too great love of a good home, which might unfit a child, as it did St Mark, for the work of life (iv. 9). On the other hand, if they followed the book's guidance, they would train their children in a true admiration for the beauty of Nature (ii. 6); they would guide their imagination and their conscience in the study of art and of history (iii. 10); they would teach them the Creed, and soothe them with the words of the Bible (iii. 9, v. 3); they would make them realise the presence of God, so that they might have "one law for darkness and for light" (iii. 1): and so turn them out trustworthy, courteous, obedient, self-disciplined, forgiving, generous, loving.

It is in this connection that we may best note the reverence paid to the Blessed Virgin. This was probably due in part to the controversial circumstances of the time; for, though Mr Keble held that "the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary was one of the things which made it im-

possible to join the Church of Rome," yet he also felt that the entire ignoring of the thought of her in the religious life of even the best of English Churchmen, was a point in which we fall short of the true Catholic instinct of what is rightfully due to her.¹ But the references to her grow naturally out of the thoughts of maidenhood and maternity; she is ever brought into close connection with her child; and with her, as with all the saints, we are especially guarded against any thought of a goodness or a power apart from Him, and from "the Fountain Orb of Good": we are warned against adoration or the thought of an Immaculate Conception. Thus she is called "the first of creatures," "the whole earth's flower and prime," "whom the awful blessing lifted above all Adam's race"; she is the type of maidenhood (ii. 2); again, the type of motherhood, the spotless mother whose mother's love is one with the Almighty Will, so that she is willing to see her child suffer, if God so

¹ In a letter to the Rev. J. Miller of July 6th, 1846, J. K. writes that one of the principles which had guided him, while composing the "Lyra" was "that, since the Church of Rome is a church . . . it is our duty to long and pray for union, to put the best interpretation upon everything, and when it can be done prudently and charitably, to claim and use as our right (we being Catholic as well as they), such usages and sayings of theirs as seem to be free from corruption, and not forbidden by our own Church."

will (ii. 11). Her presence at Pentecost is a pledge that children have their share in its blessings (x. 10); it is a thought to mothers dear that the Church's memory ever recalls her as adoring her Son. She, with the Saints, is present in our worship (iii. 3); and the orphaned girl is reminded not only that her own mother is still praying in Heaven, but that she may also think of "A holier mother rapt in more prevailing prayer" (v. 9). The fullest poem about her, entitled "Mother out of Sight," was not published at the time, as some of his friends thought it might give offence, but as it was intended for this volume, and as it has since been published,¹ it has been added here in an Appendix.

iii. The book will have a special value, also, for any who are burdened with the sense of their own past sin—for penitents. The portrayal of childlike purity will indeed add a new poignancy to the remorse for that which they have lost, and make them more ashamed of sin (ix. 9); yet children also shew a sympathy with the trouble which they cannot understand (x. 6); and, apart from the action of children, the penitent will hear that "sun and air have soothing power"; he

¹ In Coleridge's "Memoirs," ch. 13, and in the "Miscellaneous Poems."

will hear of "the soothing hand that Love on Conscience lays" (v. 12). But he will also hear that repentance does not annul the effects of past sin; that true grief for having done wrong shows itself in willingness to endure the penalty; that the sinner who is wrongly praised should turn his praise into penance; but that if this is done, the past purity may be recovered; that there is a white robe for the penitent, as white as the babe's christening dress; that "the withered bough may blush with fruitage still"; nay, even that the memory may be cleansed from the association of evil.

What if yet,
 In some far moment of eternity,
 The lore of evil I may quite forget
 And with the pure in heart my portion be?

(iii. 7 ; cf. v. 11, 12 ; viii. 3 ; x. 1).

iv. Lastly, there is *healing* here for those in perplexity, especially in perplexity about their allegiance to the Church. Such will not discover any arguments to help them in controversy, but they will find themselves enwrap in an atmosphere of sunshine and of trustfulness. This atmosphere implies no lowering of the ideal of the Church. It is she "whose laws are sealed on high" (ix. 14)—she is "the Power Doomed to be Queen o'er all"; and though the ideal is far from being realised, and there seems

to be no union and no love, yet all her branches are under one unfailing guide; they will haply blend in some distant cave. All who are baptised and press onward by deeds of holiness belong to the true Church (vii. 9). Meanwhile, her duteous children will cling to their mother's robe (v. 7); they will bear patiently with imperfections in their own Church (ix. 13, 14). And to such children she reveals herself in her true motherhood; and the sense of brotherhood with the Saints deepens itself. "The pure and childlike dead," "the Living Dead," seem to draw nearer to us than before, praying with intenser might (ii. 2, v. 8, 9, 10; ix. 7). The manifold ways of the Saints, countless as the stars of Heaven (vii. 10), become clear to our vision. They join our worship here on earth; Christ is in them; from Him virtue goes out through them "the whole world to bless." The Sacred Home is never quite bereft of her Saints; and therefore, in the presence of these great realities, we may trust God's choice of our position,

For sure thine holy Mother's shade
Rests yet upon thine ancient home:
No voice from Heaven hath clearly said
"Let us depart"; then fear to roam.

*Scope of this
Edition.*

The MS. of nearly all the poems, written out by Mr Keble himself on backs of letters and envelopes (*cf.* ii. 4, note), was given by his

brother to Keble College Library, and that has been collated for this edition. It has not many variations from the printed editions, and most of them have evidently been deliberately changed; consequently, I have not attempted to print many of these "chips from the workshop"; but a few of them have an interest of their own, and in a few the MS. seems to retain the correct reading, which has been accidentally lost in the printed editions. It has also enabled me to supply the dates of sixteen of the poems which have hitherto been undated. As in dealing with the "Christian Year," I have added a short analysis to the majority of the poems; but some are so clear that it seemed an insult to any reader to do so. I have also added a chronological index of the poems, and prefixed to each poem the Sunday or holy day with which it was connected, and added a few explanations of the allusions in the poems and illustrations from Mr Keble's other writings, or from previous writers who had influenced his language or his thought; and, as mentioned above, I have reprinted from the "Miscellaneous Poems" the poem which was originally intended for the "Lyra Innocentium."

WALTER LOCK.

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Sept. 13, 1898.

LYRA INNOCENTIUM

“ O DEAREST, dearest Boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.”

Wordsworth.

TO ALL FRIENDLY READERS

*There are, who love upon their knees
To linger when their prayers are said,
And lengthen out their Litanies,
In duteous care for quick and dead.
Thou, of all Love the Source and Guide!
O may some hovering thought of theirs,
Where I am kneeling, gently glide,
And higher waft these earth-bound prayers.*

*There are, who gazing on the stars
Love-tokens read from worlds of light,
Not as dim-seen through prison-bars,
But as with Angels' welcome bright.
O had we kept entire the vow
And covenant of our infant eyes,
We too might trace untrembling now
Glad lessons in the moonlight skies.*

*There are, to whom the gay green earth
Might seem a mournful penance cave;
For they have marr'd their holy birth,
Have rent the bowers that o'er them wave.
Where underneath Thy Cross they lie,
Mark me a place: Thy Mercy's ray,
Is healing, e'en to such as I,
Else wherefore bid us hope and pray?*

1841

*What if there were, who laid one hand
Upon the Lyre of Innocence,
While the other over sea and land
Beckon'd foul shapes, in dream intense*

*Of earthly Passion? Whoso reads,
 In pity kneel for him, and pour
 A deep heart prayer (O! much it needs)
 That lies may be his hope no more.*

*Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
 Left on his soul, may fleet; that he
 A true and timely word may frame
 For weary hearts, that ask to see
 Their way in our dim twilight hour;—
 His lips so purg'd with penance-fire,
 That he may guide them, in Christ's power,
 Along the path of their desire;*

*And with no faint nor erring voice
 May to the wanderer whisper, "Stay:
 God chooses for thee: seal His choice,
 Nor from thy Mother's shadow stray:
 For sure thine holy Mother's shade
 Rests yet upon thine ancient home:
 No voice from Heaven hath clearly said,
 'Let us depart'; then fear to roam."*

*Pray that the Prayer of Innocents
 On Earth, of Saints in Heaven above,
 Guard, as of old, our lonely tents;
 Till, as one faith is ours, in Love
 We own all Churches, and are own'd.—
 Pray Him to save, by chastenings keen,
 The harps that hail His Bride enthron'd
 From wayward touch of hands unclean.*

I
HOLY BAPTISM

I.

THE MOST HOLY NAME. July 1843.

Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. St Matt. xxviii. 19.

(TRINITY SUNDAY)

The Name of God given in Baptism is like a charm to protect thee from evil, and to complete thy Heavenly life. But it has to be tested in the face of trial and temptation; and thou must make use of it, both in the time of childish innocence, and also in after years, at thy own morning and evening prayers, and in public worship, and finally on thy deathbed; so that at last, with all spiritual foes vanquished, thou mayest proclaim it with the Angels in Heaven.

ONCE in His Name who made thee,
Once in His Name who died for thee,
Once in His Name who lives to aid thee,
We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

'Christian,' dear child, we call thee;
Threefold the Bath, the Name is One:
Henceforth no evil dream befall thee,
Now is thy Heavenly rest begun.

Yet in sharp hours of trial
The mighty seal must needs be prov'd:¹

¹ *Seal*, a technical word for Baptism in Patristic writers, perhaps originating in 2 Cor. i. 22, Rev. ix. 4. Cf. Lightfoot "Clement of Rome," Ep. ii. c.7.

Dread Spirits wait in stern espial :—¹
 But name thou still the Name belov'd.

Name it with heart untainted,
 Lips fragrant from their early vow,
 Ere Conscience yet have swerv'd or fainted,
 Ere Shame have dyed the willing brow.

Name it in dewy morning,
 When duly for the world's keen fray
 With prayer and vow thy soul adorning,
 Thou in thy bower salut'st the day.

In quiet evening name it,
 When gently, like a wearied breeze,
 Thou sink'st to sleep; O see thou claim it—
 That saving Name—upon thy knees.

Name it in solemn meetings,
 'Mid chanted anthems grave and clear,
 When toward the East our awful greetings
 Are wafted ere our Lord appear.

Upon thy death-bed name it :
 So mayst thou chase th' infernal horde.
 So learn with Angels to proclaim it,
 Thrice Holy, One Almighty Lord.

¹ *Dread Spirits wait in stern espial*—i.e. the terrible powers of evil watch ruthlessly in hope to see the moment when they can harm thee. Cf. i. 4, st. 5, and viii. 4, st. 5.

Not with sword and shield and lance,
 But with charm-words from our Book,
 Gems from our baptismal Brook
 Meet his stern advance.

2.

NEW CREATION. Feb. 1843.

He hath set the world in their heart. Eccl. iii. 11.

(SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY)

The Baptism of each child recalls the details of the creation of the world. As then the earth was without form and void, so here is the child's soul, until the Spirit moves upon it. As on the first day light was created, so enlightenment is given here: as on the second day, the waters were stored above the firmament to drop their dew upon earth, so here aethereal drops fall from the font: as on the third day the earth was separated from the waters, and yielded its fruit, so the child is saved from the world to be in peace: as on the fourth day sun and moon were created, so for the child Christ and the Church are as sun and moon: as on the fifth day fishes and birds were created with power to move in sea and air, so to the child is given power to rise from earth to Heaven: as on the sixth day man was quickened, so here the requickening power of the Atonement, also wrought on the sixth day of the week, is brought to the child. Finally, the rest of the Sabbath is like the child carried away asleep in the nurse's arms, with a rest which may be eternal.

This illustration is based on St Paul's use of the phrase, the "new creation," in 2 Cor. v. 17, Gal. vi. 15: and in the Hexaemeron of St Ambrose many of the details will be found, but there the analogy to Baptism is not drawn out with this elaborateness. See the notes on the poem in "The Christian Year," for Septuagesima Sunday.

WHO may the wondrous birth declare
Of Earth and Heaven so vast and fair?
Yet whensoever to Love's pure spring
A helpless Little One they bring,

Those wonders o'er again we see
 In saving mystery.

All in the unregenerate child
 Is void and formless, dark and wild,
 Till the life-giving holy Dove
 Upon the waters gently move,
 And power impart, soft brooding there,
 Celestial fruit to bear.

God on the first day spake in might,
 "Let there be Light," and there was Light.
 So o'er the Font enlightening grace¹
 As surely beams from Jesus' face,
 As when in Jordan's wave He bow'd
 Beneath the hovering cloud.

The second day, God stor'd on high
 The dewy treasures of the sky :
 And who the pure glad drops may tell,
 Reserv'd in yon ethereal well,
 Faith to revive upon her way,
 Hope's weary thirst allay?

The third day dawn'd : at His command
 The rushing waters left the land,
 With herb and flower the green earth smil'd.
 So art thou rescued, Christian Child,

¹ *enlightening grace.* There is a reference to the technical use of φωτισμός, "illumination," "enlightenment," in the sense of "Baptism." This was probably based upon Heb. vi. 4, and was common from the time of Justin Martyr.

From tossings of the world's rude sea,
 In vernal peace to be.

Bright rose the fourth triumphal morn,
 For then the sun and stars were born,
 And the soft moon, whose chaste cold ray
 Tells tidings of a purer day.

Christ in the Font became our Noon,
 The holy Church, our Moon.¹

To the fifth dawn and eve belong
 Motion and life and flight and song,
 In watery deeps and deeps of Heaven:—
 Such gift to thee, dear babe, was given,
 When from the earth He bade thee rise
 To greet Him in the skies.

The sixth dread day, the last in place,
 Dread in its deeps of untold grace,
 Moulded, at morn, the cold dull clay,
 Inspir'd, at eve, the quickening ray;
 The same sad morn and evening mild
 Renew'd us, earth defil'd.

Thee, awful image of the All-good,²
 That one atoning day renew'd

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year," Septuagesima Sunday
 The moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they ran,
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.

² Thee—i.e. human nature, made in God's image.
 This was renewed for all mankind by Christ's

For the whole world : the fontal wave
 To each apart the glory gave,
 Washing us clean, that we might hide
 In His love-pierced side.

Thus in each day of toil we read
 Tokens of joy to Saints decreed.
 What if the day of holy rest
 The sleep foreshew of infant blest
 Borne from the Font, the seal new given,
 Perchance to wake in Heaven?

3.

GUARDIAN ANGELS. June 9, 1844.

He shall give His Angels charge concerning
 Thee. Ps. xci. 11.

(FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

A vision of the night, in which Angels are seen bringing babes to the Font, and carrying them upwards, fairer than any flower of Eden or gem of Heaven, to the Throne of God, who welcomes them as the High Priest welcomed the Paschal offerings.

Atonement on Good Friday, but the renewal is brought home to each at Baptism. Cf. i. 4, st. 2.

His saving words, with holy water blended,
 Have brought the glory to my prime of morn.

These two stanzas (8, 9) are an expansion of what is only one in the MS. :—

The sixth dread day, the last in place,
 Dread in its deeps of untold grace,
 In Adam formed, in Christ renewed.
 Thee, awful image of the All-good,
 For the whole world—the fontal wave
 To each the glory gave.

The poet prays that this vision of innocence may support him and soothe his aching heart. (*Cf.* p. 2.)

“TELL me now thy morning dream.”

“In the flowery sweet spring-tide
I beheld a sparkling stream,

Where by thousands Angels glide ;
Each beneath the soft bright wing
Seem'd a tender babe to bring,
Where the freshest waters fell
In an ever-living well.

“Far within the unearthly Fount

Shew'd the pure Heaven's steadfast rays,
Stars beyond what eye can count

Deepening on the unwearied gaze.
Whoso of those springs would draw,
Wondrous joy and wondrous awe
On his soul together rise,
Starlight keen and dark blue skies.

“Round the margin breath'd and bloom'd

Flowers from Eden : far below
Gems from Heaven the sides illum'd :—

But nor flower nor gem might show
Half so fair as your soft charms,
Who in your own Seraphs' arms
Here are wafted, in pure vest
Rob'd, and wash'd, and seal'd, and bless'd.

“There one moment lay immers'd

Each bright form, and ere it rose,
Rose regenerate, Light would burst
From where golden morning glows,

With a sudden, silent thrill,
Over that mysterious rill.
Ne'er so bright, so gentle, sweep
Lightnings o'er the summer deep.

“ In a moment came that ray,
Came but went not : every sprite,
Through its veil of mortal clay,
Now is drench'd in quickening light ;
Light wherewith the Seraphs burn,
Light that to itself would turn
Whatsoe'er of earth and shame
Mars e'en now the new-born frame.¹

“ Through the pure Heavens now at large
See the immortal guardians soar,
Joying to behold their charge
Purg'd, wing'd, brighten'd more and more,
As the strong undying spark
Buoys them upward to God's Ark,
To the Throne where all repair
With the first-fruits of their care.

“ Ne'er with smile so glad and kind
Welcom'd God's High-Priest of old
Abraham's seed with Abraham's mind
Offering gifts from field and fold,

¹ Cf. Eph. v. 7-14, esp. v. 13, and J. K.'s "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Office," p. 102. "A spark of holy fire is lit up in the child, which if it be duly attended to, will consume all that is gross and earthly, and purify him altogether in the likeness of Jesus Christ."

Lamb or kid, or first-ripe corn,
 Glory of the Paschal morn ;—
 When the shades from Salem's wall
 On Siloah deepest fall ;—¹

“ As in that entrancing dream,
 On my sleep-embolden'd eyes,
 From the shrine, the approving beam
 Thrill'd, as each new sacrifice,
 Each new living ray, each soul
 Borne beyond where shadows roll,
 With its faithful Watcher, found
 Place in the eternal round.”²

O sweet morning dream, I pray,
 Pass not with the matin hour ;
 Charm me :—heart and tongue allay,
 Thoughts that ache and eyes that lower.
 From the Fountain to the Shrine
 Bear me on, thou trance divine ;
 Faint not, fade not on my view,
 Till I wake and find thee true.

¹ *Siloah*—*i.e.* “ the pool of Siloam ” (Neh. iii. 15, St John ix. 7). “ The waters of Shiloah that go softly ” (Is. viii. 6). “ Siloa's brook that flowed Fast by the oracle of God ” (Milton, “ Paradise Lost,” i. 11). Josephus (B. J., v. 6, 1) speaks of the old wall of Jerusalem taking a turn eastward from Siloah. This would account for the shadow falling deepest there in the morning.

² *Cf.* Virgil, *Georgics* iv. 225-227 :

Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri
 Omnia, nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
 Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere coelo.

4.

BAPTISMAL VOWS. Jan. 6, 1844.

That which ye have already, hold fast till
I come. Rev. ii. 25.

(ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST)

Addressed to the newly-baptized child.

The presence of Jesus in Baptism heals and calms thee now; and may He ever guard thee as His servant; may He make thee like St John—resting in adoration on His breast (St John xiii. 23), ready to drink His cup, and to be baptized with His Baptism (St Matthew xx. 22, 23), and to guard His Mother (St John xix. 27), able to remain pure, loving, obedient, and to tarry patiently till He come (St John xxi. 23): feeding on His awful Bread, and worshipping at His Altar.

O HAPPY new-born babe, where art thou
lying?

What are these sounds that fill with healing
balm
The hallow'd air, of power to still thy crying
At once, and nurse thee into heavenly
calm?

“His bosom bears me, who on earth descended,
Of a poor Maid vouchsafing to be born.
His saving words, with holy water blended,
Have brought the glory to my prime of
morn.”¹

¹ *the glory*—i.e. the glory of the new birth. Cf. i. 2, st. 9.

Joy to thy nurse, more joy to her who bare thee,
Lamb of that Shepherd's flock, whose name
is Good :

As He hath won, for ever may He wear thee,¹
And keep thee purified with His dear
blood !

“ Amen : and therefore am I sworn His servant,
His sacred Heart through life to be my
rest,
To watch His eye with adoration fervent,
Foe of His foes, and in His white robe
drest.”

O blest, O safe, on God's own bosom leaning !
But passion-hours are nigh :—keep thou thy
place :
And far and wide are evil watchers, gleaning
The lambs that slight the Shepherd's fostering
grace.²

“ Nay, I will drink His cup ; my vow is taken ;
With His baptizing blood mine own shall
blend ;
Ne'er be that holiest charge by me forsaken,
The dying Saviour's trust to each true
friend.”

Well hast thou sworn, and be thy warfare
glorious :
But Saints are pure, the Church is undefil'd,

¹ wear thee—*i.e.* as a gem. Cf. i. 3, st. 3.

² evil watchers. Cf. i. 1, st. 3.

And Jesus welcom'd from His Cross victorious
A Virgin Mother to a Virgin Child.¹

“Then ask for me of the dread Son of Mary,
Whose arms eternal are young children's
home,

A loving heart, obedient eyes and wary,
E'en as I am to tarry till He come.”

Prayer shall not fail, but higher He would lead
thee :

His bosom-friend ate of that awful Bread :
So will He wait all day to bless and feed
thee :—

Come thou adoring to be blest and fed.

“’Tis meet and right, and mine own bounden
duty.²

Good Angels guide me with pure heart to
fall

Before His Altar-step, and see His Beauty,
And taste of Him, my first, my last, mine
all.”

¹ *i. e.* Jesus from His Cross gave His welcome to His mother and to His disciple St John, and committed her to his care.

² The boy takes up the Eucharistic words, “It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee.”

5.

SIGN OF THE CROSS. October 1843.

(See the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. "Receyve the signe of the Holy Crosse, both in thy forehead, and in thy breste.")

I will write upon him My new Name. Rev. iii. 12.

(FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The Sign of the Cross on the baptized child is like the master's name branded on a slave, or the royal badge on a soldier, or like the owner's mark upon a lamb—in each case a token of guardianship. Well for us if we respect that sign: Woe to us if we deface it.

WHERE is the mark to Jesus known;
Whereby He seals His own?

Slaves wore of old on brow and breast

Their master's name impress'd,¹

And Christian babes on heart and brow

Wear Jesus' token now.

His holy Priest that token gave

With finger dipt in the life-giving wave.

When soldiers take their sovereign's fee,

And swear his own to be,

The royal badge on forehead bold

They shew to young and old.

Nor may we hide for fear or shame

The persecuted Name.

Only with downcast eyes we go

At thought of sin that God and Angels know.

¹ Cf. Gal. vi. 17, "the marks of the Lord Jesus," with Bishop Lightfoot's note on the passage.

If the dread mark, though dim, be there

The watchers will not bear

From spirits unblest or reckless man

Unpitying word or ban.¹

“ Mine own Anointed touch ye not,

Nor Mine handwriting blot.²

Where'er My soldiers cross your path,

Honour My royal Sign, or fear My wrath.”

The Shepherd signs his lambs in haste,

Ere on the mountain waste

He loose them, far and wide to stray,

And whoso mars their way,

Or scorns the awful Name they show,

That Shepherd counts him foe.

Fresh from His arms are these, and sure

We read His token here undimm'd and pure.³

Fresh from th' eternal Arms are these,

Or sporting on our knees,

Or set on earth with earnest eye

And tottering feet, to try

¹ The guardian angels will not allow evil spirits or evil men to despise the baptized or pronounce them lost.

² *mine own Anointed.* Cf. Ps. cv. 15.

³ Cf. J. K., “Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices,” p. 257. “We know what shepherds do in order that their sheep and lambs may be quite safe. They put their master's name, some letter of it, or some mark belonging to their master, upon each sheep or lamb separately, and so turn them out when they have been washed and shorn.”

Their daily walk, or newly taught
 Grave prayer and quiet thought.
 The fragrant breath of their new birth
 Is round them yet : avault, ill airs of earth.

Ye elder brethren, think on this !
 Think on the mighty bliss,
 Should He, the Friend of babes, one day
 The words of blessing say :—
 “ My Seal upon My lambs ye knew,
 And I will honour you : ”—
 And think upon the eternal loss
 If on their foreheads ye deface the glorious Cross.¹

6.

DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED.

April 27, 1842.

The dew of Thy birth is of the womb of the morning. Ps. cx. 3.

This poem needs no analysis. It was written on the baptism and death of the child of one of Mr Keble's parishioners at Hursley.

It may be compared with Wordsworth's "Lines to H. C."

Thou art a dewdrop which the morn brings forth,
 Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks,
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ;
 A gem that glitters while it lives
 And no forewarning gives ;
 But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
 Slips in a moment out of life.

¹ St Matt. xxv. 45.

WHAT purer, brighter sight on earth, than
when

The Sun looks down upon a drop of dew,
Hid in some nook from all but Angels' ken,
And with his radiance bathes it through and
through,

Then into realms too clear for our frail view
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love?

And what if Heaven therein give token true
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove,
Just touch'd with Jesus' light, then lost in joys
above?

II CRADLE SONGS

I.

THE FIRST SMILE.¹

Post et ridere coepi; dormiens primo, deinde vigilans.
Afterward I began also to smile, at first in sleep,
then awake. St Augustine, Confessions: i. 6.

This poem was written, probably in December 1845, by Mr Justice Coleridge, the first stanza only having been retouched by John Keble. (*Cf.* Coleridge, "Memoir," p. 318. Ed. 1869.)

Human life begins with tears, for it is the life of sinners; but soon a smile steals across the sleeping child's face—a smile sweeter than later smiles drawn out by the things of earth; for the child is perhaps recalling some earlier happier state; or the Angels are telling it of its future glory after its labours of love; or are telling it that it will pass at once to Heaven, and draw its mother's heart to a clearer faith.

May we so live, that such a smile may pass across our face on our deathbed, and give peace and hope to the mourners.

TEARS from the birth the doom must be
Of the sin-born—but wait awhile,
Young mother, and thine eye shall see
The dawning of the first soft smile.

It comes in slumber, gently steals
O'er the fair cheek, as light on dew:
Some inward joy that smile reveals;
Sit by and muse; such dreams are true.

¹ For this poem the author is indebted to a dear friend.

Clos'd eyelids, limbs supine, and breath
 So still, you scarce can calm the doubt
 If life can be so like to death—
 'Tis life, but all of earth shut out.

'Tis perfect peace; yet all the while
 O'er marble brow and dimpled chin
 Mantles and glows that radiant smile,
 Noting the spirit stirr'd within.¹

Oh dim to this the flashing ray,
 Though dear as life to mother's heart,
 From waking smiles, that later play;
 In these earth claims the larger part.

'Tis childish sport, or frolic mirth,
 Or the fond mother's blameless guile,
 Or glittering toy,—some gaud of earth,
 That stirs him to that merry smile.

Or if in pensive wise it creep,
 With gradual light and soberer grace,
 Yet shades of earthly sorrow sleep,
 Still sleep upon his beauteous face.

But did the smile disclose a dream
 Of bliss that had been his before?
 Was it from Heaven's deep sea a gleam
 Not faded quite on earth's dim shore?²

¹ *Noting* = denoting.

² Cf. Wordsworth, "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," st. 9.

Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,

Or told some Angel from above
Of glories to be his at last,
The sunset, crowning hours of love—
His labours done—his perils past ?

Or, thought of trial for her breast,
Did the mild spirits whisper then,
“From the Baptismal Fount, O blest,
Thou shalt be ours, dear child, again ?

“Thou shalt be ours, and Heaven be thine,
Thy victory without peril given ;
Sent a brief while on earth to shine,
And then to shine a light in Heaven.

“And her that folds thee now so warm,
And haply thinks 'twere death to part,
Her shall a holier love inform,
A clearer faith enlarge her heart.”

Blest smile !—so let me live my day,
That when my latest sun shall set,
That smile reviving once may play
And gild my dying features yet :

That smile to cheer the mourners round,
With hope of human sins forgiven ;
Token of earthly ties unbound,
Of heart intent on opening Heaven.

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

CHILDREN LIKE PARENTS.

February 1845. (?)

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as He is. 1 St John iii. 2.

(SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

As we delight to see in the features of a child a growing likeness to its parent or to some kinsman, so the angels delight to trace in God's true children the marks of their true birth—in filial prayer, in patience, in meekness, in obedience; or to trace a likeness to the saints of old, the penitent being like St Peter, the loving old man like St John, the simple maiden like the Blessed Virgin; remembering that these saints are children of the same Father, and draw their life from Him.

Cf. J. K., "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices," p. 184. "Think of them as children. We may ask that they may grow up like that holy and blessed Child. . . . This is He, whose Image and Likeness you pray that you may see in these little ones; and surely we may see a great deal of it, if we will but watch, in their loving and confiding ways, in their little acts of self-denial, in their contrivances how to be kind and dutiful and obedient."

WHEN travail hours are spent and o'er,
 And genial hours of joy
 In cradle songs and nursery lore
 All the glad home employ,
 Full busy in her kindly mood
 Is Fancy, to descry

The welcome notes of fatherhood,
In form, and lip, and eye.

And elder brethren's hearts are proud,
And sisters blush and smile,
As round the babe by turns they crowd,
A brief and wondering while.

With eager speed they ready make
Soft bosom and safe arm,
As though such burthen once to take
A blessing were and charm.

And ever as with hastening wing
His little life glides on,
By power of that first wondrous spring
To all but babes unknown,¹

Easier each hour the task will grow,
To name the unfolding flower,
By plumage and by song to know
The nestling in his bower.—

Oh, while your hearts so blithely dance
With frail fond hopes of earth,
Will ye not cast one onward glance
To the true heavenly birth?

¹ *spring*—*i.e.* spring-tide. Cf. vii. 1.

The life that in them deeply dwells,
Of genial spring-tide tells.

or; perhaps, the upward springing of the young life.
Cf. v. 9, st. 1.

Will ye not say, "God speed the time
When Spirits pure, to trace
The hues of a more glorious prime,
Shall lean from their high place,

"And mark, too keen for earthly day,
The Father's stamp and seal,
Christ in the heart, the Living Ray,
Its deepening light reveal?"

Oh, well the denizens of Heaven
Their Master's children know,
By filial yearnings sweet and even,
By patient smiles in woe,

By gaze of meek inquiry, turn'd
Towards th' informing Eye,¹
By tears that to obey have learn'd,
By clasped hands on high.

Well may we guess, our Guardians true
Stoop low and tarry long,
Each accent noting, each faint hue,
That shows us weak or strong.

And e'en as loving nurses here
Joy in the babe to find
The likeness true of kinsman dear
Or brother good and kind,

¹ Cf. Ps. xxxii. 8. I will guide thee with Mine eye.

So in each budding inward grace
The Seraphs' searching ken
The memory haply may retrace
Of ancient, holy men.

For of her Saints the Sacred Home
Is never quite bereft ;
Each a bright shadow in the gloom,
A glorious type, hath left :

And by those features, stern or sweet,
Of bold or gentle gleam,
Heaven's keen-eyed Watchers haply mete
What mortals holy deem.

“And hark,” saith one, “the soul I guide—
I heard it gently sigh
In such a tone as Peter sigh'd,
Touch'd by his Saviour's eye.”

“And see,” another cries, “how soft
Smiles on that little child
Yon aged man ! e'en so full oft
The lov'd Disciple smil'd.”

And oh, be sure no guardian fires
Flash brighter in their joy
Than theirs, who scan the meek desires
And lowly lone employ

Of maiden in her quiet bower,
When haply glance or mien
Reminds them of the lily-flower
With Blessèd Mary seen.—

But as when babes by look or tone
 Brother or friend recall,
 In all the Parents' right we own,
 Their memory blend with all.

So in earth's saintly multitude
 Discern we Saints above :—
 In these, the Fountain Orb of Good,
 Pure Light and endless Love.

3.

THE LULLABY. August 6, 1843.

Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept. Is. xxx. 29.

(THE HOLY INNOCENTS)

A maiden is heard singing her little sister to sleep with the tune of the Seventy-First Psalm. She sings no words, but the child has a sense of a Saving Name that guards it. So God has His charms which protect us through life, though we cannot understand them. His Incarnate Presence saves us from Satan and from Herod ; and overrules their cry of vengeance to be a lullaby to us.

THE western sky is glowing yet,
 The burnish'd Cross upon the spire
 Gives token where the sun hath set,
 Touch'd faintly with its last dim fire.¹
 Pause on thy way from evening prayer,
 And listen : through the twilight air
 Floats from yon open cottage door
 A soft strain warbled o'er and o'er.

¹ The allusion is to the Cross on the spire of Ampfield Church. (Miss Yonge, "John Keble's Parishes," p. 112.)

A maiden rocks a babe to sleep,
 And times the cradle to her song ;—
 A simple strain not high nor deep,
 But awful thoughts thereto belong :
 For oft in holy Church's shade
 She to that strain hath lent her aid :—
 " In Thee I put my steadfast trust,
 Defend me, Lord, for Thou art just." ¹

Without a Psalm she breathes her strain,
 Lest haply ruder ears be nigh ;
 But to the babe her sense is plain,
 In that half word of lullaby.
 That sound still varied, still the same,
 To him is as the Saving Name
 Pronounc'd in every tone, and strong
 To guard his sleep from every wrong.

Angels may read such words of power,
 And infants feel them : we the while
 But dimly guess, till in His hour
 We see the Lord's unclouded smile.
 Then spells that guarded us of old
 Their hidden virtue shall unfold :
 Charm'd writings are they now ; no eye
 May read them till the fire be nigh. ²

O awful touch of God made Man !
 We have no lack if Thou art there ;

¹ Psalm lxxi. 1. New version.

² *till the fire be nigh*—*i.e.* till the last day is revealed in fire, and all things are seen in their true light. *Cf.* 1 Cor. iii. 13. Perhaps there is a reference to the power of fire to reveal writing written with an invisible ink.

From Thee our infant joys began,
 By Thee our wearier age we bear.¹
 From Satan's breath, from Herod's sword,²
 The cradle where Thou watchest, Lord,
 Is safe: the Avenger's rushing cry
 Is like a sister's lullaby.³

4.

SLEEPING ON THE WATERS.

February 11, 1845.

And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake Him, and say unto Him, Master, carest Thou not that we perish? St Mark iv. 38.

(FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

In time of storm there is nothing so peaceful as the quiet happiness of some cottage, above all, the sleep

¹ *our wearier age.* Cf. "The Christian Year," for St Philip and St James' Day. But the MS. reads, "*our woes in age.*"

² *from Herod's sword,* St Matt. ii. 16.

In the MS. these lines run:—

Then shall we know how Herod's steel
 Proved to the Bethlehem babes the seal
 Of Martyr's bliss: one pang, one cry,
 Each little one is crowned on high.

³ *The Avenger's rushing cry—i.e.* the murderer's shout is overruled by God to be as a lullaby hushing the child to its true rest. So it is interpreted by Miss Yonge ("Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and the 'Lyra Innocentium,'" p. 35), and the original form of the poem in the MS. (*v. supra*) seems to bear this out. *The Avenger* is perhaps suggested by Psalm viii. 2 ("that thou mayst still the enemy and the Avenger"), or by the language of Ps. lxxi. 9 ("God hath forsaken him; persecute him and take him"), as though the persecuted represented himself as God's instrument of vengeance.

of the child, lying undisturbed by storm or sorrow or evil—sleeping like Moses, who was destined to awake and turn the Nile to blood, and to cleave a path through the Red Sea; sleeping like Jesus, Who, too, was destined to wake and calm the storm, and, like a second Jonah, to save others by sacrificing His own life.

The date of this poem is most significant. It was composed two days before the condemnation of W. G. Ward, and the attempt to condemn Tract xc. by Convocation (*cf.* Dean Church, *The Oxford Movement*, c. xviii.). The MS. of the last few verses is written on the back of a letter which run thus: "My dear K.,—You will hardly believe that the Heads are going to propose the condemnation of Tract 90 on the 13th. Will you send up any names of persons who will vote against it? It is monstrous.—Ever yours most affectionately, E. B. P."

WHILE snows, e'en from the mild
 South-west,
 Come blinding o'er all day,
 What kindlier home, what safer nest,
 For flower or fragrant spray,
 Than underneath some cottage roof,
 Where fires are bright within,
 And fretting cares scowl far aloof,
 And doors are clos'd on sin?

The scarlet tufts so cheerily
 Look out upon the snow,
 But gayer smiles the maiden's eye¹
 Whose guardian care they know.

¹ *But gayer.* The MS. reads *Not gayer.*

The buds that in that nook are born—
Through the dark howling day
Old Winter's spite they laugh to scorn:
What is so safe as they?

Nay, look again: beside the hearth
The lowly cradle mark,
Where, wearied with his ten hours' mirth,
Sleeps in his own warm ark
A bright-haired babe, with arm uprais'd,
As though the slumberous dew
Stole o'er him, while in faith he gazed
Upon his Guardian true.

Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes
Deform the quiet bower;—
They may not mar the deep repose
Of that immortal flower.
Though only broken hearts be found
To watch his cradle by,
No blight is on his slumbers sound,
No touch of harmful eye.

So gently slumber'd on the wave
The new-born seer of old,
Ordain'd the chosen tribes to save;
Nor dream'd how darkly roll'd
The waters by his rushy brake,
Perchance e'en now defil'd
With infants' blood for Israel's sake,
Blood of some priestly child.¹

¹ Cf. Exodus ii. 3.

What recks he of his mother's tears,
 His sister's boding sigh?
 The whispering reeds are all he hears,
 And Nile, soft weltering nigh,
 Sings him to sleep; but he will wake,
 And o'er the haughty flood
 Wave his stern rod;—and lo! a lake,
 A restless sea of blood!¹

Soon shall a mightier flood thy call
 And outstretch'd rod obey;—
 To right and left the watery wall
 From Israel shrinks away.
 Such honour wins the faith that gave
 Thee and thy sweetest boon
 Of infant charms to the rude wave,
 In the third joyous moon.

Hail, chosen Type and Image true
 Of Jesus on the Sea!
 In slumber and in glory too,
 Shadow'd of old by thee.
 Save that in calmness thou didst sleep
 The summer stream beside,
 He on a wider wilder deep,
 Where boding night-winds sigh'd:—

Sigh'd when at eve He laid Him down,
 But with a sound like flame
 At midnight from the mountain's crown
 Upon His slumbers came.—

¹ Cf. Exodus vii. 20; xiv. 21.

Lo, how they watch, till He awake,
 Around His rude low bed :
 How wistful count the waves that break
 So near His sacred Head !

O faithless ! know ye not of old
 How in the western bay,
 When dark and vast the billows roll'd,
 A Prophet slumbering lay ? ¹
 The surges smote the keel as fast
 As thunderbolts from heaven :—
 Himself into the wave he cast
 And hope and life were given.

Behold, a mightier far is here ;—
 Nor will He spare to leap,
 For the souls' sake He loves so dear,
 Into a wilder deep.
 E'en now He dreams of Calvary ;
 Soon will He wake and say
 The words of peace and might : do ye
 His hour in calmness stay.

5.

FIRST WAKING. February 16, 1844.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself,
 and saith unto Him, Rabboni ; which is to say,
 Master. St John xx. 16.

(EASTER MONDAY)

As a child's first start at waking is soothed into
 happiness by the mother's presence and caress, so

¹ Cf. Jonah i. 15.

the startled sorrow of St Mary Magdalen on Easter morning was cheered by our Lord's word of greeting, and by the promise of being with Him for evermore.

“**Y**E who wait in wistful gaze
 Where young infants lie,
 Learning faith and silent praise
 From each pure calm sigh,¹
 Say, 'mid all those beaming glances,
 Starts, and gleams, and silent trances,
 When the fond heart highest dances,
 Feeling Heaven so nigh?”

“Hard it is, 'mid gifts so sweet
 Choosing out the prime:
 But no brighter smiles we meet
 Than at waking time,
 When they burst the chains of slumber,
 Chains that guard but not encumber,
 And glad fancies without number
 Ring their playful chime.”

“Nay, but with a moaning sound
 Babes awakening start;
 See the uneasy eye glance round,
 Feel the beating heart.
 But the watcher's look prevailing
 In a moment stills that wailing,
 Eye and heart have ceas'd their ailing,
 Joy hath learn'd her part.”—

¹ Cf. “The Christian Year” for Holy Baptism, st. 10.
 Who taught thy pure and even breath
 To come and go with such sweet grace?
 Whence thy reposing faith,
 Though in our frail embrace?

So when rose on Easter dawn
 Our all-glorious Sun,
 You might see Love's eye withdrawn
 From th' adorèd One.
 Tears that morn were in her waking,
 Now again her heart is breaking ;—
 Who may soothe her soul's sad aching ?
 For her Lord is gone.

Him for tears she may not see,
 E'en her soul's delight,
 Yet full near to her is He.—
 Say, did Hosts of Light
 Ever breathe in mortals' hearing
 Tones so soft, so heavenly cheering ?
 "Mary," was the word endearing—
 Heaven and earth grew bright.—

Lo, the babe spreads out his arms
 Toward the watcher's face,
 Fain to hide from sad alarms
 In Love's safe embrace.—
 See, the Word of Grace attending,
 Magdalen full lowly bending :
 "Touch me not till Mine ascending,"
 Is the Word of Grace.

Love with infant's haste would fain
 Touch Him and adore,
 But a deeper, holier gain
 Mercy keeps in store.
 "Touch Me not : awhile believe Me :
 Touch Me not till heaven receive Me,
 Then draw near and never leave Me,
 Then I go no more."

6.

LOOKING WESTWARD. Sept. 22, 1843.

God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

(ST MATTHEW)

A parent would fain train a child's mind to true awe and admiration, not by showing him earthly jewels, but by pointing him to the moon, or the sunrise at morn, or sunset at night. So our Lord in Baptism trains the child's heart to look upon His own glorious Presence.

Compare with this poem iv. 6, st. 1. The title of it may perhaps have been suggested by Wordsworth's "Stepping Westward," in which

stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.

But the thought is probably more indebted to the following extract from Crabbe's "Life," vol. i. p. 140:—"My first recollection of my father is of his carrying me up to his private room to prayers in the summer evenings, about sunset, and rewarding my silence and attention afterwards with a view of the flower garden through his prism." (*Cf.* Miss Yonge, "Musings on 'The Christian Year,'" p. 326.)

The last stanza has the appearance of being an after-thought, and it is added in the MS. in a different ink.

HAD I an infant, Lord, to rear
And mould in Jesus' Law,
How should I watch in hope and fear
The first deep glance of awe,
When for a bright and conscious gaze
He lifts his eyelids meek,
And round his own world's little maze
Some marvel fain would seek!

Bright be the spot, and pure the ray,
That wins his steadfast eye ;
A path of light, a glorious way,
To guide his soul on high.

O, rich the tint of earthly gold,
And keen the diamond's spark,
But the young Lamb of Jesus' fold
Should other splendours mark.

To soothe him in the unquiet night
I ask no taper's gleam,
But bring him where ærial light
Falls from the Moon's soft beam.

His heart at early morn to store
With fancies fresh and rare,
Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,
Shew him no mirror's glare,

But lift him where the Eastern heaven
Glow with the Sun unseen,
Where the strong wings, to morning given,
Brood o'er a world serene.

There let him breathe his matin thought
Of pure unconscious love,
There taste the dew by Angels brought
In silence from above.

Yet, might I choose a time, meseems
That earliest wistful gaze
Were best to meet the softening beams
Of sunset's glowing maze.

Wide be the western casement thrown
 At sultry evening's fall,
 The gorgeous lines be duly shown
 That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.

Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close
 Upon so fair a sight:
 Not gentler mother's music flows,
 Her sweetest, best good-night.

So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill
 With calm baptismal grace,
 Preventing all false gleams of ill
 By His own glorious Face.

7.

UPWARD GAZING. July 6, 1844.

And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leapt in my womb for joy. St Luke i. 43.

(ST JOHN BAPTIST)

As John the Baptist, while still in the womb, leapt to welcome his Lord, so the newly-baptized child welcomes Christ, when it turns its eager look toward the sun rising in the East, and, to his mother's delight and wonder, offers its infant worship to God; but if the babe is to be trained to be a saint, it must, like John, be disciplined to fast and pray, and bear separation from home; it must let Christ increase, and self decrease.

“WHENCE is the mighty grace,
 Mother of God, that thou to me
 shouldst come,

Me, who but fill a sinner's place,
 A sinful child hid in my womb?
 Who in God's sight am I,
 And who mine unborn boy,
 That I should view Heaven's Spouse so nigh,
 He in my bosom leap for joy?"

O cry of deep delight
 By Aaron's sainted daughter breath'd that hour!
 O joy preventing life and light,
 When th' Incarnate in His Power
 Came to th' Unborn! e'en now
 Your echo faint we feel,
 When o'er the newly sealèd brow
 Glad airs and gleams of summer steal.

Oft as in sunbright dawn
 The infant lifts his eye, joying to find
 The dusky veil of sleep undrawn,
 And to the East gives welcome kind:
 Or in the morning air
 Waves high his little arm,
 As though he read engraven there
 His fontal name, Christ's saving charm:

Oft as in hope untold
 The parent's eye pursues that eager look,
 Enkindling like the shafts of old,
 Where 'mid the stars their way they took:¹

¹ Virg. *Æn.* v. 525. In the contest of archers, the arrow of Acestes, which is aimed at the goal, catches fire and disappears among the clouds.

E'en in the mid expanse of skies
 The arrow kindles as it flies:

Still in Love's steady gaze,
 In Joy's unbidden cry,
 That holy mother's glad amaze,
 That infant's worship, we descry.

Still Mary's Child unseen
 Comes breathing, in the heart just seal'd His
 own,
 Prayers of high hope : what bliss they mean,
 And where they soar, to Him is known !—
 But, joyous Mothers, mark,
 And mark, exulting Sires,
 All who the pure baptismal spark
 Would duteous nurse to saintly fires :

Stern is the Babe, and lone :
 Vow'd from his birth, unborn he seals the vow,
 And ere he win his glory-throne,
 Vigil and fast his frame must bow,
 And hours of prayer, apart
 From Home's too soothing praise ;—
 His Saviour's image in his heart
 Increasing while his own decays.

Behind, it draws a fiery glare,
 Then wasting, vanishes in air.

In wonder either nation gazed,
 Their souls to heaven in prayer upraised.

(Conington's translation.)

Cf. infra, viii. 9, st. 11.

8.

CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

March 29, 1845.

A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.
Ps. cxlvii. 1.

(FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

A child in her nurse's arms has given the poet a violet, and he has not yet thanked her: and she rises as if prompted by some angel trained to the courtesies of heaven, to rebuke him, and herself says "Thank you." So children and angels in their constant gratitude are ever wondering at the thanklessness of man.

The child who suggested the poem was Miss Dora Moberly.

WHY so stately, Maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air;
Gathering up thy queenly charms,
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,
Turns the glowing neck, to chide
Th' irreverent foot-fall, then makes haste to hide
Again its lustre deep
Under the purple wing, best home of downy
sleep?
Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove,
But a spirit o'er her bends
Train'd in Heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke

Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful look.—
 Graceless one, 'tis all of thee,
 Who for her maiden bounty, full and free,
 The violet from her gay
 And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks
 repay.

Therefore, lo, she opens wide
 Both her blue and wistful eyes,—
 Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
 Our too tardy sympathies.
 Little Babes and Angels bright—
 They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night,
 How th' all-holy Hand should give,
 The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.
 We see it and we hear,
 But wonder not : for why ? we feel it all too near.

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
 To the youngest at the board
 Call we to incline the head,
 And pronounce the solemn word.¹
 Not in vain they clasp and raise
 The soft pure fingers in unconscious praise,
 Taught perchance by pictur'd wall,
 How little ones before the Lord may fall,

¹ Cf. Hooker, Eccl. Pol. v. 31. At the board and in private it very well becometh children's innocency to pray, and their elders to say Amen. Which being a part of their virtuous education, serveth greatly both to nourish in them the fear of God, and to put us in continual remembrance of that powerful grace which openeth the mouths of infants to sound His praise.

How to His lov'd caress
Reach out the restless arm, and near and nearer
press.¹

Children in their joyous ranks,
As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks,
If but once one babe you greet.
Never weary, never dim,
From Thrones Seraphic mounts th' eternal hymn.
Babes and Angels grudge no praise :—
But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek
answer make.

Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye :
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benediction pure and high,
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize
them won.

Prize them as rich odours, meet
For Love to lavish on His sacred Feet ;—
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of
light.

¹ The picture referred to is the well-known representation of "Christ blessing the children," by Overbeck.

9.

CHILDREN WITH DUMB CREATURES. March (?), 1845.

The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. Is. xi. 8.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

How are we to explain the mutual sympathy between children and dumb animals?—Is it a mere instinctive sympathy of life with life, of movement with movement? or, as Eastern philosophy would say, the result of transmigration of souls? Rather is it an unconscious reminiscence of Eden—the dumb creatures recognising their superior in man, and man taming them by his kindness—and an unconscious anticipation of Heaven. Each baptized child has learnt from the Good Shepherd somewhat of the pastoral spirit, and shows it by caring for pet animals or for children younger than itself.

THOU mak'st me jealous, infant dear ;
 Why wilt thou waste thy precious smiles,
 Thy beckonings blithe, and joyous wiles,
 On bird or insect gliding near ?
 Why court the deaf and blind ?
 What is this wondrous sympathy,
 That draws thee so, heart, ear, and eye,
 Towards the inferior kind ?

We tempt thee much to look and sing,—
 Thy mimic notes are rather drawn
 From feather'd playmates on the lawn.
 The quivering moth or bee's soft wing,

Brushing the window-pane,
 Will reach thee in thy dreamy trance,
 When nurses' skill for one bright glance
 Hath toil'd an hour in vain.

And as thou hold'st the creatures dear,
 So are they fain on thee to wait.
 Bloodhounds at thy caress abate¹
 Their bayings wild; yea, without fear
 Thou dalliest in the lair
 Of watch-dog stern; thy mother's eye
 Shrinks not to see thee slumbering lie
 Beneath his duteous care.

The war-horse treads full soft, they say,
 If in his path a babe he see.
 The tiger's whelp, engaged with thee,
 Would sheathe his claws, to sport and play.
 Bees have for thee no sting:—²
 They love thy trusting heart too well,
 That mightier guard than fairy spell
 Of old, or magic ring.

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year." All Saints' Day, st. 5.

As bloodhounds hush their baying wild,
 To wanton with some fearless child.

² There is perhaps an allusion to the story told of St Ambrose. When asleep in his cradle, with his mouth open, a swarm of bees settled on his face, going in and out of his mouth as though it were their hive, and at last flew away without having harmed him (Paulinus, "Vita S. Ambrosii," § 3). Mr Keble may also have in his mind Horace's account of himself as a boy. Odes, III. iv. 9-20.

Oh, who the secret powers hath trac'd,
 That in such league mysterious bind
 The gentlest with the fiercest kind,
 The sheepfold with the howling waste?
 Is it, that each and all
 The living sympathise with life?—
 That sudden movements, though in strife,
 The entrancèd thought recall? ¹

He whom the burning East hath bred,
 Wizard or sage, in day-dreams wild,
 Might say, "Dim memories haunt the child,
 Of lives in other beings led,
 Other, and yet the same.
 Nor less an instinct true, though blind,
 Dwells in the soul of meaner kind,
 Spark of past hope or shame." ²

Nay, call it recollection deep
 Of Eden bowers,—high purity
 Beaming around from brow or eye
 Of infants, waking or asleep:—

¹ *That sudden movements—i.e.* that quick movements of animals, even though at strife with each other or with man, yet recall to the child its entrancèd thought at the mysterious moment when it first received the gift of life from God (*cf.* st. 8, "The broken dream") or, perhaps more simply, attract its absent thought (*cf.* st. 2, "thy dreamy trance").

² *i.e.* On the theory of the transmigration of souls the animal's instincts would recall both the hopes of better things, and the shame for sin which had once been felt by the child.

As in old time, we read,
 The royal lion bending low
 Did Una's virgin glory know,
 Her guardian prove in need.¹

Of homage paid in Paradise
 To Adam, guileless then and pure,
 The broken dream may yet endure
 Within them—visions vague arise
 Of a Superior Power,
 Discern'd by form erect, and mien
 Commanding, and calm purpose, seen
 In eyes that smile or lower.²

Thus tender babes and beasts of prey
 May silently each other mind
 Of the old League: "Let man be kind
 And true, so all must him obey."

Thus giants of the wood,
 Wild elephant or mountain bull,
 Beneath some quiet stripling's rule
 Stand quailing and subdued.

Who knows but here, in mercy lent,
 A gleam preventing Heaven we see,
 A token of Love's victory
 In a sweet awful Sacrament?

¹ Cf. Spenser, "Faery Queen," Canto iii. 5, 6.

² Cf. Ovid, "Met." i. 84.

Pronaque quum spectent animalia cetera terram,
 Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque videre
 Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Hearts fallen and sin-born,
 Oh, why are ye so fondly stirr'd?
 For bounding lamb or lonely bird
 Why should ye joy or mourn?

Ah, you have been in Jesus' arms,
 The holy Fount hath you imbued
 With His all-healing kindly Blood,
 And somewhat of His pastoral charms,
 And care for His lost sheep,
 Ye there have learn'd: in order'd tones
 Gently to soothe the lesser ones,
 And watch their noon-day sleep.

Lo, far and wide the Love o'erflows,
 The Love that to your souls He gave
 In the regenerating wave;—
 Both man and beast His mercy knows:—
 Nor from His pattern swerve
 His children, tending lamb or dove:—
 But aye the choice of all your love
 Ye for His Least reserve.

To point the way where they should go,
 By word and gesture, o'er and o'er,
 Teach them untir'd all courteous lore,
 Hear their first prayers, so meek and low:—
 These are your arts: by these
 Ye in the fold your task fulfil,
 And the Good Shepherd on the hill
 From far approving sees.

10.

LIFTING UP TO THE CROSS.

February (?), 1845.

But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able. St Matt. xx. 22.

(ST JAMES)

This poem is based upon a sketch made by Miss Maria Trench of a scene which she had seen in Belgium—a girl holding up a newly-baptized child to kiss a wayside cross. What were her thoughts? (muses the poet): Was it that the newly-baptized was more worthy than her sinful self to kiss the Crucified, sure of being owned by Him? or was it that to kiss the Crucified implied a willingness to share the Cross, and that that was too great a burden for her to have laid upon her brother? Christian love must always feel some such shrinking as it brings children to Baptism; yet the Comforter can strengthen them to be strong, like the sons of Zebedee, to share the Lord's Baptism and His cup, or to face sorrow and death, as the Virgin and Simeon and the Magdalene, who kissed the Saviour, had to face them.

OF T have I read of sunny realms, where
 skies are pure at even,
 And sight goes deep in lucid air, and earth
 seems nearer Heaven,
 And whereso'er you lift your eyes, the Holy
 Cross, they say,
 Stands guardian of your journey, by lone or
 crowded way;

And I have mus'd how awfully its shadows and
its gleams
Might haply fall on infants' eyes, and mingle
with their dreams,
And draw them up by silent power of its
o'ershading arm,
And deepen on the tender brow Christ's seal
and saintly charm.

Oft have I read, and dream'd, and now behold
a token true!

A maiden from a distant isle, where Faith is
fresh of hue,—¹

Where Memory tarries, to reprove our cold
irreverent age,

In churches set like stars around some saintly
hermitage;—

Where old Devotion lingers beside the granite
Cross,

And pilgrim seeks the healing well, far over
moor and moss;—

A noble-hearted maiden, from a believing shore,
Is by, to see Christ's little ones Him crucified adore.

Upon a verdant hillock the sacred sign appears,
A damsel on no trembling arm an eager babe
uprears,

With a sister's yearning love, and an elder sister's
pride,

She lifts the new-baptis'd, to greet the Friend
who for him died.

¹ A traveller from Ireland witnessed this scene on
the Continent, and described it to the author.

Who may the maiden's thought divine, performing thus in sight
Of all the heavenly Watchers her pure unbidden rite?
While fearless to those awful Lips her treasure she would raise,
I see her features shrink, as though she fain would downward gaze.

Perchance a breath of self-reproach is fluttering round her heart:—

“Thou, darling, in our Saviour mayst for certain claim thy part:

The dews baptismal bright and keen are glistening on thy brow,

He cannot choose but own thee, in His arms receiv'd e'en now.

But much I've sinn'd and little wept: will He not say, 'Begone?'

I dare not meet His searching eye; my penance is undone.

But thou and thy good Angel, who nerves mine arm to bear

And lift thee up so near Him, wilt strive for me in prayer.”

Or chanc'd the Thorny Crown her first up-seeking glance to win,

And the deep lines of agony trac'd by the whole world's sin?

Oh, deeply in her bosom went the thought,
“Who draw so nigh

Unto those awful Lips, and share the Lord's
departing sigh,—

Who knoweth what mysterious pledge upon
their souls is bound,

To copy in their own hearts' blood each keen
and bitter Wound?

If of the dying Jesus we the Kiss of Peace
receive,

How but in daily dying thenceforward dare
we live?

“And was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy
young life to lay

Such burden, pledging thee to vows thou never
canst unsay?

What if the martyrs' fire some day thy dainty
limbs devour?

What if beneath the scourge they writhe, or in
dull famine cower?

What if thou bear the cross within, all aching
and decay?

And 'twas I that laid it on thee:—what if thou
fall away?”

Such is Love's deep misgiving, when, stronger
far than Faith,

She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for
life or death.

O, be Thou present in that hour, high Com-
forter, to lead

Her memory to th' eternal Law, by the great
King decreed,

What time the highly-favour'd one who on His
 bosom lay,
 And he who of the chosen twelve first trode
 the martyrs' way,
 Taught by their mother, crav'd the boon next
 to Thy throne to be,
 For her dreams were of the Glory, but the
 Cross she could not see.
 O well for that fond mother, well for her
 belov'd, that they
 When th' hour His secret meaning told, did by
 their promise stay.

"Thy baptism and Thy cup be ours: for both
 our hearts are strong."

Learn it, ye babes, at matin prime, repeat it all
 day long.

Even as the mother's morning kiss is token of
 delight

Through all the merry hours of day, and at fall
 of dewy night

Her evening kiss shall to her babe the softest
 slumbers seal,

So Thy first greeting life imparts, Thy last shall
 cheer and heal.—

Then, maiden, trust thy nursling here; thou
 wilt not choose amiss

For his sweet soul; here let him dwell; here
 is the gate of bliss.

Three Saints of old their lips upon the Incarnate
 Saviour laid,

And each with death or agony for the high
 rapture paid.

His Mother's holy kisses of the coming sword
 gave sign,
 And Simeon's hymn full closely did with his
 last-breath entwine ;
 And Magdalen's first tearful touch prepar'd her
 but to greet
 With homage of a broken heart His pierc'd
 and lifeless feet.¹—
 Then courage, duteous maiden ; the nails and
 bleeding brows,
 The pale and dying lips, are the portion of the
 Spouse.

II.

SICKNESS IN THE CRADLE.

September 12, 1843.

They brought young children to Christ, that He
 should touch them. St Mark x. 13.

(THE CIRCUMCISION)

Children may have to suffer in their cradles as
 Christ Himself at His circumcision ; if this is so,
 such chastenings prove His presence and have a
 sweetness of their own.

The poem should be compared with the poems for
 The Circumcision and for Holy Innocents Day in
 "The Christian Year."

" **A** CHRISTIAN child in pain !
 O sad amazing thought !
 A babe elect and born again,
 With blood of Jesus bought,

¹ Cf. St Luke ii. 29, 35 ; vii. 38 : St Mark xv. 47.

That never yet knew dream of sin,
 Nor throb of pride, nor will unclean;
 Yet faint with fever see him lie,
 Or in strong grasp of sinners' agony!"

O, mother fond and wild,
 Stay the complaining word!
 What wouldst thou have? Thy suffering child
 Is as his Saviour Lord.
 Or ever eight brief days have flown,
 He, the unstain'd, must make His moan;
 Must taste the sacrificial knife,
 Must to the Cross devote the tender life.

Behold, the Virgin blest
 Calls on her Babe to wake
 From His sweet slumber on her breast;
 How should her heart not ache?
 From her pure bosom, where all night
 He softly slept, that Maiden bright
 Resigns her Well-belov'd at morn
 To shed His blood; for therefore was He born.

Pierc'd is her heart, yet still:
 For why? that Mother's love
 Is one with His Almighty will,
 Changed by the o'ershadowing Dove.
 O freely then your treasures yield,
 With the dread Cross so lately seal'd,
 Yield to the chastenings of th' Unseen,
 The Saviour's Presence-tokens, sweet as keen.

¹ Cf. St Luke i. 38.

12.

ANTICIPATION AND RETROSPEC-
TION. August 4, 1843.

And ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see
you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy
no man taketh from you. St John xvi. 22.

(THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

In Heaven's light our griefs will prove joys, if
God's rainbow blessing has fallen on them ; but our
joys will be grief if not lit up by His Light.
Brighter each year grew to the disciples the anni-
versary of the Lord's Passion ; but sadder every year
grew to his mother the anniversary of the birth of
Cain.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind ;
So will our joys and griefs appear
When earth hath ceas'd to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray :
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

Christ's Passion-eve fell dark and drear
Upon His faithful few ;
But brighter, each returning year,
In memory gleam'd anew.

And loud the chant of hope and glee
 O'er Adam's eldest born,
 But, hapless mother, who like thee
 Her travail pangs might mourn?

13.

JUDAS'S INFANCY. Nov. 20, 1844.

The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him :
 but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is
 betrayed ! it had been good for that man if he had
 not been born. St Matt. xxvi. 24.

(WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER)

Sad thought that childbirth, which produced the
 Saviour of the world, has also produced a Judas, and
 may yet produce an Anti-Christ. The new treasure
 given in birth must therefore be watched and guarded
 from evil by prayer.

ALAS ! that e'er the pangs of birth,
 The consecrated throes, whereby
 Eden revives, should breed on earth
 Untempered agony !

Yet sure as frail repenting Eve
 For pardon knelt of yore, and now
 Adoring kneels, there to receive,
 Where all the world shall bow,

From fruit of her own favour'd womb,
 The peace, the home, her wandering lost :—
 Sure as to blessèd Mary come
 The Saints' and Martyrs' host,

To own, with many a thankful strain,
The channel of undying bliss,
The bosom where the Lord hath lain
The hand that held by His ;—

Sure as her form for evermore
The glory and the joy shall wear,
That rob'd her, bending to adore
The Babe her chaste womb bare ;—

So surely throes unblest have been,
And cradles where no kindly star
Look'd down—no Angel's eye serene,
To gleam through years afar.

Did not our Lord speak out His ban,
The Christ for His betrayer mourn ?
“ Alas ! good were it for that man
If he had ne'er been born.”

Nor may we doubt, His Mother mild
Upon that bosom pitying thought,
Where Judas lay, a harmless Child,
By gold as yet unbought.

But Time, as holy sages sing,
When earth and sin have waxèd old,
A direr progeny will bring,
The last foe of the fold.

Of mortal seed, of woman bred,
The Antichrist, they write, will be,
From a soft bosom duly fed,
Rock'd on a loving knee.

High grace at first to Judas came—
 Who knows but he, the Man of Sin,
 In the baptismal wave and flame
 May his dread course begin?

O ye who wait with hearts too light
 By Font or cradle, fear in time!
 O let not all your dreams be bright,
 Here in Earth's wayward clime!

From the foul dew, the blighting air,
 Watch well your treasure newly won.
 Heaven's child and yours, uncharm'd by prayer,
 May prove Perdition's son.¹

14.

THE SAINT'S INFANCY. Dec. 21, 1843.

And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly
 on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an
 Angel. Acts vi. 15.

(ST STEPHEN)

The light of Heaven falls on the newly-baptized,
 and mothers have eyes to see it; it falls upon the
 young heart in confirmation, and pastors have eyes
 for it there; it falls more fully on the favoured few
 (? at ordination) who learn God's truth in close
 communion with Him, and the thoughtful have eyes
 to see it there; but it falls most fully on those who
 witness as martyrs and true soldiers of the Cross,
 who see it themselves, as St Stephen did, on the

¹ *Perdition's son.* The phrase is applied both to
 Judas (St John xvii. 12) and to the Anti-Christ
 (2 Thess. ii. 3).

Saviour's face, and then even the unbelieving world is forced to see. Such a lot may be that of our children; what blessing if we can forward it! what doom if we hinder it!

WHERE is the brow to bear in mortals' sight
 The Crown of pure angelic Light?¹
 And where the favour'd eye
 Through the dim air the radiance to descry?
 An infant on its mother smiling,
 Wash'd from the world and sin's defiling,
 And to Faith's arm restor'd, while yet
 With the blest dew its cheeks are wet:—
 There Christ hath sworn seraphic Light shall be,
 There eyes, the Light to see.

He who vouchsaf'd to kindle that pure glow
 Will feed it day and night, we know,
 By duteous fear of sin
 Fann'd into flame the virgin heart within,
 Till once again at Angels' warning
 Heaven-gates shall part as clouds of
 morning,
 And the confirming Spirit pour
 His glory where young hearts adore:
 There is Heaven's Light; there, if true
 Pastors be,
 Are eyes, the Light to see.

And what if there some favour'd one should
 kneel,
 Whom in His time the Lord will seal,
 High in the Mount to draw

¹ *The Crown of Light*, suggested by the name of St Stephen (στέφανος).

Light uncorrupt from His pure fontal Law,
 Then 'mid his brethren bear unknowing
 The lustre keen within him glowing,
 But veil it, when he feels their gaze,
 As Moses veil'd the Sinai rays?—

Blest, who so shines: and blest the thoughtful few,
 Who see that brightness true.

Wouldst thou the tide of grace should higher flow,
 The angelic ray more glorious show?

Wait for His trial hour,

His willing Saints in His dread day of Power.

Ever as earth's wild war-cries heighten,

The Cross upon the brow will brighten,¹

Till on the very scorner's gaze

Break forth the heaven-reflecting rays,

Strange awful charms the unwilling eye compel

On the Saints' Light to dwell.

Yes—strive, thou world, in thy rash tyrant-mood,

To slake that burning Cross in blood:—

It will but brighter burn,

¹ Cf. Miss Wilbraham's account of Mr Keble's feelings about the Crimean War, "The individual acts of heroism—often Christian heroism—which that war gave birth to, and the wonderful endurance shown during the course of it by our officers and men, kindled his highest enthusiasm. A really soldierly spirit had great charms for him" (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. lxxix.), and *The Times*, April 6, 1866.—"As Professor of Poetry, he had to write the Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Wellington. It was a good Ode, and must have reminded Keble's friends of an old saying of his that, if he were not a clergyman, he would be a soldier."

As martyrs' eyes near and more near discern
 Where on the Father's right-hand beaming,
 Light upon Light in glory streaming,
 The Saviour, felt, not seen, in life,
 Deigns to be seen in that last strife,
 And Angels hail, approaching to the shore,
 Rays like their own, and more.

Who knows but maiden mild or smiling boy,
 Our own entrusted care and joy,
 By His electing grace
 May with His martyrs find their glorious place?
 O hope, for prayer too bold and thrilling,
 O bliss, to aid its high fulfilling!
 O woe and wrong, O tenfold shame,
 To mar or damp the angelic flame!
 To draw His soldiers backward from the Cross!
 Woe and eternal loss!

15.

THE CRADLE GUARDED.

March 9, 1845.

Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. St Matt. iii. 12.

As therefore the tares are gathered, and burned in fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. St Matt. xiii. 40.

(FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

God has shown His Love by teaching us the fear of eternal punishment. The very child smiling in

his cradle seems to plead with us to be protected from evil by the fear of punishment: the wild crags and rushing torrents serve to protect the valley beneath, and the sinner, as he stands upon the mountain-top and feels the impulse to throw himself down, is warned and saved by the sight of the deep, terrible gulf below, and can go back to dwell in peace in the smiling valley beneath.

This poem should be compared with that for the Second Sunday in Lent in "The Christian Year," and with that on the Athanasian Creed in the "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 41.

Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
 And calm-breathed warning of the kindest love
 That ever heaved a wakeful mother's breast
 (True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove)
 Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
 To Thy recalling, tempted else to rove?

The allusion to the mountain is to Ben Nevis, which Mr Keble had climbed in August 1844, and Glen Nevis is the valley beneath. (*Cf.* Coleridge's "Memoir," p. 304, ed. 1869.)

THE Lord, th' All-gracious, hides not all
 His Ire:

Through the dim chinks of this decaying earth
 Gleams ever and anon th' unwasted fire,
 Startling rude eyes, and shaming lawless mirth.

E'en in the joy of Harvest, see, His Brand
 Over the chaff is kindling; sheaves for food
 And tares for fire, He binds in equal band.

At vintage time His robes are roll'd in blood.¹

¹ *Cf.* St Luke iii. 17; Isaiah ix. 3-5; lxiii. 3.

His Angels and His Saints cry out, How long ?¹
 His little ones full keenly are they bent
 To right the fallen and redress the wrong,
 Full eagerly to justice run unspent.

These are Thy tokens, all-redeeming Lord !
 Where, but of Thee, learn'd we aright to name
 The last dire prison ? Thine the dismal word,
 Thine the undying worm, th' unquenched
 flame.

Therefore Thy duteous Spouse, our Mother dear,
 Tuning her love-notes to the Father's voice,
 Is fain to breathe grave warnings in deep fear
 And say to Sin, Hell is thine hopeless choice !

The strain Love taught her, she in love repeats.—
 Call it not hard, if in each holiest hour,
 When with unwonted joy her King she greets,
 With His own threatenings she would fence
 His bower.

Call it not stern, though to her Babes she show
 The smoke aye glaring o'er th' abode of ill ;
 Though guileless hearts, e'en in their vernal glow,
 Hear now and then her thunders, and are still.

Might the calm smile, that on the infant's brow
 So brightly beams, all its deep meaning tell,
 Would it not say, " For Love's sweet sake allow
 Fear's chastening Angel here with me to
 dwell ?

¹ Cf. Revelations vi. 10.

Was not the purchase of my quiet bliss
 A life-long anguish and a Cross of woe?
 O! much I fear the mountain-path to miss,
 If from my sight I lose the gulf below.”

Such lesson learn we by the cradle’s side,
 Nor other teach dark hills and valleys deep :
 Where rude rocks fiercest frown, and waters
 chide,
 ’Tis but to guard the green mead’s lowly
 sleep.—

There is a peak¹—the raven loves it well,
 And all the mists of neighbouring ocean
 love,—
 Which if you climb, what seem’d a pinnacle
 Proves as a wide sea-beach where cormorants
 rove.

Rocks shower’d at random, as by giant hands,
 Strew the rude terrace :—heedful be his eye,
 And firm his step, who on the dark edge stands
 Beneath the cloud, and downward dares espy.

“What seest thou there?” A thousand feet
 below,
 And farther on, far as the mists that sweep
 Around me suffer, dimly trac’d in snow,
 Pale forms I see, reclining on the steep.

Each in his drear ravine, where never ray
 E’en from the cold north-east in June might
 fall,

¹ Ben Nevis.

They sleep in silence till th' appointed Day,
Nor heed the eagle's scream, the whirlwind's
call.

The wastes of vapour, veering round, now hide
And now reveal the watchers dark and vast,
Which by each awful resting-place abide,—
Grim towering crags: who there his eye
shall cast

With aught of sin's sad burthen on his soul,
Feels he not like a powerless child forlorn,
Over a gulf where flaming billows roll
By a strong outstretch'd Arm as yet upborne?

O surely then to his heart's deep is brought
The prayer, the vow, there evermore to cling,
And sickening turn from the wild haunting
thought,
"What if at once o'er the dread verge I
spring?"

Retiring, sure he to a warning Voice
Will time his footsteps, on a true Arm lean:
What happy vale so'er may crown his choice,
That awful gulf, those rocks will be its
screen.

Lo, nestling at the mountain's farther base,
And guarded by its terrors, a soft glen:
Its waters run a golden gladsome race,
Its windings hide meet homes for pastoral
men.

Lord, if in such calm bowers a rest Thou give,
 We pray Thee, crown thy gift with Fear,
 that we
 May in the shadow of Thy judgments live,
 The wrath o'ertake us on our bended knee.

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III

EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS

I.

TRUSTWORTHINESS. January 1843.

The Child Jesus carried behind in Jerusalem. St
Luke i. 43.

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

Though parents' love is deeper than all other love,
and more anxious to keep their children under guard,
yet each child has its own separate life; what com-
fort then to them to feel that they can trust each,
when apart from themselves, to be, as Jesus was,
about the Father's business.

THE cares, the loves of parents fond
Go deep, all loves, all cares beyond.
Fain would they read the good and ill
That nestles in our silent will,
And night and day
They wish and pray
That only good may there find way.

But deeper lurk all breasts within
The secrets both of grace and sin.
Each has his world of thought alone,
To one dread Watcher only known.
And far and wide
On every side
Our dreams dart on—no earthly guide.

Glad may they be and calm of heart,
 Who, when their child so walks apart,
 Seek him and find where Angels come
 On Jesus' work, in Jesus' Home :—

Who, out of sight,
 Know all is right,
 One law for darkness and for light.

If in pure aims and deeds and prayers
 His path mount high, and far from theirs,
 If seeking him 'mid friends below
 They find him not, what joy to know
 He hath but turn'd
 Where Jesus yearn'd
 To be ;—where heavenly Love is learn'd !¹

Thou who didst teach Thy Mother dear,
 In three dim days of doubt and fear,
 By timely training to foreknow
 Thy Passion and its three days' woe,²
 Prepare Thou still
 Our heart and will,—
 Our friends' and ours,—for good and ill.

¹ *heavenly love* ; but "*heavenly love*" MS., which is perhaps right.

² For a somewhat similar application of this "three days'" absence, *cf.* St Ambrose *ad loc.* "After three days he is found in the Temple, as a suggestion that after the three days of his triumphant passion, he who was thought to be dead would rise again and offer himself in the courts of heaven, and with Divine Honour, as the object of our faith."

2.

SAMUEL'S PRAYER. July 1843.

Out of the mouths of very babes and sucklings
hast Thou ordained strength. Ps. viii. 2.

(THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The simple prayers of children for their friends
are expanded by the angels into a deeper meaning of
prayer for all members of the Church: their repetition
of the Ten Commandments into God's denunciation
upon sin, even as Samuel's simple prayers and words
saved the ark and passed judgment upon Eli and
his sons.

This poem should be compared with ix. 5, and
that on the Catechism in "The Christian Year" (see
note there).

WITH joy the guardian Angel sees
A duteous child upon his knees,
And writes in his approving book
Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure aërial dream
He springs to meet morn's orient beam,
And pours towards the kindling skies
His clear adoring melodies.

Some glorious Seraph, waiting by,
Receives the prayer to waft on high,
And wonders, as he soars, to read
More than we know, and all we need.

More than we know, and all we need,
Is in young children's prayer and creed.
They, for their Home, before Him fall,
He, for His Church, receives their call.

They cry with simple voice and clear,
 "Bless Father, Mother, Brethren dear":
 He for the Priests of His dread Son
 Accounts the blessing ask'd and won.

For holy Priests and Matrons mild,
 For penitents and undefil'd,
 For dying Saints, for babes new-born,
 He takes their offering, eve and morn.

He gives the frail and feeble tongue
 A doom to speak on sin and wrong;
 Unconscious they stern lightnings aim,
 When His ten Precepts they proclaim.

Thus in the Tabernacle shade
 At morn and eve young Samuel pray'd,
 Nor knew his prayer God's ark would win,
 Forfeit by priest's and people's sin.

To Eli thus dread words he spake:—
 Ye hearts profane, with penance ache:—
 A wondrous peal o'er Israel rung,
 Heaven's thunder from a child's meek tongue.

3.

PRAYER AT HOME AND IN
 CHURCH. June 3, 1843.

These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with His brethren. Acts i. 14.

(SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION)

As the Church met for praise and adoration after the Lord's Ascension in the upper room and in the

Temple; so the home and the Church are the places where we may learn prayer and praise. Each is holy ground, for in each Christ and His Mother and His saints are present.

Is there a half-conscious thought here of Wordsworth's "Skylark"?

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WHERE are the homes of Paschal
Mirth,
The bowers where heavenly Joy may rest her
wings on earth,
And at her leisure gaze adoring
Where out of sight the golden clouds are
soaring
Beneath the ascending Saviour's Feet?
Where may rejoicing Love retreat
To frame a melody for His returning meet?

Two homes we know of Love's resort,
One in the upper room, one in the Temple
court;

In glorious Sion both, possessing
Alike her presence, whom the awful blessing
Lifted above all Adam's race:—
The royal Twelve are there in place;
Women and duteous friends, awaiting His
high grace.

Two homes for us His Love hath found,
One by our quiet couch and one on holy ground.

There in due season meekly kneeling,
 Learn we our lesson ere His last revealing,
 The Mother of our Lord is there,
 And Saints are breathing hallow'd air,
 Living and dead, to waft on high our feeble
 prayer.

And with His Mother and His Saints
 He watches by, who loves the prayer that never
 faints.

Avaunt, ill thoughts and thoughts of folly!
 Where christen'd infants sport, that floor is
 holy:

Holier the station where they bow,
 Adoring Him with daily vow,
 Till He with ampler grace their youthful
 hearts endow.

4.

SELF-EXAMINATION. Feb. 2, 1843.

And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord,
 what wilt Thou have me to do? And the Lord said
 unto Him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall
 be told thee what thou must do. Acts ix. 6.

(THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL)

The task of the Christian child is like that com-
 mitted to St Paul on his conversion—to be baptized
 and true to his baptismal vows, to join the saints in
 prayer and praise, to fast and examine his conscience
 against selfishness, rebelliousness, and envy.

“WHAT wouldst Thou have me do,
 O Lord?”

Darkling he spoke and lowly laid,

With all his heart he spake the word,
 The awful Voice mild answer made :
 " Go, seek one out who thee may bring
 Where healing, holy waters spring,
 Then will I shew thee speedily
 What burthen thou must bear for Me."

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
 Each morn and eve we seem to say,
 And He gives back no doubtful word :
 " Remember, little child, all day,
 Thine early vows, the hallow'd wave
 Where Jesus first His blessing gave :
 There stoop, there cleanse thee every hour :
 Christ's Laver hath refreshing power."

" What would'st Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
 Rise, little child, and onward go,
 Where Saints are met with one accord
 The praises of high God to show.
 In meekness learn their prayer and song,
 Do as they do, and thou ere long
 Shalt see the wonders they behold
 In heavenly books and creeds of old.

" What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord ? "
 So whispering, Saul with prostrate brow
 The persecuted One ador'd,
 So breath'd his earliest Christian vow.
 Stern the reply :—to fast alone,
 And in the darkness make his moan.
 Thrice set and rose the weary day,
 Ere with the Christians he might pray.

“What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?”

Think, little child; thy conscience try,
Rebellious deed and idle word,

And selfish thought and envious eye:—

Hast thou no mark of these? and yet

Full in thy sight His Law was set.

Oh! if He joy'd the Cross to bear,

With patience take thy little share.

5.

CONFESSION. March 1843.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. Genesis iii. 8.

(SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY)

If we were only true children, we should hear God's voice in the winds rustling through the branches. But we have sinned, and the thought of His Presence is frightening. Yet we cannot really hide from His eye: nay, more, He comes to heal, and the only way to regain our righteousness is confession and penance.

DIDST thou not hear how soft the day-
wind sigh'd,

How from afar that sweeping breath it drew;

Wav'd the light rustling branches far and wide,

Then died away, then rose and moan'd
anew?

Sure if aright our morning prayers were said,

We in those tones the Almighty's unseen
walk

Shall hear, nor vainly shun the Presence dread;
Which comes in mercy with our souls to talk.

“Where art thou, child of earth?” He seems
to say;

“Why hide so deep from Love’s all-seeing
eye?”—

“I heard and fear’d, for I have sinn’d to-
day.”—

“What? know’st thou not the Almighty One
was by?

“Think’st thou to lurk in yonder wavering
boughs,

Where e’en these earthly sunbeams glide and
steal?

Nay, speed thee forth while yet high grace
allows,

Lay bare thy wounds to Him who waits to
heal.

“They only rankle in th’ unwholesome shade;

But sun and air have soothing power, and He
Yearns to forgive, when hearts are lowly laid.

E’en now behold His robe prepar’d for thee.

“These fluttering leaves the more unveil thy
shame.

Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in
dust:

He will upraise thee, for His own great Name;

His penance garb will make and shew thee
just.”

¹ Cf. x. 9, st. 1-3.

6.

TELL THY MOTHER. Oct. 11, 1842.

Ye are not straitened in us, but ye are straitened
in your own bowels. 2 Cor. vi. 12.

(ASH WEDNESDAY)

The mother knows the child's faults before it confesses them, but longs that the child should win the relief which confession and absolution give.

In the MS. the poem is headed "The Church in her Confessional."

WEARY soul and burthen'd sore,
Labouring with thy secret load,
Fear not all thy grief to pour
In this heart, true Love's abode.

Think not all is hidden quite:
Mothers' ears are keen to hear,
Mothers' eyes are quick as light,
Glancing wide and watching near.

I with boding anguish read
Half your tale ere ye begin:
Bitter drops in heart I bleed,
Penance for your shame and sin.

Grudge not thou thine eyes to hide
On this breast that aches for thee:
Patient, kneeling, here abide
Till th' absolving Voice is free.

I from thy baptismal hour
Yearn for thee, hard heart and dry:
Seek my penitential bower,
In the dust beside me lie.

7.

ABSOLUTION. December 13, 1842.

Whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven. St John
xx. 23.

Confession has brought me the fresh gift of the Spirit—the blessing of forgiveness! and the hope that hereafter I may have the power to forget the memories of evil, and be pure in heart.

LIVE ever in my heart, sweet awful hour,
When prostrate in my sin and shame I
lay,
And heard the absolving accents fall with power,
As soft, as keen, as lambent lightnings play.

And sure with lightning glance they seem'd to
thrill,
(O may the dream prove true!) and search
and burn
Each foul dark corner of my lawless will.
What if the Spirit griev'd did then return?—

O fear, O joy to think!—and what if yet,
In some far moment of eternity,
The lore of evil I may quite forget,
And with the pure in heart my portion be?

Live in my heart, dread blissful hope, to tame
The haughty brow, to curb the unchasten'd
eye,
And shape to deeds of good each wavering aim;
O teach me some true penance ere I die!

8.

HOURS OF PRAYER. June (?), 1843.

Evening and morning and at noon-day will I pray. Ps. lv. 17.

(WHITSUN MONDAY)

As earth is ever ready to receive the dews and sunlight of heaven, so may we not weary of prayer, but be ready morning, noon, and evening to receive the blessings which God is ever ready to give.

DOWN, slothful heart! how dar'st thou
say,

“Call not so oft to pray?”

Behold, the Lord's own bounteous showers

Keep their appointed hours.

The forenoon saw the Spirit first

On orphan'd Saints in glory burst;

At noontide hour Saint Peter saw

The sheet let down, heavenward all earth to
draw;

At eventide, when good Cornelius kneel'd

Upon his fasting day, an angel shone reveal'd.¹

Untir'd is He in mercy's task,

Then tire not thou to ask.

He says not, “Yesterday I gave,

Wilt thou for ever crave?”

He every moment waits to give,

Watch thou unwearied to receive.

Thine Hours of prayer, upon the Cross

To Him were hours of woe and shame and
loss;

¹ Cf. Acts x. 3.

Scourging at morn; at noon, pierc'd hands and
feet;

At eve, fierce pains of death for thee He
counted sweet.

The blue sky o'er the green earth bends,
All night the dew descends:

The green earth to the blue heaven's ray
Its bosom spreads all day.

Earth answers Heaven: the holy race
Should answer His unfailing grace.

Then smile, low world, in spite or scorn,
We to our God will kneel ere prime of morn;
The third, the sixth, the ninth—each Passion
hour,—

We with high praise will keep, as He with
gifts of power.

9.

REPEATING THE CREED.

October 5, 1844.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world:
and this is the victory that overcometh the world,
even our faith. 1 St John v. 4.

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

Poets and artists have used many noble images to
represent the triumph of faith, but none so dear to
me as a simple child rehearsing the Creed, having
already a vision of each fragment of the Truth—a
vision which, unless marred by sin, will become
more glorious still.

The poem was suggested to Mr Keble as he heard
Dr Moberly's eldest son, George, recite the Creed.

MANY the banners bright and fair,
 Uplifted in the gleaming sky,
 When faith would shew this lower air
 The token of her victory.

The heaven-enlighten'd eye and mind,
 By meek confession purified,
 Gazes on high, nor fails to find
 Which way the signs celestial guide.

One bodies forth a Virgin form,
 Holding aloft a Cross of might,
 And watching, how through cloud and storm
 Its head is lost in deepening light.¹

Another dreams, by night and day,
 Of a calm Prophet's face, intent
 To hear what God the Lord shall say,
 Ere the dread tones be gone and spent.

An Eagle from the deep of space
 Is hovering near, and hastes to bring
 (Meetest the unearthly tale to trace,
 A plume of his mysterious wing.

A golden Chalice standing by,—
 What mantles there is life or death ;

¹ Miss Yonge supposes the allusion to be to the description of *Fidelia* in Spenser's "Faery Queen," I. x. 13, but the details scarcely seem to correspond sufficiently. The reference is more probably to some painting of Faith holding a cross on high, perhaps to that by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the window of New College Chapel, Oxford.

A Dragon to the unpurged eye,
A Serpent from the Cross, to Faith.¹

O visions dread and bright, I feel
You are too high for me, I seek
A lowlier impress for my seal,
More of this earth, though pure and meek.

Give me a tender spotless child,
Rehearsing or at eve or morn
His chant of glory undefil'd,
The Creed that with the Church was born.

Down be his earnest forehead cast,
His slender fingers join'd for prayer,
With half a frown his eye seal'd fast
Against the world's intruding glare.

Who, while his lips so gently move,
And all his look is purpose strong,
Can say what wonders wrought above
Upon his unstain'd fancy throng?

The world new-fram'd, the Christ new-born,
The Mother-Maid, the Cross and grave,
The rising sun on Easter morn,
The fiery tongues sent down to save,—

The gathering Church, the Fount of Life,
The saints and mourners kneeling round,
The day to end the body's strife,
The Saviour in His people crown'd,—

¹ The allusion here is undoubtedly to Domenichino's painting of St John the Evangelist.

All in majestic march and even
 To the veil'd eye by turns appear,
 True to their time as stars in heaven,
 No morning dream so still and clear.

And this is Faith, and thus she wins
 Her victory, day by day rehears'd.
 Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,
 Love's glorious world will on thee burst.

10.

LESSONS AND ACCOMPLISH- MENTS. October 19, 1842.

There is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Ps.
 xix. 6.

(ST LUKE'S DAY)

A prayer to the Church, the true educator, that she will train her children in the spirit of St Luke, that in the study of art, of poetry, and of history, they may learn purity of imagination, a true hatred of evil, a true love of good.

The poems for the Third and Fifth Sundays in Lent and for Palm Sunday, in "The Christian Year," should be compared with this.

MOTHER of Christ's children dear,
 Teacher true of loving Fear,
 Kind Physician, wakeful Nurse,
 Wont with many a potent verse
 By our cradles watch to keep,
 Singing new-born Saints to sleep;
 Be thy tenderest breath to-day
 Breath'd on all we sing or say.

For to-day that Saint we own,
 Who to Jesus' cradle-throne
 Led us first, with shepherds mild,
 With that Mother undefil'd,
 There to adore the wondrous Child.

Spouse of Christ, so pure and bright,
 Skill'd, by His unearthly light,
 In our coarse dim air to trace
 Lines and hues from yon high place,
 Gathering tones from earth and sky
 For His perfect harmony:—
 As to-day thou guid'st our thought
 Where that holy Painter wrought,¹
 Who with pen and pencil true
 Christ's own awful Mother drew ;
 Be thy prayer untir'd and strong,
 That, when eager fancies throng,
 Pure may be our dream and song.

¹ The legend which represents St Luke as a painter is first found in Theodorus Lector, of the sixth or eighth century after Christ, who says that Eudoxia found at Jerusalem a picture of the Virgin, painted by St Luke. "The legend has a strong element of truth. It points to the great influence which Luke has had upon Christian art, of which, in a real sense, he may be called the founder. The Shepherd with the lost sheep on his shoulders, one of the earliest representations of Christ, comes from Luke xv., and both mediæval and modern artists have been specially fond of representing those scenes which are described by St Luke alone." (Plummer, "International Critical Commentary on St Luke," p. xxii.)

Watcher of the eternal ways,
 Trusted with the Saints' high praise,
 Oft as o'er our childish trance
 History bids her visions glance,—
 Wonders wild in airy measures,
 Records grave from Memory's treasures,—
 Guide thou well the heart-winning line,
 May our love and hate be thine.
 He whose tongue of Jesus told
 On His Cross and in His Fold,¹
 Third of the mysterious Four,—
 Learn we all his sacred lore,
 Listening at the Kingdom's door.

II.

UNWEARIED LOVE. Nov. 15, 1843.

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until
 seven times: but, Until seventy times seven. St
 Matt. xviii. 22.

(TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

Listen at once to the biddings of Heaven, and tire
 not either in prayer or obedience or forgiveness, for
 the Church and the Lord never tire of giving thee
 their blessings. Cf. *supra*, iii. 8.

MY child, the counsels high attend
 Of thine Eternal Friend.
 When longings pure, when holy prayers,
 When self-denying thoughts and cares
 Room in thine heart would win,
 Stay not too long to count them o'er;
 Rise in His Name; throw wide the door,
 Let the good Angels in:

¹ *i.e.* as the sacrifice for sin, and the Good Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

Nor listen, should the Tempter say,
 "How wearying, day by day,
 To say the prayer we said before,
 The mountain path climb o'er and o'er,
 No end to warfare find!"

Nor seek thou limit to discern
 In patient woe, in duty stern,
 But learn thy Mother's mind.

She will not tire on thee to wait
 In early hour or late :

To-morrow e'en as yesterday,
 Still onward, onward in Love's way
 To speed, her only dream.

So many love-deeds done, to cease
 Her kindly toil, and rest in peace,
 Small joy to her would seem.

And He, the Fountain of her Love,—
 His treasure-house above

Is open, day and night, with store
 Of healing for our daily sore,

With grace to mourners given,
 O'er-powering, by the tide of tears,
 All that from old abhorred years
 Remains of wasting leaven.

He pardoning wearies not. Ah, why
 Behold with evil eye

Thy brother asking grace for sin?
 He doth but aid thee, more to win
 Of hope in thy last end.

In heart forgive—that pays Him all:
 But grudging souls must die in thrall,
 No Saviour and no Friend.

IV

EARLY WARNINGS

I.

EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

August 1, 1843.

For I have five brethren: that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. St Luke xvi. 28.

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The prayer of Dives, pleading in vain for the brethren whom he had misled by his example, teaches us that the true way of helping others is to set them a good example, whether in work or in play.

Cf. "Sermons Occasional and Parochial" (No. xxxvii., preached on May 7, 1843), p. 449. "Penitents should ever chasten themselves with the thought that, although their sin may be mortified in themselves, its deadly and evil fruits, for aught they know, may be still ripening in a miserable eternity in the person of some fellow-creature who has been the worse for their example."

FIVE loving souls, each one as mine,
And each for evermore to be!
Each deed of each to thrill
For good or ill
Along thine awful line,
Eternity!

Who for such burthen may suffice?

Who bear to think, how scornful tone

Or word or glance too bold,
 Or ill dream told,
 May bar from Paradise
 Our Master's own?

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more :
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
 Into still air they seem to fleet,
 We count them ever past ;
 But they shall last,
 In the dread judgment they
 And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,
 Keep thou the one true way
 In work and play,
 Lest in that world their cry
 Of woe thou hear !

2.

PRESUMPTION.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing ?
 2 Kings viii. 13.

(FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

Mere childish indignation against injustice, such
 as that of David taking the poor man's lamb, is not

enough until tested in life. Therefore boast not until the end.

This poem is probably one of the latest, as it did not appear in the first edition. It may well be compared with J. K.'s sermon, preached on Palm Sunday 1846, on the "Danger of Trusting to Religious Emotions" (Sermons for "The Christian Year." Holy Week, iv.).

DEAR Child, to thee the tale is told
Of him who robb'd the poor man's fold.
Thou listenest, and with scorn and ire
Thy quivering brow is all on fire.
Thou think'st, O never sure on me
So foul a blot shall Angels see.
For joy thou hold'st thine eager breath
To hear him doom'd ;—he dies the death.

But mark, young David was as thou,
A generous boy with open brow.
With heart as pure as mountain air
He caroll'd to his fleecy care :
With motion free as mountain cloud
He trode where mists the moorland shroud,
From bear and lion tore the prey,
Nor deem'd he e'er should rend as they.

Such was his dawn : but O ! how grieve
Good Angels o'er his noon and eve !
He that with oil of joy began
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man.
Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought ?
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought :
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm
Due cadence find in evening calm.

3.

DANGER OF PRAISE. Dec. 9, 1842.

And he confessed, and denied not ; but confessed, I am not the Christ. St John i. 20.

(SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The Baptist would not take false praise to himself ; how much less should a Christian child who is within the Kingdom of Heaven ? how much less still the grown-up Christian who is conscious of his sin ? To him praise becomes a penance to be borne.

Compare "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,'" Lent to Passion Tide, iv., especially pp. 38, 39.

WHEN mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes,
Nor in thy Master's wrong
Take to thyself His crown and prize ;
Yet more in heart than tongue.

None holier than the Desert Priest
Beneath the Law's dim sky,
Yet in Heaven's kingdom with the least,
We read, he might not vie.

No member, yet, of Christ the Son,
No gospel Prophet he ;
Only a voice from out the Throne
Of dread yet blest decree.

If he confess'd, nor dared deny,
Woe to that Christian's heart,
Who in man's praise would walk on high,
And steal his Saviour's part !

And ah! to him what tenfold woe,
 Who hides so well his sin,
 Through earth he seems a saint to go,
 Yet dies impure within!

Pray we our Lord, one pang to send
 Of deep remorseful fear
 For every smile of partial friend.—
 Praise be our Penance here!

4.

ENVY. August 4, 1843.

If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. Genesis iv. 7.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

Cain was jealous of the acceptance of Abel's offering; his heart wanted love, and therefore his own offering was not accepted. So envy is a deadly sin that will forfeit God's blessing: it incurs His punishment, and the mark can only be outworn by penance and by deeds of love.

WHAT is this cloud upon thy brow?
 "The Lord accepts my brother's
 vow,

But turns no ear to mine.

High in the liquid heaven behold
 His altar-flames in many an airy fold,
 But where I kneel, the Almighty makes no
 sign."

Yes : welcome to the pure bright air,
 And dear to Angels, is his prayer,
 For the sweet fragrance' sake
 Of loving deeds : bring thou the same,
 Thine altar too shall feel the gracious flame :
 Haste, ere the monster at thy door awake.¹

Beside thine hearth, thine home within,
 Lies couch'd and still a deadly sin,
 Oh chain it while 'tis time.
 Learn on thy brother's joy to gaze
 With thankful eye ; and Heaven's high counsel
 praise,
 That crown'd him with the forfeit of thy
 crime.

Thy forehead yet awhile must bear
 His wrathful mark ; but alms and prayer,
 And penance true and stern,
 May wear it out : thine evil eye
 May melt in dews of holy charity,
 Thy sullen tones to meek confessions turn.

¹ Compare Dr Driver on Gen. iv. 7. "Let the envious, discontented temper be overcome and banished. It is like a beast of prey, couching at the door, whose deadly assault nothing but prompt and instant exertions can repel" ("Critical Notes on Lessons from the Pentateuch," p. 18).

5.

MISTRUST OF ELDERS.

December 30, 1842.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. St John xx. 29.

(ST THOMAS)

Children, like St Thomas, often will not trust the warnings of their elders, but wait till they see for themselves. How sadly they thereby delay the blessings that God would give them.

WHEN holy books, when loving friends,
When parents grave and kind
Tell of the peace the Almighty sends
On the pure heart and mind,—

When they, on whom our souls should lean,
The wondrous joy declare,
How to God's Altar they have been
And found their Saviour there,—

Alas! too often, worldly wise,
We scorn what they reveal,
We will not see with others' eyes,
Ourselves would touch and feel.

Thus many a precious day, month, year,
The blessing we delay:
It comes at last with sadden'd cheer,
He justly dims His ray.

Seven days, we read, a Saint of old
Dream'd on in doubt alone:

Seven days of hope and joy untold
For evermore were gone.

And when at last the all-gracious Lord
Vouchsaf'd the awful sign,
Made answer to his secret word
And shewed the Wounds divine,

E'en with that light of love there came
A soft yet warning cloud,
A shade of pity more than blame :
"Behold thy prayer allowed :

My glorious Wounds I shew to thee,
Even here in earth's dull light ;
But happier they who wait to see,
Till Heaven has purged their sight."

Alas, that man his breath should lose
In wayward, doubting race,
Nor his still home in shelter choose
Where Thou hast set his place !¹

6.

FINE CLOTHES. May 14, 1844.

And a very great multitude spread their garments
in the way ; others cut down branches from the trees,
and strawed them in the way. St Matt. xxi. 8.

(PALM SUNDAY)

Some small barrier may shut out from our eyes the
beauties of sunrise or of sunset ; so some small thing,

¹ Compare the Prefatory Poem, "To all Friendly
Readers," st. 6, and *infra*, v. 7.

such as too much thought of her Sunday clothes, may prevent a child from seeing Christ's presence in church. Lay them aside then now in Holy Week, as the multitude spread their garments before Christ on Palm Sunday, and as the church lays aside her ornaments; and even at Easter-tide be willing to sacrifice them; let bright hues be consecrated to the service of His sanctuary, enriching the pavement and the windows round the altar, where He is present as Guest and King, and we bend in adoration.

LOOK westward, pensive little one,
 How the bright hues together run,
 Around where late the waning sun
 Sank in his evening cloud.
 Or eastward turn thee, and admire
 How linger yet the showers of fire,
 Deep in each fold, high on each spire
 Of yonder mountain proud.¹

Thou seest it not: an envious screen,
 A fluttering leaflet, hangs between
 Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
 A veil too near thine eye.
 One finger's breadth at hand will mar²
 A world of light in heaven afar,
 A mote eclipse a glorious star,
 An eyelid hide the sky.

¹ Cf. ii. 6.

² Cf. J. K., "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 271.

A leaf or spray at hand may hide
 A landscape fair and wide;
 Thy casement clear, and thou a reach shalt find
 Of earth, air, sea, quite to an eagle's mind.

And while to clear the view we stay,
 Lo ! the bright hour hath pass'd away ;
 A twilight haze, all dim and grey,
 Hath quench'd the living gleam.
 Remember this, thou little child,
 In hours of Prayer, when fancies wild
 Betwixt thee and thy Saviour mild
 Come floating on life's stream.

O shame, O grief, when earth's rude toys,
 An opening door, a breath, a noise,
 Drive from the heart th' eternal joys,
 Displace the Lord of Love !
 For half a prayer perchance on high
 We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh,
 But ah ! too soon frail heart and eye
 Sink down and earthward rove.

The Sunday garment glittering gay
 The Sunday heart will steal away.
 Then haste thee, ere the fond glance stray,
 Thy precious robes unfold
 And cast before thy Saviour's feet :
 Him spare not with thy best to greet,
 Nor dread the dust of Sion's street,
 'Tis jewels all and gold.¹

His very shrines, this week of woe,
 Will doff their rich attire, and show

¹ Do not dread to cast aside your robes through fear of the dust ; the dust here is glorious as jewels and gold : the lowest humiliation (*cf.* stanza 7) will bring glory.

As mourners; fear we then to go
 In glad and festal guise.
 Yea, when the funeral days are o'er,
 And altars shine in gold once more,
 I bid thee lavish all thy store
 In fearless sacrifice.

The gorgeous hues by sinners worn,
 Our pride and our good Angels' scorn,—
 His pavement let them now adorn,
 Or with His daylight blend.
 His palace court hath order blest;
 When from His Throne of earthly rest
 In glory beams th' immortal Guest,
 We to the dust descend.

7.

IRREVERENCE IN CHURCH.

May 29, 1844.

The Lord is in His holy Temple: let all the earth
 keep silence before Him. Hab. ii. 20.

(MONDAY BEFORE EASTER)

In the last visit to Jerusalem, Christ came thrice to His Temple in His jealousy for its right use. At the first time (St Mark xi. 11) He looked round in silence on the worshippers; at the second time (*ib.* xi. 15) He drove out them that sold and bought; the third time (*ib.* xi. 27—xiii. 1), He pronounced the doom upon the Temple, reserving His blessing only for the poor widow's love. So, for children who are irreverent in church, there is, first, the warning implied in the silence of the worshippers before God's unseen eye, then the warning of punishment and removal, but lastly, if they are still rebellious, there waits the final judgment.

O GRIEF for Angels to behold
 Within Christ's awful home!
 A child regenerate here of old,
 And here for lowliest adoration come,
 Forgetting love and fear,
 And with bold eye and tone bringing the rude
 world here!

Where is the Cross upon thy brow,
 Seal of His Love and Might,
 Whose life-blood earn'd thee power, thy vow
 To keep, and serve Him in His courts aright?
 E'en in His week of grace,
 Thou know'st, His ire brake out for His own
 holy place.

Thrice in those seven dread days, we read,
 He to His Temple came,
 If haply from the wrath decreed
 He might redeem th'.abode of His great Name;
 With silent warning Eye,
 With scourge in Hand, with doom of thrilling
 Prophecy.

On Sunday eve with many a palm,
 With many a chant divine,
 It came, that Eye so keen and calm,
 Like a still lamp, far searching aisle and shrine.
 Happy the few, that hour,
 Who with adoring hearts kneel'd to that gaze
 of power.

Nor they unblest, the morrow morn,
 Who low before Him lay

In penitential guise forlorn,
And for His sounding scourge made duteous way :
Who at His word their store
Of earthly goods remov'd, nor ever brought
them more.

But ah ! no blessing left He then,
When the third evening fell,
And o'er the olive-shaded glen
Came wafted to His Mount His stern farewell.
“We meet not, till ye own
The Crucified and scorn'd before the Judgment
Throne.”

No blessing left the Lord of bliss,
Save on that widow poor,
Who only offer'd not amiss,
Whose praise for aye shall in His Book endure.
What if the place were doom'd ?
Love will abide the fire : her gift is unconsum'd.

Thrice warn'd the dread departing Word
The city of His choice ;
And threefold are Thy lessons, Lord,
Even now to reckless eye and heart and voice.
Why is there silence here ?
Why hush the prattling babe ? “An unseen Eye
we fear.”

What are these frowns, and penal ways
With rebel hand and tongue ?
True tokens of the heart's amaze,
Where waits beside the door the sacred throng,

By sentence heard in Heaven,
Of sin-retaining power, out of the Presence
driven :

Driven for a while : and O ! if yet
The scornful brow they bend,
The saintly Thrones are duly set,
The doom prepar'd, that without hope or end
The Temple Roof will draw
Down on the irreverent head, there lingering
without awe.

8.

DISRESPECT TO ELDERS.

April 23, 1845.

(TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

And he went up from thence unto Beth-el : and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald-head ; go up thou bald-head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord : and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them. And he went from thence to Mount Carmel. 2 Kings ii. 23.

As the Church has its rites and mysteries and its true freedom, and Angels watch their observance, so Satan has his rites and his false freedom, and his evil spirits watching to entice children to them. We see their influence in sullenness, in want of courtesy, in disrespect, in irreverence, till they are destroyed, like the children of Bethel by Elisha. But as he passed from their doom to intercede for them on Carmel, so our Christ and His Saints are ever interceding for us. The dews fall from Heaven upon our children, and we see their effect in bright greetings and smiles and obeisance ; the graver training the more light-hearted to do reverence, as the Angels train us.

THE Powers of Ill have mysteries of their
own,¹
Their sacramental signs and prayers,
Their choral chants in many a winning tone,
Their watchwords, seals, processions,
known
Far off to friend and foe, their lights and
perfumed airs.

And e'en as men, where warring hosts abide,
By faint and silent tokens learn
At distance whom to trust, from whom to hide,
So round us set on every side
Th' ærial sentinels our good and ill discern.

The lawless wish, the unaverted eye,
Are as a taint upon the breeze,
To lure foul spirits: haughty brows and high
Are signals to invite him nigh,
Whose onset ever Saints await on bended knees.

¹ There is an allusion to the view of several of the Fathers that the mysteries of Mithras were a deliberate attempt by the Devil to imitate the Christian Sacraments. Thus Tertullian ("De Præscriptione Hæreticorum," c. 40) writes: "The devil . . . to whom pertain those wiles which pervert the truth, and who, by the mystic rites of his idols, imitates the inward realities of the sacraments of God. He, too, baptizes some—that is, his own believers and followers; he promises the putting away of sins by a laver of his own: and, if my memory still serves me, Mithra there sets his mark on the foreheads of his soldiers, celebrates also the oblation of bread, and introduces an image of a resurrection."

Him in some thievish corner of the street
Full often lurking low we trace,
When sullen lips our kindly glances meet,
And looks that pastoral eyes should
greet,
As flowers the morn, fall coldly, as on empty
space.

His poisonous whisper hath been there, be
sure,
Where childhood's simple courtesies
Are scorn'd: so trains he up his school
impure,
So may his nursery tasks inure
The hearts that by-and-by against the Church
shall rise.

Open their eyes, good Lord, that they may
know
Whose edicts they so dearly hold,
Making thy rites a revel and a show,
Where the rude world may come and go,
To sit at ease and judge the Saints and Seers
of old.

The stubborn knees with holy trembling
smite,
Which bow not at Thine awful Name.
Pour from Thine Altar Thine own glorious
Light,
Winning the world-enamour'd sight
To turn and see which way the healing radiance
came.

O may our fallen land, though late, unlearn
 Her reckless unbelieving heart,
 And in the Gifts, sweet as from Aaron's
 urn,
 And in the pure white robe, discern
 Signs lingering, faint and few, ere the last
 Saint depart.

O grant us Thy good Angel, evermore
 To wait, with unseen scourge in hand,
 On the Church path, and by the low school
 door.
 Write in young hearts Thy reverend
 lore,
 Nor be our christen'd babes as Bethel's lawless
 band.

Perhaps among the wailing matrons there
 Was one who to her child had taught
 The ways of scorn, breathing the poison'd
 air
 Into that bosom fresh and fair
 Which from her own drew life.—Alas! too
 well it wrought.

Now self-accusing by the drear wood-side
 She ranges where th' avengers came,
 In dreams of penance wandering wild and
 wide.
 But he, the Healer and the Guide,
 To Carmel top is gone, far from our woe and
 shame.

Now from his lips the judgment word hath past,
 The lightning from his awful brow :
 Low on his knees in some bleak cavern cast,
 His prayers go up o'er ocean vast
 For those whom he hath doomed : he is their
 Patron now.

And our Elisha—fails He on the Mount
 To plead, His holy ones to pray
 For rebels and profane?—O who may count
 The drops from that eternal Fount
 Of heavenly intercession, welling night and day ?

Ye fragrant showers, O were it not for you,
 How could we breathe the parchèd air
 Of the world's freedom, feverish and untrue,
 Withering each soft and kindly hue
 Even in young hearts? but ye spring-weather
 cherish there.

Your influence from afar we own and bless,
 When, school-hours past, o'er village
 green,
 Or homely garden, bright in its May dress,
 Come greetings from a throng and press
 Of little strangers, prompt as fairies round their
 queen.

Ever, as up and down our glances go,
 In that fair round we may discern
 A beaming smile and an obeisance low ;—
 So forest bluebells in a row
 Stoop to the first May wind, sweeping o'er each
 in turn.

And here and there, perchance, one graver
found

A comrade's roving eye may school
To courtesy forgot :—so in each round
Of duty, here on earth's dull ground,
Angels with us rehearse their own majestic
Rule.

9.

HOME SICKNESS. May 5, 1843.

If any man come to Me, and hate not his father,
and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren,
and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be
My disciple. St Luke xiv. 26.

(ST MARK)

Even home-life has its dangers. St Mark was
trained by a Christian mother, the sister of St
Barnabas, in a home which became the home of
the Church, where all prayed for St Peter and
welcomed his coming. Yet even he failed to respond
to St Paul's stern call for a fellow-worker.

Compare the sermon for St Mark's Day, in J.
K.'s "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,' Saints'
Days, xxiii. 'The Pattern of a Holy Christian
Household.'"

A HOLY home, young Saint, was thine,
Child of a Priestly line,¹
Bred where the vernal midnight air,
Was vocal with the prayer
Of Christians fresh from Paschal meat,
With supplications strong and sweet,
With fast and vigil, in meek strife
Winning their Pastor's life.²

¹ Cf. Acts iv. 36 (Barnabas a Levite).

² Cf. Acts xii. 5 and 12.

A holy home, a mother bold,
 Who to the scatter'd fold
 Threw wide her door at dead of night,
 Nor feared the tyrant's might;—
 The sister true of him who pour'd
 His treasure at Thy feet, O Lord :
 The Son of Comfort named was he
 By those who hearts could see.¹

A holy home, a refuge bower,
 For Saints in evil hour,
 Where child, and slave, and household maid,
 Of their own joy afraid,
 As parent's voice familiar own
 The pastoral Apostolic tone.
 'Tis heard, and each the race would win
 To tell the news within.²

A holy household ! yet beware !
 E'en here may lurk a snare.
 These home delights, so keen and pure,
 May not for aye endure.
 Ere long, perchance, a sterner sound
 Will summon : where wilt thou be found ?
 E'en holy homes may hearts beguile,
 And mar God's work a while.³

¹ Cf. Col. iv. 10 (Mark, sister's son to Barnabas);
 Acts iv. 36, 37.

² Cf. Acts xii. 13-16.

³ Cf. Acts xiii. 13; xv. 38.

10.

ILL-TEMPER. January 2, 1845.

Jesus was casting out a Devil, and it was dumb :
and it came to pass when the Devil was cast out, the
dumb spake. St Luke xi. 14.

(THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT)

Two things spoil the brightness of earth—heavy
dark clouds and a fierce gale : so sullenness and fierce
passion at times mar the happiness of childhood. But
the sun and the warm south wind have power to break
up the clouds and lull the gale : so Christ's healing
power can charm either the sullen or the passionate
child. A pledge of this power was given at the
child's Baptism, when the powers of evil were put to
flight.

NOT often bends the face of heaven and
earth

A dull and joyless brow
On hearts that own meek love and quiet mirth :
But such their aspect now.
Slowly and late through leaden skies
The scanty lights of morning rise,
And hour by weary hour
The hard stern outlines loom around
Of hill by many a frost embrown'd,
Pine top, and leafless forest bower.

And days have been, wild days of stormy wing,
O'er-powering breath and thought,
When the dark clouds plied each its heavy sling,
And air and ocean wrought
As erst o'er Noe, hiding all
The bright hues of this earthly ball.

The traveller on his way
Was like a pinnace on the deep,
Whirling around as rude waves sweep,
The sport of every gust and spray.

So, happy childhood, thine enchanted clime
Two evil spirits mar,
This wild, that sullen; o'er the unlovely prime
Looks out no lingering star,
No softly-brightening trail of morn :
Their day, in gloom or tempest born,
Lowers on till noon and night :—
Because the new-born soul made haste
Love's christening gift to scorn or waste,
Fretting or fierce, in Angels' sight.

Yet burns the sun on high beyond the cloud :
Each in his southern cave
The warm winds linger, but to be allowed
One breathing o'er the wave,
One flight across the unquiet sky ;—
Swift as a vane may turn on high
The smile of Heaven comes on.
So waits the Lord behind the veil,
His light on frenzied cheek or pale
To shed when the dark hour is gone.

O ye who feel the dumb deaf spirit's breath
About your heart and home,
As in foul cavern spreading damps of death,
Where only Love should come ;—
Who mark, how wane the lamps of prayer
Where sullen thoughts are in the air ;—

Haste, to the Healer bring
 The moody silent one: perchance
 He at the mighty word and glance
 With Saints will hear, with Angels sing.

But if the frenzy fire blaze out, and cast
 The sparks of Stygian glow,
 Wild evil words, such showers as rode the blast
 In Sodom's overthrow;
 If tossing limb and glaring eye
 Declare the o'ermastering agony;
 On Tabor's crown behold
 The pure calm glory: Jesus there
 Hath spent the summer night in prayer:
 There be your tale of anguish told.¹

Faint not, if prayer of man find tardy grace
 Though saintly knees be bow'd,
 But wait untir'd beneath the mountain's base;
 Soon will the healing Cloud
 Toward thee descend,—the voice of Love
 Through the glad air will gently move:—
 "Believe and all may be":—
 The voice of Power command afar
 The rushings of that ireful war,
 And heart and tongue for prayer be free.

Nay, doubt it not: He gave His signs of yore,
 When Angels at the porch

¹ There is probably a conscious reference to Raphael's picture, "The Transfiguration," of which an engraving hung in the Vicarage at Hursley. (Miss Yonge, "John Keble's Parishes," p. 110.)

Met thee, and led along the sacred floor.

And from their unseen torch

Shrank muttering to his penal fire

The Demon Shade, companion dire

Of all in evil born.—

Within thee, if thou wilt, be sure

That happy hour's strong spells endure,

The seal of Heaven, not all outworn.

V
CHILDREN'S TROUBLES

I.
THE CROSS LAID ON INFANTS.

September 22, 1844.

And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the Cross, that he might bear it after Jesus. St Luke xxiii. 26.

(GOOD FRIDAY)

Grieve not if suffering fall upon thy innocent child. The Lord Himself suffered though innocent; and His Cross was laid also on Simon of Cyrene, though innocent. To share Christ's Cross in this way must bring its blessing with it.

“WELL may I brook the lash of scorn or
woe

On mine own head to fall :
An evil mark is on me : well I know
I have deserv'd it all.

But these my tender sheep,
What have they sown, such ill to reap? ¹
Why should a new-born babe the watch of
sorrow keep?”

Stay thee, sad heart, or e'er thou breathe thy
plaint,
And still thee, murmuring tongue,
And mark Who climbs the hill, so meek, so
faint,

¹ Cf. 2 Sam. xxiv. 17.

Whose brows with anguish wrung
 On the rough way drop blood ;
 How rushing round Him like a flood,
 They drag Him, fallen beneath the accurs'd
 and galling wood :

Nor Him alone. They seize upon his way,
 Early that fearful morn,
 One hastening Zion-ward, and on him lay
 Part of the pain and scorn,
 Part of the Cross : who knows
 Which in his secret heart he chose,
 The persecutors' peace, or the meek Saviour's
 woes ?

Bow'd he with grudging mind the yoke to bear,
 Or was the bitter sweet
 For Jesus' sake ? Lo, in the silent air
 On unseen pinions fleet
 The hosts of scorn and love :
 With the sad train they onward move :—
 Ours he the raven's wing, or the soft gliding
 Dove ?¹

O surely, when the healing Rood he felt,
 The sacrificial fire
 Of love redeeming did his spirit melt,
 And with true heart's desire

¹ Cf. Gen. viii. 7-12, and J. K., "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices," p. 64. "The raven—*i.e.* the unclean and the heretic—will have been turned out of the ark for ever; the dove—*i.e.* the spirit of prayer—will have brought the olive-leaf, the token of peace."

He set where Jesus trode
His steps along the mountain road,
Still learning more and more of His sweet awful
load.

Thou leanest o'er thine infant's couch of pain :
It breaks thine heart, to see
The wan glaz'd eye, the wasted arm, that fain
Would reach and cling to thee.
Yet is there quiet rest
Prepar'd upon the Saviour's breast
For babes unconscious borne on Calvary to be
blest.

Nor to the darlings of thine aching heart,
Nor to thine own weak soul,
Grudge thou the good Cyrenian's patient part,
The Cross that maketh whole
Met unawares, and laid
Upon the unresisting head,
The tottering feet upon the way of sorrow
led.

What if at times the playful hand, though
weak,
From the safe bosom part
The nursing Father's awful crown to seek,
And find it thorns, and start
With griev'd and wondering call ?
Who but would joy, one drop should fall
Out of his own dull veins, for Him who spar'd
us all ?

2.

TEARS RESTRAINED.

Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. Ezekiel xxiv. 7.

(EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

We often wonder whether it is good for a child to weep or to restrain his tears; but God only, who can control the waves of the sea, knows when it is right to control a child's tears. Sometimes the thought of Christ's Cross gives a child courage to bear pain; at others, the example of His tears over Lazarus or over Jerusalem inspires it with tears for the sorrow of others. God checks the mere grief that ends in self, but encourages the tears that strengthen prayer and good resolutions.

“TEARS are of Nature's best, they say;
 An April dry makes cheerless May:
 Eyes that with answering glow
 Meet eager joy, I love not well
 That they should gaze immoveable
 On sights of fear and woe.”

“Nay, soft and wavering shews the heart
 Whence the life-drops so lightly start,
 And harsher by-and-by
 Will prove, I ween, the withering hour
 Of selfish care, for each brief shower
 That hurries down our sky.”

Such talk when Angels watching near
 From earthly guardians overhear,

Haply in heart they say,
 "These are half-truths. Who deeply scan
 The mystery of the tears of man,
 To nurse them or allay,

"Demand, they know, a mightier skill :
 He only may the task fulfil,

Who hath the springs in hand
 Of Ocean, saying to this wave,
 'Retire' :—to that, 'unbridled rave
 High on the thirsty sand.'¹

"He in His wisdom hath decreed
 That shingle light, or frail sea-weed,
 Should here the proud waves stay,
 There, giant rocks aside be hurl'd.
 So in the heart's lone awful world
 His waters know their way.

"His Power the inward storm unchains
 At will, His Power and Love refrains.
 Ask ye, by what high law ?
 Go not to sage or seer, but trace
 His impress on some bright young face,
 Half passion and half awe.

"Whom He hath blest and call'd His own,
 He tries them early, look and tone,
 Bent brow and throbbing heart ;
 Tries them with pain, dread seal of Love.
 Oft when their ready patience strove
 With keen o'ermastering smart,

¹ Cf. Job xxxviii. 11 ; Prov. viii. 29.

“ And mortals deem'd it gentle blood,
Faith might discern the healing Rood

Invisibly applied :

And when her veil soft Pity drew
Over each glad and vernal hue,
And babes for others sigh'd,

“ A tear, we knew, from Lazarus' grave,
Had lent high virtue to the wave

In their baptismal hour :

Or one of those He deign'd to weep
O'er Salem, in the oliv'd steep,
A world-embalming shower.¹

“ Thou art stern courage, Heavenly Child,
Thou to Thy babes art mourning mild ;

E'en as Thy Saints of old

From weeping now forbore, now pray'd
Their eyes might endless showers be made
Over Thy fallen fold.²

“ One law is theirs, and Thine: to stay
Self-loving moans—allow no way

For grief that only grieves.

But drops that cherish prayer, or speed
The pure resolve, or duteous deed,—
He gave them, He receives.”

¹ Cf. St John xi. 35; St Luke xix. 41.

² Cf. Ezekiel xxiv. 17; Jeremiah ix. 1.

3.

LONELINESS. June 21, 1844.

And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled?
and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold
My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle
Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones,
as ye see Me have. St Luke xxiv. 38, 39.

(EASTER TUESDAY)

As Christ's words soothed the disciples when
frightened by His sudden appearance after the
Resurrection, so the reading of His Word soothes the
child left alone in a strange house, and frightened
by the shadows of evening.

This poem also (*cf.* iii. 9) was suggested by an
incident in the life of George, eldest boy of Dr
Moberly. He was on a visit at Hursley Vicarage,
his first absence from home, and felt lonely and
frightened; so Mrs Keble offered to read to him, and
he begged that it might be something *true*. (Miss
Yonge, "Musings on 'The Christian Year,'" pp.
lxxi. and 132.)

A LONE, apart from mother dear
And father's gracious eye,
From all the nursery's joyous cheer,
Nor babe nor playmate by!

A place where others are at home,
But all is strange to me!
And now the twilight hour is come,
And the clear shadows flee.

Scarce dare I lay me down and sleep,
Lest in half-waking dream
Dimly all ways to dance and creep
The forms around me seem.

Help me with reading, help to pray,
 That I with spirit free
 Mine evening hymn may sing or say
 Upon my bended knee.

But look your lore be true and wise,
 The lamp ye light burn clear,
 No flash to pass o'er strained eyes,
 Leaving all dark and drear.—

O kindly and in happy hour
 Ye bring the Volume blest :
 There all is Truth, all Love, all Power.
 Now sweet will be my rest.

Now at thy pleasure roam, wild heart,
 In dreams o'er sea and land :
 I bid thee at no shadows start :
 The Upholder is at hand.

The lurid hues, the deep sea-gleams,
 That blend in hour of storm,
 Till every hurrying night-wind seems
 To waft a phantom form,

Are but His signs, Who lonely paced
 The midnight waters drear.
 A spirit o'er the heaving waste
 He seem'd—they cried for fear.

Hark ! in the gale how softly thrills
The voice that wakes the dead !
Happy, whose ear such music fills
By night upon his bed.

“ 'Tis I,” He saith : “ be not afraid ! ”
Whether in ocean vast,
Or where across the moonlight glade
Strange woodland shapes are cast,

Or flickering shadows come and go
In weary hours of gloom,
While midnight lamps burn dim and low,
Round some mysterious room,

One only spell hath power to soothe
When thoughts and dreams appal.
Name thou His Name, Who is the Truth,
And He will hear thy call ;

As when new-risen on Easter night
Amid His own He stood,
Fear with His sudden shade, calm might
Came with His Flesh and Blood.

Him name in Faith, and softly make
The sign to Angels known.
So never need thy young heart ache
In silence and alone.

+

SHYNESS. March 28, 1844.

Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. Exodus iii. 6.

(FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT)

The shyness of a child in the presence of the old is a witness to the true awe, such as Moses felt at the Burning Bush, such as man ought always to feel in the presence of God.

Compare J. K., "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,'" Lent to Passion-Tide, xxxiv.

TEAR not away the veil, dear friend,
 Nor from its shelter rudely rend
 The heaven-protected flower :
 It waits for sun and shower
 To woo it kindly forth in its own time,
 And when they come, untaught will know its
 hour of prime.¹

Blame not the eye that from thee turns,
 The cheek that in a moment burns
 With tingling fire so bright,
 Feeling thine eager sight,—
 The lowly drooping brow, the stammering
 tongue,
 The giddy wavering thought, scarce knowing
 right and wrong.

What if herein weak Nature own
 Her trembling underneath His Throne,

¹ Cf. *infra*, viii. 7.

Whose eye can ne'er depart
From our frail evil heart?

Who knows how near His look of awful love
The gaze of aged men may to the young heart
prove?

The springs of silent awe, that dwell
Deepest in heart, will highest swell,
When in His destin'd hour
He calls them out in power.

Hide thou thy face, and fear to look on God,
Else never hope to grasp the wonder-working
rod.

With quivering hands that closely fold
Over his downcast eyes, behold
The Shepherd on the Mount
Adores the Living Fount
Of pure unwasting fire: no glance he steals,
But in his heart's deep joy the Dread Eye gaz-
ing feels,—

Feels it, and gladlier far would die
Than let it go. There will he lie
Till the Dread Voice return,
And he the lore may learn
Of his appointed task—bold deeds to dare,
High mysteries to impart, deep penances to bear.

Ere long to the same holy place
He will return, and face to face
Upon the glory gaze,
Then onward bear the rays

To Israel: priest and people from his glance
 Will shrink, as he from God's in that deep
 Horeb trance.

Then tear we not the veil away
 Nor ruthless tell in open day
 The tender spirit's dream.

O let the deepening stream
 Might from the mountain-springs in silence
 draw.

O mar we not His work, who trains His saints
 in awe !

5.

STAMMERING.

He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. St Mark vii. 37.

(TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The very strength and intensity of a young boy's thoughts oft make him stammer, and prevent their utterance; but God will in His own time give the power of speech.

This poem exactly illustrates Mr Keble's whole theory of Poetry as "the indirect expression of overpowering but impeded feelings." Cf. "Praelectiones Academicæ," i. ii.; also "Occasional Papers and Reviews," pp. 6-19. In the MS. the poem bears the title "*Isaiah*": no doubt with reference to *Isaiah* vi. 5-8.

WHEN heart and head are both o'er-
 flowing,
 When eager words within are glowing,
 And all at once for utterance crowd and throng,
 How hard to find no tongue !

The little babe upon the breast
Wails out his wail and is at rest :
 These may but look and long.

Perhaps some deed of sacred story,
Or lesson deep of God's high glory,
For many a toilsome hour rehears'd or read,
 In holy Church is said.
He knows it all—none half so well,—
And longs in turn his tale to tell,
 But all his words are fled.

Perhaps on high the chant is ringing,
The youthful choir the free notes flinging,
To soar at will the mazy roof around :
 But his to earth are bound.
In every chord his heart beats high,
But vainly would his frail lips try
 The tones his soul hath found.

O gaze not so in wistful sadness :
Ere long a morn of power and gladness
Shall break the heavy dream; the unchain'd
 voice
 Shall in free air rejoice :
Thoughts with their words and tones shall
 meet,
The unfaltering tongue harmonious greet
 The heart's eternal choice.

E'en now the call that wakes the dying
Steals on thine ear with gentle sighing :

The breath, the dew of heaven hath touch'd thy
tongue :

Far to the winds are flung
The bonds unseen, ill spirits' work :
Satan no more may round thee lurk,
Thine Ephphatha is sung.¹

6.

FEAR OF WILD BEASTS.

April 7, 1843.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravening beast go
up thereon: it shall not be found there. Isaiah
xxxv. 9.

(QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY)

As God's rainbow is an assurance against a deluge,
and His promise against harm from wild beasts, so
in the invisible storms of passion, Faith can see its
own rainbow, and His Cross is a protection against
the evil spirits for those who remain within His
Church, true to their baptismal seal.

OF T have I hid mine eyes,
When lightning thrilled across
the midnight skies:
When tempests howl'd o'er land or main,
Oft have I thought upon the deluge rain.
But now I read, that never more
Will Heaven's dread windows so give out their
awful store.

The rainbow-sign is given,—
His word endures in Heaven.²

¹ Cf. St Mark vii. 34.

² Instead of Isaiah xxxv. 9, the MS. has as the

Oft have I shrank for fear,
When forms that seem'd of giant mould drew
near,

And deeply in my childish heart
I thrill'd at every rush, and bound, and start :

But now I hear th' Eternal Law
That binds them in His chain of deep mysterious
awe :

I fear no monster birth,—
His word endures on earth.

Even as the bright calm bow
Is safety's pledge when waters wild o'erflow,

As hornèd herds will turn and fly
If but a child survey them with bold eye,

So in the storms we may not see
Thy Saviour's rainbow crown, O Faith, thine
own may be :

So, if His Cross He raise,
Hell powers at distance gaze.

There may we calmly dwell,
Nor sounding tempest dread nor lion fell.

But, little children, muse and mark :
His blessing waits on inmates of His ark,

On such as in his awful shade
Abide, and keep the seal His Holy Spirit made.

Else will the flood awake,
His chain the Lion break.

text for the poem, Genesis ix. 2-11, and these verses
explain the allusions here, and in stanzas 2 and 4.

7.

SEPARATION. November 11, 1842.

For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be made whole. St Mark v. 28.

(TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

At the time of loneliness and separation the child feels sure of a place in his mother's heart—sure that, though the mother is away, she has only left him that he may learn his own strength.

Though the application is scarcely hinted at, there is no doubt that the poet's main thought is of his own relation to the Church of England. There was suspicion on every side; vistas of far-reaching problems troubled him; he seemed to see little of God's blessing on his own work, though it was clearly seen on that of others, such as Dr Pusey; but he felt confidence in clinging to his Mother Church, and hearing her message of healing.

Compare "To All Friendly Readers," p. 30, and iv. 5.

SHE did but touch with finger weak
The border of his sacred vest,
Nor did He turn, nor glance, nor speak,
Yet found she health and rest.

Well may the word sink deep in me,
For I, full many a fearful hour,
Fast clinging, Mother dear, to thee,
Have felt Love's guardian power.

When looks were strange on every side,
When gazing round I only saw
Far-reaching ways, unknown and wide,
I could but nearer draw:

I could but nearer draw, and hold
Thy garment's border as I might.
This while I felt, my heart was bold,
My step was free and light.

Thou haply on thy path the while
Didst seem unheeding me to fare,
Scarce now and then, by bend or smile,
Owning a playmate there.

What matter? well I knew my place,
Deep in my mother's inmost heart:
I fear'd but, in my childish race,
I from her robe might part.

O Lord, the Fount of mother's Love
And infant's Faith, I hear Thee mourn:
"Thee tender as a callow dove,
Long have I nurs'd and borne:

"Have nurs'd and borne thee up on high,
Ere mother's love to thee was known:
And now I set thee down, to try
If thou canst walk alone.

"Nay, not alone—but I would prove
Thy duteous heart. O grudge no more
Thy Lord His joy, when healing Love
His very robe flows o'er."

8.

BEREAVEMENT. October 13, 1843.

The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.
Job xlii. 10.

(SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This poem needs no analysis. It was suggested to the poet by the sight of two children of one of his Hursley parishioners, named Maria and Charlotte Eley. The poem in its turn suggested two pictures painted by E. N. Eddis, and engraved in 1851 by F. Joubert from the original, then in the possession of Lord Overstone.

I MARK'D when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three-years' child.

A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told :
So walk'd they side by side.

One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half-blown.
Full joyous on their loving dream
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by : again
That loving pair I met.
On russet heath, and bowery lane,
Th' autumnal sun had set :

And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the Saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale—
O cheer thee, maiden ! in His Name,
Who still'd Jairus' wail !

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft
That held by thine so fast,
The fond appealing eye, full oft
Tow'rd thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone !
No more from stranger's face
Or startling sound, the timid one
Shall hide in thine embrace.

Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way.
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee e'en to-day ?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
In ways to Angels known ?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :
 Away with thoughts of gloom !
 In love the loving spirits greet,
 Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen
 Walk as in hallow'd air.
 When foes are strong and trials keen,
 Think, "What if she be there?"

9.

ORPHANHOOD. July 27, 1845.

Behold thy mother. St John xix. 27.

(THE ANNUNCIATION)

To a child who has lost her mother.

Often have I wished to share thy peaceful slumbers ;
 but now would I fain share and help thy restless
 wakefulness, longing for thy mother: yet thy in-
 stincts tell thee that she is still praying for thee,
 and that the Virgin Mother is joining in her inter-
 cessions. The thought of the home at Nazareth
 with Christ and His Mother there is still dear to
 thee, as it was when thou didst ask that thy sister
 might be named Mary. *Cf. supra*, pp. 20-22.

OF T have I watch'd thy trances light,
 And long'd for once to be
 A partner in thy dream's delight,
 And smile in sleep with thee ;
 To sport again, one little hour,
 With the pure gales, that fan thy nursery bower,
 And as of old undoubting upward spring,
 Feeling the breath of heaven beneath my joyous
 wing.

But rather now with thee, dear child,
Fain would I lie awake,
For with no feverish care and wild
May thy clear bosom ache ;
Thy woes go deep, but deeper far
The soothing power of yonder kindly star :
Thy first soft slumber on thy mother's breast
Was never half so sweet as now thy calm
unrest.

Thy heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above :
The vows she breath'd beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, wing'd with
intenser might.

Both vespers soft and matins clear
For thee she duly pays,
Now as of old, and there as here ;
Nor yet alone she prays.
Thy vision—(whoso chides, may blame
The instinctive reachings of the Altar flame)
Shews thee above in yon ethereal air
A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,

And thou with earnest tone didst say,
 "Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,
 For dearly do I love to think upon
 That gracious Mother-Maid, nursing her Holy
 One."

Then in delight, as now in woe,
 Thou to that home didst turn,
 Where God, an Infant, dwelt below :
 The thoughts that ache and burn
 Nightly within thy bosom, find
 A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.
 More than all music are the soothings dear
 Which meet thee at that door, and whisper,
 Christ is here.

10.

FIRE. 1842.

The Angel of the Lord made the midst of the
 furnace as it had been a moist whistling wind.
 "Song of the Three Children," v. 26.

(NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This poem, too, needs no analysis. It was written
 on the death of a little girl, Mary Atkins, a
 parishioner at Ampfield, who was left to take care
 of the baby at home, but her clothes caught fire, and
 she was burnt to death.

SWEET maiden, for so calm a life
 Too bitter seem'd thine end ;
 But thou hadst won thee ere that strife
 A more than earthly friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school,
And on thine homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool
Peep out so shyly gay :

Where thou, a true and gentle guide,
Wouldst lead thy little band,
With all an elder sister's pride,
And rule with eye and hand.

And if *we* miss, O who may speak
What thoughts are hovering round
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek
Its evening slumber found ?

How many a tearful longing look
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where in its own familiar nook
Thy fireside chair is set ?

And oft when little voices dim
Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wavering wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought—
But ne'er shall bring again.

O say not so ! the spring-tide air
Is fraught with whisperings sweet :
Who knows but heavenly carols there
With ours may duly meet ?

Who knows how near, each holy hour,
 The pure and childlike dead
 May linger, where in shrine or bower
 The mourner's prayer is said ?

And He who will'd thy tender frame
 (O stern yet sweet decree !)
 Should wear the Marytr's robe of flame,
 He hath prepar'd for thee

A garland in that region bright
 Where infant spirits reign,
 Ting'd faintly with such golden light
 As crowns His Martyr train.

Nay doubt it not : His tokens sure
 Were round her death-bed shewn :
 The wasting pain might not endure,
 'Twas calm ere life had flown.

E'en as we read of Saints of yore :
 Her heart and voice were free
 To crave one quiet slumber more
 Upon her Mother's knee.

11.

PUNISHMENT. September 1, 1845.

They shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity. Levit. xxvi. 43.

The true penitent welcomes her punishment, and grieves to have offended an earthly parent or God; it is only the impenitent who wishes to be saved from the true punishment of his sins.

The poem was written on seeing a girl punished for some fault.

THE scourge in hand of God or Man
Full deeply tries the secret soul.
Yon dark-eyed maid, her bearing scan ;
The tear that from beneath her quivering eyelids
stole,
The shade, that hangs e'en now
Upon her wistful brow,—
It comes not all of shame or pain,
But she with pitying heart full fain
Would twice the penance burthen bear,
Might she the chastening arm, so lov'd and
loving, spare.

So have I mark'd some faithful hound,
Recall'd by look and voice severe,
Come conscious of his broken bound,
And lowly cast him down as in remorseless fear,
One of the teachers true
Commission'd to imbue
Our dull hard hearts with heavenly skill,
With heavenly love our proud cold will.
How seems he penance to implore,
Patient in woe decreed, and humbly seeking
more !

He who of old at Caiaphas' door
Denied th' eternal Holy one,—
In words denied, but own'd in store
Of penitential tears—why made he restless moan,
When the forgiving Eye
Had beam'd on him so nigh,

And thrice, for his denials three,
 The Lord had said, My Shepherd be?
 Yet were his waking thoughts self-blame,
 And ever with cock-crowing tearful memory
 came.¹

For should the soul that loves indeed
 Stoop o'er the edge of deadly sin,
 And e'er so lightly taste its meed,—
 Though wonder-working grace might heal the
 wound within,
 Yet may the scar and stain
 To the last fire remain,
 And Love will mourn them: loyal Love
 Will for the Holy Friend above
 Lament in reverent sympathy,
 Feeling upon her heart the griev'd and gracious
 Eye.

Alas for sullen souls, that turn
 Keen wholesome airs to poison blight!
 Touch'd with Heaven's rod, in ire they burn,
 Or in dim anguish writhe: beside them in its
 might

¹ Cf. the Poem for St Peter's Day, in "The Christian Year."

He loves and weeps—but more than tears
 Have sealed thy welcome and His love.
 One look lives in him and endears
 Crosses and wrongs, where'er he rove.

That gracious, chiding look, Thy call
 To win him to himself and Thee,
 Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,
 Which else were rued too bitterly.

The saving Cross we rear,
 They neither love nor fear ;
 Each from his own unblestèd tree
 The five dread Wounds unmov'd they see—
 O hard of heart!—and scornful say,
 “Saviour, if such Thou be, come chase our
 pangs away.”¹

The impenitent would still abate
 His pain, the mourner still enhance.—
 O Lord, I know my sin is great,
 I would not hide away from Thee in heartless
 trance ;
 When penal lightnings glare,
 O give me grace, to bare
 My sinful bosom to the blast ;—
 Nor, when the judgment hour is past,
 Bask on in warmth of worldly ease,
 But hold to the wrong'd Cross on worn and
 aching knees.

12.

PENANCE. October 26, 1844.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be
 judged. 1 Cor. xi. 31.

(SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT)

As all the sounds and fragrance of nature bring
 soothing to the sad penitent, so the saints in Heaven
 stoop to bring their soothing to each contrite sinner,
 and welcome all, whether young or old, who confess
 their sins, and bear their punishment, and wait for
 God's absolving voice.

¹ Cf. St Luke xxiii. 39.

This poem is perhaps more in the spirit of "The Christian Year," than any other in this volume. It should be compared with the poem there for the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THOU, who with eye too sad and wan
 Dost on the memory gaze
 Of evil days,
 Open thy casement, moody man,
 Look out into the midnight air,
 And taste the gushing fragrance there;
 Drink of the balm the soft winds bear
 From dewy nook and flowery maze:
 They rise and fall, they come and go,
 With touch ethereal whispering low
 Of grace to penitential woe,
 And of the soothing hand that Love on Con-
 science lays.

How welcome, in the sweet still hour,
 Falls on the weary heart,
 Listening apart,
 Each rustling note from breeze and bower;
 The mimic rain 'mid poplar-leaves
 The mist-drops from th' o'erloaded
 eaves,
 Sighs that the herd half-dreaming
 heaves,
 Or owlet chanting his dim part;
 Or trickling of imprison'd rill
 Heard faintly down some pastoral hill,
 His pledge, Who rules the froward will
 With more than kingly power, with more than
 wizard art.

But never mourner's ear so keen
 Watch'd for the soothing sounds
 That walk their rounds
 Upon the moonlight air serene,
 As the bright sentinels on high
 Stoop to receive each contrite sigh,
 When the hot world hath hurried by,
 And souls have time to feel their wounds.
 Nor ever tenderest bosom beat
 So truly to the noiseless feet
 Of shadows that from light clouds fleet,
 Where ocean gently rocks within his summer
 bounds,

As Saints around the Glory-Throne
 To each faint sigh respond,
 And yearning fond,
 Of Penitents that inly moan.
 O surely Love adoring there
 Is quicken'd to intenser prayer,
 When youthful hearts are fain to wear—
 Unbidden wear—their penance bond :
 When stripling grave and maiden
 meek
 Forego the bright hours of the week,
 Nor at the board their place will
 seek :—
 “Have we not sinn'd? and sin must be by
 pain aton'd.”

Thrice happy, in Repentance' school
 So early taught and tried !
 At Jesus' side,

And by His dread Fore-runner's rule,
 Train'd from the womb! nor they
 unblest,
 Who underneath the world's bright
 vest
 With sackcloth tame their aching
 breast,
 The sharp-edg'd cross in jewels hide:—
 Who day by day and year by year
 Survey the Past with deepening fear,
 Yet hourly with more hopeful ear
 To the dim Future turn, th' absolving Voice
 abide.

Not as lost Esau mourn'd, they mourn; ¹
 No loud and bitter cry
 They cast on high:
 But on through silent air is borne
 The fragrance of their tearful love
 To the Redeemer's feast above.
 Fresher than steam of dewy grove,
 When April showers are twinkling nigh,
 To aged husbandman at eve,
 Is the sweet breath the Heavens
 receive
 When bosoms with confession heave,
 When lowly Magdalen hath won her Saviour's
 eye.

¹ Cf. Genesis xxvii. 34, which is the text prefixed to the poem in the MS.

13.

LANGUOR.¹ 1846.

There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance. St Luke xv. 7.

(THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The tenderness and care of the whole family for the one sick child recovering from a serious illness, is a type of the joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

On December 19, 1845, Mr Justice Coleridge wrote to John Keble: "There is a passage in the 8th book (I think) of 'The Confessions'" [the reference is to St Aug. "Confessions," viii. 3] "in which an analogy is drawn between the lost sheep, the piece of silver, and one recovered from sickness. It struck me that a child after sickness, in the garden, haggard and pale and feeble, yet the object of peculiar joy and attentions from brothers, sisters, mother, etc., though less beautiful and bright than any of the circle, might, with the same application, make a pretty poem." The suggestion fell on soil prepared for it, for in September 1845, while staying at Bude, Mr Keble had seen exactly such a scene in the family of Mr Arthur Acland—three of the daughters (Frances, Harriet, and Angelina), strong, bright, and healthy, caring tenderly for a fourth (Mary), who was just recovering from illness. The poem is quite one of the latest in date, having been added, out of its proper place, at the end of the first edition.

¹ For the leading idea in these lines the author is indebted to a friend, the writer of the stanzas on p. 47, entitled "The First Smile." J. K.

COME, and with us by summer seas
The revel hold of Mirth and Ease.

Together now, and now apart,
Three happy sprites, we glide and dart
O'er rock and sand, as free and bright
As waves that leap in morning light ;—
Or mark in playful pensiveness
How fast the evening clouds undress
O'er gleaming waters far away,
And by the tir'd Sun gently lay
Their robes of glory, to be worn
More gorgeous with returning morn.
There, and where'er our fancies roam,
Our trusting hearts are still at home,
For at our side we feel
Our father's smile, our mother's glance.
Say, can this earth a loving trance
Of deeper bliss reveal ?

Yes : from the shore with us return,
And thou a deeper bliss shalt learn.
Just as the mounting sun hath drawn
Warm fragrance from the thymy lawn,
Come to our cottage home, and see
If aught of sprightly, fresh, and free,
With the calm sweetness may compare
Of the pale form half slumbering there,
Our little sister, late as gay
As sea-lark drench'd in ocean spray,
Now from her couch of languor freed
One hour upon soft air to feed.
O gently tread, and mildly gaze,
Ill may she brook our bolder ways ;

The babe who cannot speak
 Tempers, to her, his strong caress ;
 Lightly the small soft fingers press
 The wan and wearied cheek.

And if in festive hour, beside
 The laughing waves and tuneful tide,
 Parental eyes for joy grow dim,
 What notes may trace the heart's deep hymn,
 In silence mingling with the breath
 Of child by prayer recall'd from death,
 Or with the pulse's healthier chime
 In praise melodious keeping time ?
 O, when its flower seems fain to die,
 The full heart grudges smile or sigh
 To aught beside, though fair and dear.
 Like a bruis'd leaf, at touch of Fear
 Its hidden fragrance Love gives out.
 Therefore, this one dear couch about
 We linger hour by hour :
 The love that each to each we bear,
 All treasures of endearing care,
 Into her lap we pour.

Type of that holiest Family,
 When smitten souls, at point to die,
 Come darkling home, prepar'd to wait
 In doubt and dimness by the gate.
 Then far along the mournful way
 Paternal Love speeds out, to say
 The words of welcome ; Angels bear
 The robe, sweet pledge of pardoning care ;

And as he daily seeks aright
 His lowly station in their sight,
 They watch th' all-ruling Eye, for leave
 Some flower of Paradise to give,
 Bid amaranth odours round him float,
 Or breathe into his ear one note
 Of that high loving strain,
 Which rings from all the harps of Heaven,
 When from the Shrine the word is given,
 " The dead soul lives again."

O, if the Powers and Thrones above
 Hover with crowns of joy and love,
 Ungrudg'd, unsparing, over brows
 That mourn in dust their broken vows,
 Rather than where the saints are seen,
 Each reigning in his place serene :—
 If in Love's earthly home and bower
 The mournful or the dangerous hour
 Unblam'd each prayer and longing guides
 To the one couch where Pain abides :—
 He who is Love, and owns Love's Name,
 Is in His ocean springs the same
 As in each little murmuring brook
 That cheers soft mead or wayside nook :
 Brighter the joy, be sure,
 Before Him, where one sinner weeps,
 Than where, in Heaven's unchanging deeps,
 A thousand orbs endure.

VI
CHILDREN'S SPORTS

I.

GARDENING. August 15, 1843.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. St Luke xvi. 10.

(NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The child tending a part of his father's garden, till the father gives it him for his own, is a type of earth lent to us by our Father that we may win Heaven.

SEEST thou yon woodland child,
How amid flowerets wild,
Wilder himself, he plies his pleasure task?
That ring of fragrant ground,
With its low woodbine bound,
He claims; no more, as yet, his little heart
need ask.

There learns he flower and weed,
To sort with careful heed:
He waits not for the weary noontide hour.
There with the soft night air
Comes his refreshing care:
Each tiny leaf looks up, and thanks him for the
shower.

Thus faithful found awhile,
He wins the joyous smile

Of friend or parent; glad and bright is he,
When for his garland gay
He hears the kind voice say,
“ Well hast thou wrought, dear boy : the garden
thine shall be.”

And when long years are flown,
And the proud word, Mine Own,
Familiar sounds, what joy in field or bower
To view by Memory's aid
Again that garden glade,
And muse on all the lore there learn'd in each
bright hour !

Is not a life well-spent
A child's play-garden, lent
For Heaven's high trust to train young heart
and limb ?
When in yon field on high
Our hard-won powers we try,
Will no mild tones of earth blend with th'
adoring hymn ?

O fragrant, sure, will prove
The breath of patient Love,
E'en from these fading sweets by Memory cast,
As deepening evermore
To Him our song we pour,
Who lent us Earth, that He might give us
Heaven at last.

2.

MAY GARLANDS. May 16, 1843.

The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat,
but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof
falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth.
St James i. 11.

(ST PHILIP AND ST JAMES)

Keen March winds and April showers are needed
to give May flowers their beauty; so stern self-
mastery and prayer must prepare us if we hope to
bloom in Heaven.

The first lines contain a reference to the May Song
of the Hampshire children,

April's gone,
May's come,
Come and see our garland;

which is expanded into a whole poem in J. K.'s
"Mayday Song for Hursley Children." (Miscel-
laneous Poems, p. 253.)

COME, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown
Wreath'd this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copsewood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadow wide,
Gemm'd with cowslips in their pride;
Or perchance, high priz'd o'er all
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden bed,
'Mid bright smiles of infants bred,

Each a lily of his own
Offering, or a rose half-blown.
Bring me now a crown as gay,
Wreath'd and woven yesterday.
Where are now those forms so fair?—
Wither'd, drooping, wan, and bare,
Feeling nought of earth or sky,
Shower or dew, behold they lie,
Vernal airs no more to know :—
They are gone—and ye must go,
Go where all that ever bloom'd,
In its hour must lie entomb'd.—
They are gone ; their light is o'er :—
Ye must go ; but ye once more
Hope in joy to be new-born,
Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good Angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet :—
None of all the wreaths ye prize
But was nurs'd by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Brac'd the roots, embalm'd the flowers.
So, if e'er that second spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else Earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above ?

3.

SUNDAY NOSEGAYS. Oct. 12, 1843.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. St Luke xviii. 14.

(SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

As the shy violet is the flower which children most love to present to their parents, so lowliness is the quality which our Lord most loves to place near Himself.

YE children that on Jesus wait,
 Gathering round His temple gate
 To learn His word and will,
 For glory hunger'd and athirst,—
 Which of you all would fain be first?
 Come here and take your fill.

Come, still and pure as drops of dew,
 Come to the feast prepared for you,
 Your prayer in silence breathe;—
 Seek the last room, the scorn'd of all:
 If that be filled, adoring fall
 The Holy Board beneath.

Not to the quick untrembling gaze,
 The heart that bounds at human praise,
 Loves He to say, Go higher.
 But most He turns His face away,
 When envy's sidelong eyes betray
 The foul unhallow'd fire.

Say, little maids that love the spring,
 Of all the fragrant gems ye bring

For bower or bridal wreath,
 Is aught so fair as violets shy,
 Betraying where they lowly lie
 By the soft airs they breathe?

Oft as with mild caressing hand
 Ye cull and bind in tender band
 Those bashful flowers so sweet,
 With many a Sunday smile,—to rest
 Upon some lov'd and honour'd breast,
 A welcome gift and meet,—¹

Ye to the Heaven-taught soul present
 A token and a sacrament,
 How to the highest room
 Earth's lowliest flowers our Lord receives ;
 Close to His heart a place He gives,
 Where they shall ever bloom.

4.

DRESSING UP.

Put on the whole armour of God. Ephesians vi. 13.

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The poem is too clear to need analysis.

GREAT is the joy when leave is won,
 On sun-bright holiday,

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year," Third Sunday after Easter, stanza 6.

So have I seen, in spring's bewitching hour,
 When the glad earth is offering all her best,
 Some gentle maid bend o'er a cherished flower
 And wish it worthier on a parent's heart to rest.

To deck some passive little one
In fancy-garments gay :

Whether it be a bright hair'd boy
With brow so bold and high,
Or maiden elf with aspect coy,
Grave lip and laughing eye.

What flashes of quick thought are there,
What deep delight and pride !
Till the whole house the wonder share,
From room to room they glide.

You smile, their eager ways to see :
But mark their choice, when they
To choose their sportive garb are free,
The moral of their play.

In semblance proud of warrior's mail
The stripling shall appear,
The maiden meek in robe and veil
Shall mimic bridal gear.

All thoughtless they, to thoughtful eyes
Love-tokens high present :—
The Bride descending from the skies,
The mail in Baptism lent.

Yes : fearless may he lift the brow,
Who bears, unstain'd and bright,
By touch of Angels seal'd e'en now,
His Saviour's Cross of might.

Radiant may be her glance of mirth,
Who wears her chrisom-vest ¹

¹ Cf. p. 253, note.

Pure as when first at her new birth
It wrapt her tender breast.

O, if so fair the first dim ray
In Jesus' morn of grace,
How will it glow, His perfect Day,
On our triumphant race !

If but His banner's hovering shade
May scare the infernal band,
How strong, who to the end array'd
In His full armour stand !

Then haste, young warrior, year by year,
And day by day, and hour
By hour, His armoury to draw near,
And don His robes of Power.

Thy girdle, Truth—to hate a lie :—
Then, purpose high of soul
In Righteousness to live and die,
Thy breastplate, firm and whole.

Then, heavenly Calmness, lest thou fall
Where scandals line the way ;
Faith in the Unseen, thy shield o'er all,
Each fiery dart to stay.

Hope in His gift, thine helmet sure ;
Trust in His living Word
Thy weapon keen, to chase the impure,
His Spirit's awful sword.

This is thine armour, bath'd in heaven :
 Keep thou by prayer and fast
 Thy Saviour's seal, so early given :—
 All shall be thine at last.

5.

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Isaiah lv. 1.

(THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

Love delights to seek for the best offering it can find to make to its object; yet a child's loving gift of a pebble, unpurchased, and picked up on the sea-shore, is, whether given to a friend or sent to some distant playmate, perhaps as true a type of the gifts which we can give to God. For our best gifts can never be rich enough to purchase the smile He gives in return. He, too, offers His gifts without money and without price; and the very cries of the sellers in the streets, or the inscription on some fountain offering water to everyone who is thirsty, remind us of His love.

The poem is an expansion of G. Herbert's line, which was Mr Keble's favourite motto, "Love is a present for a mighty king." It was suggested by the gift of a shell made by a child (Lord R. Kerr) to Mr Keble. He is supposed to be walking on the shore, while the children are picking up weeds and shells; he is offered one, but he comes and helps to arrange their treasures, and suggests that they should send them to some absent child, and they rejoice to think how he will unpack and delight in them.

NOT undelightful prove
 The rounds of restless love,
 When high and low she searches, mine and mart,

And turns and tosses o'er
 Some crownèd merchant's store,¹
 And scarce fit token finds of the full yearning
 heart.

Yet in Heaven's searching beam
 As bright may haply seem
 A child's unpurchas'd offering, stone or shell,
 Found by some joyous crew
 Glittering with ocean dew,
 Where feathery lines of spray the wave's last
 boundary tell.

Behold them, how they dance
 Beneath the breezy glance
 Of April morn, or fresh October noon;—
 How on the twinkling sand,
 In many a fairy band,
 They leave their footprints light, to turn and
 count them soon.

What if some nursing friend
 His sportive counsel lend
 To sort the treasure, wreath the chaplet gay,
 Coral or crimson weed?—
 Then is it joy indeed,
 When he to mind recalls some comrade far
 away.

¹ *crowned merchant*: perhaps a reminiscence of the merchant princes of Venice and the East; perhaps of the Magi seeking their present for the infant Christ, *cf.* st. 7, "a royal crown"; perhaps of Araunah, *cf.* 2 Sam. xxiv. 23, 24, and *infra* ix. 6.

Oh then how bright arise
To fancy's quick young eyes
The smiles that o'er the kindling brow will spread,
When on the nursery floor
They range their bounteous store,
Precious to them as pearls from India's ocean-
bed?

What though unseen, unbought
By money, toil, or thought,
Those simple offerings—come they not of Love?
Love gives, and Love will take.
Such are the vows we make
To the dread Bethlehem Babe, nor He will
them reprove.

What is a royal crown,
Or first-born babe, cast down
Before His Cradle, to one heavenly smile?
We may not buy nor earn,
But He toward us will turn
Of His own Love: but we must kneel in Love
the while.

Thus learn we Bounty's lore
Along the unbounded shore:—
And e'en beneath the mists which man hath
made,
Where Mammon walks the street,
We light on memories sweet
Of a dread Bargain seal'd, a countless Ransom
paid.¹

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year," St Matthew's Day,
st. 2 and st. 8.

We hear the frequent cry,
“Approach, ye poor, and buy,
Buy of the best for nought” :—and dreams arise
Of yon supernal Home,
And Angel voices—“Come,
Come to the Living Wells, buy without gold or
price.

“Come to the true Vine’s shade,
There in contrition laid
Drink of the drops He in your cup shall press.
Come to the quiet fold,
And while the lambs are told,
Taste the pure treasure of the pastoral
wilderness.”

The homeless and forlorn
In cities,—think they scorn
Freely to quaff the fountain’s unbought store ?
Freely to learn the song
It warbles all night long
In murmurings such as sooth’d their cradle
dreams of yore ?¹

¹ Perhaps a reminiscence of Wordsworth’s “*Reverie of Poor Susan.*”

6.

BATHING. July 13, 1844.

Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on
the water. St Matt. xiv. 28.

(ST PETER)

The boy, shrinking to dive, yet at last committing
himself to the venture, is a symbol of the true
ventures of faith, and is like St Peter trusting himself
to the water.

THE May winds gently lift the willow leaves ;
Around the rushy point comes weltering
slow

The brimming stream ; alternate sinks and heaves

The lily-bud, where small waves ebb and flow.

Willow-herb and meadow-sweet !

Ye the soft gales, that visit there,

From your waving censers greet

With store of freshest balmiest air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide hour invites ;

E'en in your face the sparkling waters smile.—

Yet on the brink they linger, timid wights,

Pondering and measuring ; on their gaze the
while

Eddying pool and shady creek

Darker and deeper seem to grow :

On and onward still, they seek

Where sport may less adventurous show.

At length the boldest springs : but ere he cleave

The flashing waters, eye and thought grow
dim ;

Too rash it seems, the firm green earth to leave :
 Heaven is beneath him : shall he sink or swim ?
 Far in boundless depth he sees
 The rushing clouds obey the gale,
 Trembling hands and tottering knees,
 All in that dizzy moment fail.

Oh mark him well, ye candidates of Heaven,
 Call'd long ago to float in Jesus' ark
 Ye know not where :—His signal now is given,
 The Lord draws near upon the waters dark :
 To your eager prayer the Voice
 Makes awful answer : "Come to Me :
 Once for all now seal your choice,
 With Christ to tread the boisterous sea."

And dare we come ? since he, the trusted Saint,
 Who with one only shar'd the Lord's high
 love,
 Shrank from the tossing gale, and scarce with
 faint
 And feeble cry toward the Saviour strove.
 Yes : we answer the dread call,
 Not fearless, but in duteous awe :
 He will stay the frail heart's fall,
 His arm will onward, upward draw.

O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?
 Spare not for Him to walk the midnight wave,
 On the dim shore at morn to seek Him out,¹
 Work 'neath His Eye, and near Him make
 thy grave.²

¹ Cf. St John xxi. 7.

² Cf. St John xxi. 18, and *infra* viii. 11.

So backslidings past no more
 Shall in the Heavens remember'd be,
 Faith the Three Denials sore
 O'erpaying with Confessions Three.

Strange power of mighty Love ! if Heaven allow
 Choice, on the restless waters rather found,
 Meeting her Lord, with cross and bleeding brow,
 Than calmly waiting on the guarded ground !
 Yearning ever to spring forth
 And feel the cold waves for His sake ;—
 All her giving of no worth,
 Yet till she give, her heart will ache.

7.

ENACTING HOLY RITES.

February 1, 1845.

Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. St Matt. xi. 25.

(ST MATTHIAS)

The child at play is a prophecy of what the man will be ; hence the parent watches it anxiously, especially if it should play at holy things, for there both the hope and the peril are greater than elsewhere.

THEY talk of wells in caverns deep,
 Whose waters run a wondrous race
 Far underground, and issuing keep
 Our floating tokens, bright or base.
 So in the child's light play we read
 The portion to the man decreed ;

His future self he hastes to prove
In art, in toil, in warfare, or in love.¹

Those waves emerging far away,
True to their fount, the likeness bear
Of fancies nurtur'd many a day,
How in the end their course they wear
Into the light of Manhood free :
The hidden soul breaks out, and we
In careless mien, in careworn face,
The long-forgotten Infant wondering trace.

Oh, many a joyous mother's brow
Is sadden'd o'er when sports are rife,
And watching by, she seems e'en now
The tale to read of coming strife.
Through lawless camp, o'er ocean wild,
Her prophet eye pursues her child,
Scans mournfully her Poet's strain,
Fears, for her Merchant, loss alike and gain.

But if a holier task engage
His busy dream,—if clad in white
She see him turn some hallow'd page,
Dimly enact some awful rite,—
Then high beyond the loftiest Heaven
The flight that to her hopes is given,
And darker than the gloomiest deep
The fears that in her boding bosom creep.

¹ Perhaps an allusion to Wordsworth's lines :

The child is father to the man :
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

She sees in heart an empty Throne,
 And falling, falling far away,
 Him whom the Lord had plac'd thereon :
 She hears the dread Proclaimer say,
 "Cast ye the lot, in trembling cast ;¹
 The Traitor to his place hath past."—
 Strive ye with Prayer and Fast to guide
 The dangerous Glory where it shall abide :

Guide it towards some serious brow,
 In love and patience lowly bent,
 Some youthful Athanase,² e'en now
 Upon his future task intent ;

¹ Acts i. 16-26.

² "Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, on a certain day being in his own house, cast his eyes towards the sea, and seeing afar off boys playing on the shore, and enacting a Bishop and the customs of the Church, as long as he saw nothing too adventurous in their play, was pleased with what he saw, and amused himself with their doings. But when they touched even upon the Mysteries, he was troubled, and summoning the Clergy, made them observe the boys : whom having caused to be brought before him, he interrogated about their play, and the kind of things said and done therein ; . . . and they informed him that Athanasius was their Bishop and director, and that he had baptized some of the lads who were unchristened. Of these Alexander made careful inquiry, what had been asked of them, or done to them, by him who was Priest in their game, and what they answered, and were taught to say. And finding that all the order of the Church had been accurately observed in their case, he deemed, on consulting with the Priests about him, that there was no need to re-baptize such as had once for all received the grace of God in simplicity. Only he performed

His Creed rehearsing to the roar
 Of billows on the lonely shore,
 Or with a child's deep earnestness
 Shewing his mates how Saints baptize and bless.

She hears : one glance,—how brief and keen !—
 As with a lightning touch reveals
 Her Saint upon his path serene ;
 With all her heart his vow she seals,
 With all her heart the prayer prolongs,
 That round him still the Watchers' songs
 Echoing may purge the hallow'd air,
 And from his soul the dreams of Judas scare.

Ever in hope and agonizing
 She prays :—in hope when most he fears,
 In trembling when his hopes mount high.
 Far, far away she feels, not hears
 A deep chord thrill, and answering none
 Go forth in Heaven, and earthward float.
 Her Guardian Angel wafts it nigh,
 But more it breathes than Angel sympathy.

Yea, gloom was on the Source of Light,¹
 A trouble at Joy's very heart,

for them the other ceremonies, which the Priests alone may lawfully minister in the Sacraments. Moreover, Athanasius and the other boys who in their sport were Priests and Deacons, he commended to their respective kinsmen, calling God to witness ; to be nurtured for the Church, and trained to that which they had enacted. . . .”—Sozomen, “Eccl. Hist.” i. 17.—J. K.

¹ St John xiii. 21.

When with the Traitor in His sight
His secret sad He told apart.
And when He spake of treasures seal'd
To proud wise men, to babes reveal'd,¹
From his celestial aspect fell
A lightning as in Heaven, a bliss ineffable.

These are Thy signs, Thou Shepherd good,
To Daring and to Meekness given;
To babes of mild, self-chastening mood,
Whispering their part in chants of Heaven.
"Else," warning Love cries out, "beware
Of Chancel screen and Altar stair."
Love interceding kneels in fear,
Lest to the Pure th' unholy draw too near.

¹ St Matt. xi. 25.

VII LESSONS OF NATURE

I.

VERNAL MIRTH. June 19, 1843.

Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves, that summer is now nigh at hand. St Luke xxi. 29.

(SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

The child's instinctive delight in spring-time is a promise of the ever-deepening joy which awaits those who remain childlike in heart.

With stanzas 1-3, *cf.* Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," st. 3.

WHAT is the joy the young lambs know,
When vernal breezes blow?
Why carol out so blithe and free
The little birds from every leafless tree?

Why bound so high the boys at play
On grass so green and gay?
From nursing arms, his proper throne,
Why rings so clear yon infant's joyous tone?

The life that in them deeply dwells
Of genial spring-tide tells:
Of their own selves they see and know
To what glad tune the summer brooks shall
flow.

Be thou through life a little child,
 By manhood undefil'd ;
 So shall no Angel grudge thy dreams
 Of fragrance pure and ever-brightening beams.

2.

THE BIRD'S NEST. January 1846.

As an eagle stirreth up her nest . . . so the Lord
 alone did lead him. Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12.

(WHITSUN TUESDAY)

The callow fledgling, over which the parents
 brood, and which they feed until it can fly, is a
 type of the baptized child over whom the Spirit
 has brooded, and who ever remains dependent on his
 Father and his Father's food.

Apparently the first four stanzas were written
 earlier (probably in 1843), as they alone are found in
 the MS., the poem being there concluded with a
 stanza which was never published. The last stanza
 must have been struck out, and the rest of the poem
 written in 1846.

BEHOLD the treasure of the nest,
 The wingèd mother's hope and pride :
 See how they court her downy breast,
 How soft they slumber, side by side.

Strong is the life that nestles there,
 But into motion and delight
 It may not burst, till soft as air
 It feel Love's brooding, timely might.

E'en such a blissful nest I deem
 The cradle of the Lord's new-born,
 Where deeply lurks the living beam
 Lit in the glad baptismal morn.

But into keen enduring flame
It may not burst, till heavenly Love
Have o'er it spread, in Christ's dear Name,
The pinions of His brooding Dove.—

Now steal once more across the lawn,
Stoop gently through the cypress bough,
And mark which way life's feeble dawn
Works in their little hearts, and how.

Still close and closer, as you pry,
They nestle 'neath their mother's plume,
Or with a faint forlorn half-cry,
Shivering bewail her empty room.

Or haply, as the branches wave,
The little round of tender bills
Is rais'd, the due repast to crave
Of her who all their memory fills.

Hast thou no wisdom here to learn,
Thou nestling of the Holy Dove,
How hearts that with the true life burn
Live by the pulse of filial love?

When sorrow comes to thy calm nest,
Early or late, as come it will,
Think of yon brood, yon downy breast,
And hide thee deep in Jesus' will.

By morning and by evening moan,
As doves beneath the cedar spray,
Make thou thy fearful longing known
To Him who is not far away.

Him Cherub-borne in royal state,
 The food of His Elect to be,
 With eager lip do thou await,
 And veiled brow, and trembling knee.

So underneath the warm bright wing,
 The hidden grace of thy new birth
 Shall gather might to soar and sing,
 Where'er He bids, in heaven or earth.

3.

THE MOTHER BIRD WITH HER
 YOUNG. August 18, 1843.

How often would I have gathered thy children
 together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under
 her wings, and ye would not! St Matt. xxiii. 37.

(TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The poem is too simple for analysis. It should
 be compared with J. K.'s "Sermons for 'The
 Christian Year,'" Sundays after Trinity i.-xii., No.
 xxxi., "Jerusalem refusing to be gathered."

THE Lord who lends His creatures all
 A tongue to preach His will—
 To Salem came His mournful call,
 His last sad word to Sion's wall,
 From the green Eastern hill

The little children waiting by
 Wonder'd to see Him weep.
 The louder swell'd their duteous cry
 As He in lowliest majesty
 Rode down the shady steep.

Thy little heart, so wild and weak,
Perhaps is musing now,
“Had I the joy to hear Him speak,
To see that Eye, so heavenly meek,
Sure I should keep my vow.”

Nay, in that hour He thought on thee,
And left a token sure,
Ever in times of vernal glee
Around thee in thy walks to be,
And keep thee kind and pure.

Look how the Hen invites her brood
Beneath her wing to lie,
Look how she calls them to their food,
How eyes, in eager, dauntless mood,
The wheeling hawk on high.

So would thy Lord His pinions spread
Around thee, night and day,
So lead thee, where is heavenly Bread,
So, by the Cross whereon He bled,
The spoiler scare away.

But be thou gather'd :—one and all
Those simple nestlings see,
How hurrying at their mother's call,
To their one home, whate'er befall,
In faith entire they flee.

4.

NOONTIDE. May 21, 1843.

They looked steadfastly toward Heaven, as He
went up. Acts i. 10.

(ASCENSION DAY)

The shepherd boy watching a cloud disappear in
the sky recalls the memory of Christ's shepherds
watching the Ascension. Happy those who shall
see Him reappear, with eyes neither turned towards
the world nor closed in inward pride.

THE shepherd-boy lies on the hill
At noon with upward eye ;
Deep on his gaze and deeper still
Ascends the clear blue sky.

You pass him by, and deem perchance
He lies but half awake,
And picture in what airy trance
His soul may sport or ache.

Full wakeful he, both eye and heart,
For he a cloud hath seen
Into that waste of air depart,
As bark in ocean green.

'Tis gone, and he is musing left ;—
What if in such array
Our Saviour through the aërial cleft
Rose on Ascension Day ?

That hour, a glorious cloud, we know,
Hid Him from human sight,
While pastoral eyes were strain'd below
To trace Him through the light.

Oh if but once such awful thought,
In sleep or waking dream,
At night or noontide, came unsought,
Like haunting sound of stream,

Surely thou durst not let it go ;
Oft as thine eye shall turn
Where overhead the clear deeps glow,
Thine heart must inly burn,

Wondering what mortal first shall view
The dread returning sign,
When the strong portals, rais'd anew,
Disclose the march divine.

Blest shall he be, that sinner's child,
If upward in that tide
His eye be turn'd, nor wandering wild,
Nor closed in inward pride :

Blest, if the glory o'er him break
Through chancel-roof, or where
Some mourner's bed good Angels make,
And Pain is sooth'd by Prayer.

5.

THE GLEANERS. August 29, 1843.

They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest. Is. ix. 3.

(THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

We are like children gleaning a few sheaves that we may long for God's perfect store. Hence, like children, we should rejoice with pure happiness, yet never forget to help those in need, and to praise God.

THE Church is one wide Harvest-field,
Where Time and Death are gathering in
Rich blessings by the Almighty Owner seal'd
For spirits meet His pardoning word to win.

We are as children: here and there
A few fall'n ears, the sheaves among,
We glean, where best the bounteous Hand may
spare,
So learning for His perfect store to long.

Come, little ones, come early out,
Come joyous, come with steady heart,
Roam not to seek wild-flowers the field about,
Nor yet at dreams of fancied vipers start.

The sun of Autumn climbs full fast;
He will have quaff'd each drop of dew,
Ere half the fragrant, heathy lane be pass'd;
The lingerers, they will find scant ears and few.

Come, quit your toys, and haste away.
But mark: ye may not leave behind

Your store of smiles, your gladsome talk and gay,
Your pure thoughts, fashion'd to your Master's
mind.

Blithe be your course, yet bear in heart
The lame and old, and help them on ;
Full handfuls drop, where they may take a part ;
As high will swell your heap when day is
done.¹

Yon slumbering infant in the shade,—
Grudge not one hour on him to wait
While others glean. The work with singing aid,
With ready mirth all sharper tones abate.

Sing softly in your heart all day
Sweet carols to the Harvest's Lord,
So shall ye chase those evil powers away
That walk at noon—rude gaze and wanton word.

But see, the tall elm-shadows reach
Athwart the field, the rooks fly home,
The light streams gorgeous up the o'er-arching
beech,
With the calm hour soft weary fancies come.

In heaven the low red harvest-moon,
The glow-worm on the dewy ground,
Will light us home with our glad burdens soon ;
Grave be our evening prayers, our slumbers
sound.

¹ Cf. Lev. xix. 9 ; Deut. xxiv. 19.

6.

AUTUMN BUDS.

The children crying in the Temple, Hosanna to the Son of David. St Matt. xxi. 15.

(ADVENT SUNDAY)

This poem needs no analysis.

HOW fast these autumn-leaves decay!—
 But nearer view the naked spray,
 And many a bud thine eye will meet
 Prepar'd with ready smile to greet
 The showers and gleams of spring.

Such buds of hope are Advent hours :
 Ere the Old Year its leaves and flowers
 Have shed, the New in promise lives ;
 Christmas afar glad token gives,
 Soft carols faintly ring.

So when our Lord in meekness rode
 Where few save wintry hearts abode,
 Each leaf on Judah's sacred tree
 Was wither'd, wan, and foul to see,
 Touch'd by the frost-wind's wing.

Yet lurk'd there tender gems beneath,
 Ere long to bloom in glorious wreath.
 While Priest and Scribe look'd on and frown'd,
 His little ones came chanting round,
 Hosanna to their King.

7.

THE OAK.

What went ye out into the wilderness to see?
A reed shaken with the wind? St Luke vii. 24.

(THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

The rugged oak protecting the fresh rill is a type
of the Pastor's stern love protecting the fresh love of
penitents or of children.

COME, take a woodland walk with me,
And mark the rugged old Oak Tree,
How steadily his arm he flings
Where from the bank the fresh rill springs,
And points the waters' silent way
Down the wild maze of reed and spray,
Two furlongs on they glide unseen,
Known only by the livelier green.

There stands he, in each time and tide,
The new-born streamlet's guard and guide.
To him spring shower and summer sun,
Brown autumn, winter's sleet, are one.
But firmest in the bleakest hour
He holds his root in faith and power,
The splinter'd bark, his girdle stern,
His robe, grey moss and mountain fern.

Mark'st thou in him no token true
Of Heaven's own Priests, both old and new,
In penitential garb austere
Fix'd in the wild, from year to year

The lessons of stern love to teach,
 To penitents and children preach,
 Bold words and eager glances stay,
 And gently level Jesus' way?

8.

THE PALM. April 18, 1843.

Palma virens semper manet conservatione et diuturnitate, non immutatione foliorum. St. Ambrose, *Hexaameron*, iii. 71. (The palm remains ever green, not by changing its leaves, but by preserving them the same through all its length of years.)

The evergreen palm is a type of the pure soul with its freshness never sullied by sin.

WHY of all the woodland treasure,
 Holy Palm, art thou prefer'd,
 When the voice of praise is heard,
 When we tread our thankful measure?
 Why before our Saviour borne?
 Why by glorious Spirits worn?¹

Is it for thy verdure, brightest
 In the zone of colours bright?
 Or that with ærial height
 Thou the genial clime requitest,
 Like courageous mountain-maid,
 Nor of sun nor air afraid?

Is it that in antique story
 Conquerors own'd thee for their meed?
 Nay, thine honours are decreed

¹ Cf. St John xii. 13. Rev. vii. 9.

For thy green unchanging glory,
 Wearing thy first leafy crown,
 Till thy vigorous life die down.

Pines may tower, and laurels flourish—
 Deathless green is only thine ;
 Type of hearts which airs divine
 Cheer, and high communions nourish,
 Hearts on whose pure virgin wreath
 Sin indulg'd might never breathe.

9.

THE WATERFALL. Nov. 12, 1844.

Ye also as lively stones, are built up, a spiritual House. 1 St Peter ii. 5.

I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth. Genesis xiii. 16.

(ST SIMON AND ST JUDE)

In the waterfall each drop is needed to give the effect of the whole, so each soul is needed to complete the whole Church, which is to be the Queen of all. What though the Church be divided, and we are perplexed as to its course? So is the waterfall; it comes from every side, and goes we know not whither, yet it is under law, and will in time find its way to its true home; and meanwhile the simple flower can grow by its side unfrightened by the rushing roar. So simple souls in the Church live and pray and hope, and will in the end find their way to their true home. Cf. Introduction, p. 7.

“WHAT is the Church, and what am I?
 A world, to one poor sandy grain,
 A waste of sea and sky
 To one frail drop of rain.

“What boots one feeble infant tone
 To the full choir denied or given,
 Where millions round the Throne
 Are chanting, morn and even ?”

Nay, the kind Watchers hearkening there
 Distinguish in the deep of song
 Each little wave, each air
 Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half note in the great Amen,
 E'en by the utterer's self unheard,
 They store : O fail not then
 To bring thy lowly word :

Spare not to swell the bold acclaim :
 So in the future battle-shout,
 When at the Saviour's Name
 The Church shall call thee out,

No doubtful sound thy trump shall pour.
 Remember, when in earlier days
 Thou toil'dst upon the floor
 Palace or tower to raise,

No mimic stone but found a place,
 And glorious to the builder shone
 The pile : then how should Grace
 One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,
 One sparkle of th' unearthly light?—
 Go where the waters fall
 Sheer from the mountain's height ;¹

¹ Lodore—which Mr Keble had visited in the preceding summer.

Mark how, a thousand streams in one,
 One in a thousand, on they fare,
 Now flashing to the sun,
 Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
 In lawless dance they win their way,
 Still seeming more and more
 To swell as we survey.

They win their way, and find their rest
 Together in their ocean home.
 From East and weary West,
 From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
 Not wilder drives the wintry storm :
 Yet a strong law they keep,
 Strange powers their course inform.

E'en so the mighty sky-born Stream :—
 Its living waters from above
 All marr'd and broken seem,
 No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
 In dreams of mortals unespied :
 One is their awful End,
 One their unfailing Guide.

We that with eye too daring seek
 To scan their course, all giddy turn :—
 Not so the floweret meek,
 Harebell or nodding fern :

They from the rocky wall's steep side
 Lean without fear, and drink the spray ;
 The torrent's foaming pride
 But keeps them green and gay.

And Christ hath lowly hearts, that rest
 Amid fall'n Salem's rush and strife :
 The pure, peace-loving breast
 E'en here can find her life.

What though in harsh and angry note
 The broken flood chafe high ? they muse
 On mists that lightly float,
 On heaven-descending dews,

On virgin snows, the feeders pure
 Of the bright river's mountain springs :—
 And still their prayers endure,
 And Hope sweet answer brings.

If of the Living Cloud they be
 Baptismal drops, and onward press
 Toward the Living Sea
 By deeds of holiness,

Then to the Living Waters still
 (O joy with trembling !) they pertain,
 Join'd by some hidden rill,
 Low in Earth's darkest vein.

Scorn not one drop : of drops the shower
 Is made, of showers the waterfall :
 Of children's souls the Power
 Doomed to be Queen o'er all.

10.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

So shall thy seed be. Genesis xv. 5.

(ALL SAINTS)

Children ask to know all about the stars; but we can tell them but little, as little as of what is going on behind the lights of some distant town. They are countless, they are different, many are unseen; yet all are dependent on a central law and harmony; so they are the type of the Saints—manifold, various, often unknown, yet all dependent on one centre. But the child who would be one of them must turn away from human praise and care only for God's law.

This poem was suggested by a boy at Hursley—the son of Mr Keble's curate, the Rev. P. Young—who, the first time he was out on a fine night, kept clapping his hands and crying "More stars." (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 338.)

"**M**ORE and more Stars! and ever as I gaze
Brighter and brighter seen!

Whence come they, Father? trace me out their
ways

Far in the deep serene."

My child, these eyes of mine but faintly show

One step on earth below:

And e'en our wisest may but dream, they say,
Of what is done on high, by yon empyreal ray.

Thou know'st at deepening twilight, how afar

On heath or mountain down

The shepherds kindle many an earthly star,

How from the low damp town

We through the mist the lines of torchlight trace
 In dwellings proud or base :
 But whom they light, what deeds and words are
 there,
 We know but this alone—'tis well if all be prayer.

Whether on lonely shades the pale sad ray
 From a sick chamber fall,
 Or amid thousands more beam glad and gay
 From mirthful bower or hall,
 If pure the joy, and patient be the woe,
 Heaven's breath is there, we know :
 And surely of yon lamps on high we deem
 As of pure worlds, whereon the floods of mercy
 stream.

Yea, in each keen heart-thrilling glance of theirs
 Of other stars we read,
 Stars out of sight, souls for whom Love prepares
 A portion and a meed
 In the supernal Heavens for evermore,
 When sun and moon are o'er ;
 Fix'd in the deep of grace and song, as these
 In the blue skies and o'er the far-resounding seas.

More and more stars, here in our outward Heaven,
 More and more Saints above !
 But to the wistful gaze the sight is given,
 The vision to meek love,—
 Love taught of old to treasure and embalm
 Whate'er in morning calm
 Or evening soft steals from the gracious skies,
 The dry ground freshening with the dews of
 Paradise.

All humble holy gleams I bid thee seek,
 Dim lingering here below ;
 So shall the Almighty give a tongue to speak,
 A heart to read and know
 Of Saints at Home, rob'd and in glory crown'd.
 Dew on the lowly ground
 May as we downward gaze true token yield,
 Yea e'en in glaring morn, of midnight Heaven's
 pure field.

Stars to the childish eye may gather'd seem
 Into strange shapes and wild,
 Lion or Eagle, Bear or Harp—such dream
 As heathen hearts beguil'd :—
 Or as a flock untended, roaming wide
 Heaven's waste from side to side :
 But of a central glory sages sing,
 Whence all may be discern'd in clear harmonious
 ring.

Such are Saints' ways—the forms so manifold
 Our mystic mother wears,
 O far unlike our dreamings, young and old !—
 But Faith still onward fares,
 Love-guided, Heaven-attracted, till she reach
 The orb whence all and each
 By golden threads of order and high grace
 Are pendent evermore, all beauteous, all in place.

More and more Stars ! behold yon hazy arch,
 Spanning the vault on high,
 By planets travers'd in majestic march,
 Seeming to earth's dull eye

A breath of gleaming air : but take thou wing
 Of Faith, and upward spring :—
 Into a thousand stars the misty light
 Will part ; each star a world with its own day
 and night.

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host
 Upon the glorious shore
 Deem thou. He marks them all ; not one is
 lost ;
 By name he counts them o'er.
 Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,
 May on its glory-throne
 As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer,
 As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest
 through this air.

My child, even now I see thy tender breath
 Full quickly come and go
 At sound of praise. O may the touch of Faith
 Those chords so fine and low
 Early control, and tune thy heart too high
 For aught beneath the sky.
 So may that little spark of glory swell
 To a full orb, and soar with loftiest Saints to
 dwell.

VIII
LESSONS OF GRACE

1.

ISAAC ON MORIAH. March 20, 1844.

Abide you here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship. Genesis xxii. 5.

(FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT)

Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac on Mount Moriah is a great mystery, but it led to deeper trust in God's power to provide. So is it with all sacrifices in our home life, where we have to surrender those dear to us. Yet all such sacrifices are as nothing to Christ's sacrifice of Himself, and He from His Cross stoops to hear our prayer.

DREAD was the mystery on Moriah's hill :
Low on the ridge the cloud of morning lay :
From each dark fold, along each gliding rill,
Strange whispers from the mountain met our
way.

But we must wait below, and upward gaze,
While toward the mount the father and the
son
Pursue their course, soon in that awful haze
To vanish, till the appointed deed be done.

So when the Lord for some parental heart
Prepares a martyr's crown, He calls on high
Father and child, in His still shrine apart
To learn His lore of healing agony.

We may but stay without, and wondering pray ;
 Unknown to us that deep of love and woe,
 The knife in Abraham's hand uprais'd to slay,
 Meek Isaac bound and waiting for the blow.

Weak as the echo of some distant knell,
 Borne now and then on breathing winds of
 eve,
 Comes to our ear the sound :—" I see full well
 The fire and wood ; but who the Lamb will
 give ? "

Fitful and faint, should Angel bless our dream,
 The memory now would fleet and now abide,
 Such to our hearts the stern sweet form may
 seem
 Of him who said, " The Almighty will
 provide. "

Not e'en to dwellers on the mystic height,
 Not to the Saints, is full enlightening given :
 The Cross, they hold by, towers beyond their
 sight,
 On the hill-peak opens a deeper heaven.

Yea, though in one were gathered all the woes
 That mourners e'er on household altars laid,
 Widows' and orphans' tears, untimely throes,
 Fears, that the memory of lov'd souls o'er-
 shade.

What were it all, to match one drop of Thine,
 One bitter drop, pour'd on Thy mountain
 here

In Thine own hour? O joy! that Blood is
mine :—

For us it flow'd, e'en as for Saint and seer.

Well may we mourn our dull cold heart, and eye

That up the mount of glorious sacrifice

Sees such a little way : yet kneel we nigh :

Turn not away : let prayer in gloom arise.

He who beside his own the Cross allows

Of penitential grief ;—who to each Saint

Calls from His height of woe ;—His bleeding
brows

Will meekly droop to hear our breathing
faint.

2.

SONG OF THE MANNA-
GATHERERS. April 12, 1845.

This is the bread which the Lord hath given you
to eat. Exodus xvi. 15.

(FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

This poem, in some ways the most perfect in the
book, has, however, no special reference to children ;
nor does it directly suggest any spiritual application.
It is dramatic. Israelite is heard calling to Israelite
in the wilderness, bidding each other gather the new
gift of manna, before it disappear, and reminding
each other that in Canaan God will give yet better
food, and that even beyond Canaan there lies a
happier land ; but as Moses may not see Canaan, so
they cannot see that land ; they can only obey God,
and sing the song which Moses has taught them.

The account of the manna in Exodus xvi. 15-36, and St Paul's application of the manna in 2 Cor. viii. 15, should be read to explain the allusions. Trust, obedience, generosity, are the lessons taught. Cf. *infra*, ix. 15, st. 2.

COMRADES, haste! the tent's tall shading
 Lies along the level sand
 Far and faint: the stars are fading
 O'er the gleaming western strand.
 Airs of morning
 Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste, or e'er the third hour glowing
 With its eager thirst prevail
 O'er the moist pearls, now bestrowing
 Thymy slope and rushy vale,—
 Dewes celestial,
 Left when earthly dewes exhale.

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
 Glean, not ravening, nor in sloth:
 To your tent bring all untasted;—
 To thy Father, nothing loth,
 Bring thy treasure:
 Trust thy God, and keep thy troth.

Trust Him: care not for the morrow:
 Should thine omer overflow,
 And some poorer seek to borrow,
 Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
 Wouldst thou store it?
 Ope thine hand and let it go.

Trust His daily work of wonder,
Wrought in all His people's sight :
Think on yon high place of thunder,
Think upon the unearthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.¹

Think, the Glory yet is nigh thee,
Power unfelt arrests thine arm,
Love aye watching, to deny thee
Stores abounding to thy harm.
Rich and needy
Are all levelled by Love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labour
At our harvest in the wild,
For our God and for our neighbour,
Till six times the morn have smil'd,
And our vessels
Are with twofold treasure pil'd.

For that one, that heavenly morrow,
We may care and toil to-day :
Other thrift is loss and sorrow,
Savings are but thrown away.
Hoarded manna !—
Moths and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unstable
Mars with work the season blest,

¹ Cf. Exodus xxxiv. 29.

We around Thy heaven-sent table
 Praise Thee, Lord, with all our best.
 Signs prophetic
 Fill our week, both toil and rest.¹

Comrades, what our sires have told us—
 Watch and wait, for it will come:
 Smiling vales shall soon enfold us
 In a new and vernal Home:
 Earth will feed us
 From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
 In the appointed hour shall stand,
 Following, as from Egypt ever,
 Thy bright Cloud and outstretch'd
 Hand:
 In Thy shadow
 We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
 Shall our board be then supplied,
 But a strange pale gold, adorning
 Many a tufted mountain's side,
 Yearly feed us,
 Year by year our murmurings chide.²

¹ *i.e.* the manna is a sign prophetic of the food God will give in Canaan; the cessation of the manna on the Sabbath a sign prophetic of the rest in Canaan and beyond Canaan. (*Cf.* Hebrews iv. 8, 9.)

² *a strange pale gold*: Is this corn? or the honey of the land flowing with milk and honey? (*Cf.* Deut. xi. 9-12.)

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,¹
 From each cool deep cavern start
 Rills, that since their first creating
 Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
 Oft we hear them
 In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
 When above our tranquil nest
 All our guardian Angels hover,
 Will our hearts be quite at rest ?
 Nay, fair Canaan
 Is not heavenly Mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
 Salem may but see, and die ?
 Israel's guide and nurse and feeder
 Israel's hope from far must eye,
 Then departing
 Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall fond Fancy trace him,
 Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,
 Wondering what high Powers embrace him,
 Where in light he walks above,
 Where in silence
 Sleeping, hallows heath or grove.

Deeps of blessing are before us :
 Only, while the desert sky
 And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
 Morn by morn, obediently,
 Glean we Manna,
 And the song of Moses try.

¹ Cf. Exodus xvii. 5-7.

3.

THE GIBEONITES.

I will follow upon mine enemies, and overtake them, neither will I turn again till I have destroyed them. Ps. xviii. 37 (Prayer-book version).

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

As the Gibeonites, after they had been spared and made hewers of wood and drawers of water, were attacked by the five kings and obliged to flee for help to Joshua; so the penitent, forgiven and entrusted with God's work, is still exposed to temptation, still obliged to flee to Jesus, until his foes are wholly conquered.

This poem again is not concerned with children; it probably expresses the poet's sense of his own unworthiness and struggles. The whole section, Joshua ix. 3—x. 27, and also St Matt. xii. 43-45, should be read in order to understand the allusions.

“**B**EHOLD me, Lord, a worthless Gibeonite,
 Unmeet to bear one burthen in Thy
 sight,
 To hew Thy servant's wood, or water draw,
 Yet trusted with Thine own eternal Law.
 The deadlier sure the guilt, the doom more
 drear
 Should Canaan powers prevail—and they are
 near.
 The world of Sense, five mighty Monarchs,
 hard
 Upon me lies, and I Thy robe have marr'd.
 Chariot and horse they come, a fearful fray:—
 I cannot stand alone this evil day.”—

“Go, shamed and scared, seek Joshua in thy
 need,
 Him and all Israel: they for thee shall plead.
 Their voice hath power to stay the sun, and
 win
 The frail fall’n mourner time to hate his sin.
 But when their prayer hath laid the Tempter
 low,
 Be sure thou crush him: deal out blow on
 blow:
 Set thy stern foot upon his neck, and hide
 His corse, unpitying, in the dark cave’s side;
 Nor venture but in thought to move the stones
 That guard his place, lest e’en in those dry bones
 Some quickening fiend the bold bad life renew,
 And thou in sevenfold guilt thy heart’s back-
 sliding rue.”

4.

DAVID’S CHILDHOOD.

I write unto you, young men, because ye have
 overcome the Wicked One. 1 St John ii. 15.

(FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

David’s fight with Goliath, a type of the young
 Christian’s struggle with sin. Cf. 1 Sam. xvii.

CHRISTIAN child, whoe’er thou be,
 Purer oil than David knew,
 Mingling with baptismal dew,
 Heaven hath dropp’d on thee.

Strength is given thee, watch to keep
 O’er the lamb He bought so dear,

Thine own soul to watch in fear :—
Sleep no faithless sleep.

When the Lion and the Bear,
Childish Pride and childish Wrath,
Lay athwart thy morning path,
Thou didst win by prayer.

Now a mightier foe is nigh ;
Holy hands for a new strife
Thee have stor'd with ampler life :
Set thine heart on high.

Not with sword and shield and lance,
But with charm-words from our Book,
Gems from our baptismal Brook,
Meet his stern advance.

He through every gate of sense,
Eye and ear, taste, touch, and smell,
Fain would hurl the shafts of hell :
Seek thou strong defence.

Guard in time those portals five
With the smooth stones from the Fount,
With the Law from God's own Mount :
So thy war shall thrive.

Keep thy staff, the Cross, in hand :
Thou shalt see the giant foe
By the word of Faith laid low,
O'er him conquering stand.

Mark and use the trial-hour :

When his whispers nearest sound,
Be thou then most faithful found,
Then tread down his power.

Stripling though thou be, and frail,
Thy right arm shall wield his sword,
Wield, and take his head abhorr'd,—
Christ in thee prevail.

5.

ELIJAH AT SAREPTA. Aug. 11, 1843.

Make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son.
1 Kings xvii. 13.

(EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The faith that gives to Christ in His poor, even if we ourselves are in need, meets with a rich blessing from Him. Cf. 1 Kings xvii.

LO, cast at random on the wild sea sand
A child low wailing lies :
Around, with eye forlorn and feeble hand,
Scarce heeding its faint cries,
The widow'd mother in the wilderness
Gathers dry boughs, their last sad meal to dress.

But who is this that comes with mantle rude
And vigil-wasted air,
Who to the famish'd cries, "Come, give me
food,
I with thy child would share?"
She bounteous gives : but hard he seems of heart
Who of such scanty store would crave a part.

Haply the child his little hand holds forth,
That all his own may be.—

Nay, simple one, thy mother's faith is worth
Healing and life to thee.

That handful given, for years ensures thee bread :
That drop of oil shall raise thee from the dead.

For in yon naggard form He begs unseen,
To Whom for life we kneel :

One little cake He asks with lowly mien,
Who blesses every meal.

Lavish for Him, ye poor, your children's store,
So shall your cruse for many a day run o'er.

And thou, dear child, though hungering, give
glad way

To Jesus in His need :

So thy blest mother at the awful day

Thy name in Heaven may read ;

So by His touch for ever may'st thou live,

Who asks our alms, and lends a heart to give.

6.

NAAMAN'S SERVANT. Aug. 19, 1843.

Who hath despised the day of small things?
Zechariah iv. 10.

(ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The least can do some work for Christ. This is shown by the story of Naaman's servant. Cf. 2 Kings v.

“WHO for the like of me will care?”
So whispers many a mournful heart

When in the weary languid air
 For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid
 From Israel's breezy mountains borne,
 No more to rest in Sabbath shade
 Watching the free and wavy corn.

A captive now, and sold and bought,
 In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,
 Forgotten—such her moody thought—
 E'en as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here :
 He hath a word for thee to speak :
 Oh serve Him yet in duteous fear,
 And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known
 By thee on many a heathen shore,
 And Naaman on his chariot throne
 Wait humbly by Elisha's door ;

By thee desponding lepers know
 The sacred waters' sevenfold might.
 Then wherefore sink in listless woe ?
 Christ's poor and needy, claim your right !

Your heavenly right, to do and bear
 All for His sake ; nor yield one sigh
 To pining Doubt ; nor ask, "What care
 In the wide world for such as I ?"

7.

HEZEKIAH'S DISPLAY.

There is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them. Isaiah xxxix. 4.

As Hezekiah's display of his treasures to the King of Babylon brought ruin upon Judah, so display and love of praise and admiration may ruin a child's character.

Compare the poem entitled "Nurse, let me draw the baby's veil aside," in J. K.'s "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 285.

WHEN Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers
return,
And Angels bring thee treasures from on high,
Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern,
And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.

In friendly guise, perchance with friendly heart,
From Babel, see, they haste with words of
love :
But if thou lightly all thy wealth impart,
Their race will come again, and all remove.

Ill thoughts, the children of that King of Pride,
O'er richest halls will swarm, and holiest
bowers,
Profaning first, then spoiling far and wide :—
Voluptuous Sloth make free with Sharon's
flowers.

Close thou the garden-gate, and keep the key,
There chiefly, where the tender seedlings fold

Their dainty leaves—a treasure e'en to thee
Unknown, till airs celestial make them bold.¹

When sun and shower give token, freely then
The fragrance will steal out, the flower
unclose :

But busy hands, and an admiring ken,
Have blighted ere its hour full many a rose.

Then rest thee, bright one, in thy tranquil nook,
Fond eyes to cherish thee, true arms to keep,
Nor wistful for the world's gay sunshine look ;—
In its own time the light will o'er thee sweep.

Think of the babes of Judah's royal line :—
Display but touch'd them with her parching
glare
Once, and for ages four they bear the sign.
The fifth beheld them chain'd in Babel's lair.

8.

ST JOSEPH.

He called His name Jesus. St Matt. i. 25.

(FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS)

Among the human forms which surround the Lord's cradle, one of the dearest is St Joseph, who guarded the Mother and the Child—having learnt, it may be, true parental sympathy, though childless himself—and gave the Child His name. In the same way do thou think kindly of him who gave thee thy name at thy Baptism; and think reverently of St Joseph and our Lord when you see a poor parent bringing his child to Baptism.

¹ Cf. *supra*, v. 4.

With this poem compare J. K.'s "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,'" Christmas and Epiphany, No. xv. : "Our Lord's Nursing Father."

THE glorious Sun at morn
 Draws round him a soft screen,
 Clear haze, of light and moisture born ;
 So are the bright forms seen,

His royal cradle round
 Standing in meet array,
 Clouds of all hues, not wholly drown'd
 In dazzling floods of day.

Thou temperest, Lord, the rays
 Which in Thy manger burn,
 Till Faith in that deep glory-blaze
 Dim shapes of earth discern :

The spotless Mother, first
 Of creatures : His mild eye,—
 O favour'd !—who her travail nurs'd,
 And Thy dread infancy.

Him o'er Thee lowly bent,
 Or meekly waiting nigh,
 Or on some homely task intent,
 Yet conscious who is by,

Or on the journey wild,
 With duteous staff in hand,
 Guiding the Mother and the Child
 Across the sea of sand,

Thy Church in memory views ;
 Nor can her babes aright
 On Bethlehem or on Nazareth muse,
 But he is still in sight.

O balm to lonely hearts,
 Who childless or bereft,
 Yet round the cradle find their parts,
 Their place and portion left

In bowers of home delight :—
 Yet may they draw full near,
 And in the treasure claim their right,
 Their share of smile and tear,

Of thrilling joys and cares,—
 “ Father in God ” :—who knows
 How near it brings us, unawares,
 To true parental throes?

Mightier perchance may prove
 The lore the Font imparts
 To strangers, than all yearning love
 In heathen mothers' hearts.

Whom Jesus father own'd,¹
 Though childless to our eyes,
 Doubt not, his soul was higher toned
 To parents' sympathies

Than sires on earth may know :—
 And when His Octave came,
 He o'er the Lord did first below
 Speak the Most Holy Name.

¹ St Luke ii. 48, 49.

Wherefore in chorus kind
 Of household jubilee,
 Name thou his name with willing mind,
 Who spake Christ's name o'er thee.

And when at holy tide,
 Along the Church-way borne
 Thou seest how babes in triumph ride
 On arms by rude toil worn;—

Or mark'st, how well agree,
 Both leading and both led,
 Grey Poverty and Childish Glee;—
 Leave not His lore unread :

Then of Saint Joseph think,
 And of his dread Nurse-Child.
 Let eyes, that day, from evil shrink,
 And hearts be undefil'd.

9.

THE BOY WITH THE FIVE LOAVES. November 19, 1842.

If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give
 of that little. Tobit iv. 8.

(FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT)

The poem needs no analysis. For the thought,
cf. supra, viii. 6.

WHAT time the Saviour spread His feast
 For thousands on the mountain's side,
 One of the last and least
 The abundant store supplied.

Haply, the wonders to behold,
 A boy 'mid other boys he came,
 A lamb of Jesus' fold,
 Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet obedient ways
 The Apostles brought him near, to share
 Their Lord's laborious days,
 His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart,
 That led him sacrifice to bring
 For his own simple part,
 To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glow'd his cheek,
 How he look'd down, half pride, half fear:
 Far off he saw one speak
 Of him in Jesus' ear.

“There is a lad—five loaves hath he,
 And fishes twain:—but what are they,
 Where hungry thousands be?”—
 Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
 The mighty Shepherd ranks His Sheep
 By tens and fifties, still
 As clouds when breezes sleep.

Oh who can tell the trembling joy,
 Who paint the grave endearing look,
 When from that favour'd boy
 The wondrous pledge He took?

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word ;
 Bring Him thy best ; who knows but He
 For His eternal board
 May take some gift of thee ?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet ;
 But kneel in faith : an arm benign
 Such prayer will duly set
 Within the holiest shrine.

And Prayer has might to spread and grow.
 Thy childish darts, right-aim'd on high,
 May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
 Far in the eternal sky : ¹

E'en as He made that stripling's store
 Type of the Feast by Him decreed,
 Where Angels might adore,
 And souls for ever feed.

10.

THE MOURNERS FOLLOWING
 THE CROSS. September 1, 1844.

Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your
 children. St Luke xxiii. 28.

(TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER)

This poem is a meditation, partly on St Luke
 xxiii. 28, and more fully on St Matthew xxiv. 19,
 20. Christ in His week of agony took thought for
 sorrow of all kind, and tried to spare the mother
 who should have to fly with her child at her breast,

¹ Cf. *supra*, ii. 7, st. 4, note.

bidding her pray and hasten in flight. So mothers, ever must pray and hasten to save themselves and their children, lest they should hear the sad word, "Too late."

THERE is no grief that ever wasted man,
But finds its hour here in Thine awful
week :

And since all Mother's love from Thee began,
Sure none, like Thee, of Mother's woe can
speak.

Thine ear prophetic, Lord, while angels wreak
The vengeance on Thine heritage defil'd,
While temples crash, and towers in ashes reek,
And with each gust some kingdom strews the
wild,

Loses no lonely¹ moan, no sigh of sobbing child.

E'en so might seamen's wives at midnight drear
Lie listening to the blast, and tell aright
The tale of all the waves, that far and near
Break on the reef, yet miss no wailing slight
Of nestling babe, for wonder or delight
Uttering faint cries in sleep.—O restless care!
O all foreseeing pity!—be our flight
In winter, soothing spells will He prepare,
And for His lambs allay the bleak heart-killing
air.

Or if the holy Day the few brief hours
Of flight abridge, for nursing-mother frail,
For tender babe, Thou send'st Thine unseen
powers

To help or hide :—hide in the lowly vale,

¹ *lonely*, but "*lowly*" MS. and ed. 1.

Help o'er the weary mountain.¹—Ne'er may fail
The prayer of helpless Faith ;—but she must
pray,

Her forceful knocking must Heaven's door
assail :

For so of old He taught : “ Pray that your way
Be not in winter wild, nor on the Sabbath
Day.”

The season He bids choose, who in strong
hand

Winter and summer holds, and day and night,
Binding His sovereign will in Love's soft
band ;—

As parents teach their little ones to write
With gentle-guiding finger, and delight
The wish and prayer to mould, then grant the
boon :—

Such is Thy silent grace, framing aright
Our lowly orisons in time and tune

To Litanies on high, controlling sun and moon.

And as the heart maternal evermore
Must rise in prayer, so the maternal feet
Must feel their dim way on the lonely shore,
Ere o'er the path the un pitying surges beat.
At early dawn, the fresh spring dews to greet,
I bid thee haste, else vainly wilt thou crave
An hour in winter. Fast the week-days fleet,
Slow speeds the work : the lingerers who
shall save ?

Thy task ere Sunday end, thy life before the grave.

¹ Cf. Genesis xix. 15-22.

Who may the horror but in dream abide,
 Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait
 Where Saints have past behind their glorious
 Guide,

Then feel, not hear, the sad drear word,
 "Too late?"

Woe, in that hour, to souls that seek the gate
 Alone! but deeper anguish, direr gloom,
 If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate,
 Pupil or friend, the heaven-prepared room,
 Tardy through thee, should miss, and share the
 hopeless doom.

II.

ST ANDREW AND HIS CROSS.

November 25, 1842.

Where I am, there shall also My servant be. St
 John xii. 26

(ST ANDREW)

To share Christ's Cross is too great a privilege;
 hence even St Peter and St Andrew, who alone of
 the Apostles shared His death by crucifixion, each
 shrank from exactly imitating his Lord: St Peter
 was crucified on an inverted cross; St Andrew on one
 of different shape. May we then bear what He
 sends us, yet if we have to suffer justly, let us shrink
 from calling it *His* Cross.

The poem has no reference to children.

O HOLY Cross, on thee to hang
 At Jesus' side, and feel thee sweet,
 And taste aright each healing pang,
 What Saint, what Virgin Martyr e'er was meet!

Two only of His own found grace
 The very death He died to die.
 Joyful they rush'd to thine embrace,
 While Angel choirs, half-envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed:—but how is this?
 Why doubt they yet in Jesus' power
 To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss?
 Well have ye fought; why faint in Victory's
 hour?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first
 Who shone as stars in Jesus' Hand,¹
 For thee in Prayer and Fasting nurs'd,
 And bearing thee, dread Cross! from land to
 land.

And now in wondrous sympathy,
 When thou art nearer fain to draw,
 These who had yearn'd so long for thee
 Shrink from thy touch, and hide their eyes for
 awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale
 With forward step thy holy stair.
 Best for his giddy heart and frail
 In humblest penance to hang downward there.²

¹ Cf. St John i. 40, 41.

² This tradition is as early as the third century.
 Cf. Origen ap. Eus. iii. 1: ἀνεσκολοπίσθη κατὰ
 κεφαλῆς. (he was crucified head downwards), and
 Prudentius, Peristephanon, xii. 11.

And he, that saintly Elder meek,
 Wont of old time to find and bring
 Brother or friend with Christ to speak,
 As worthier to behold the heart-searching
 King:—¹

Ah! little brook'd his lowly heart,
 Such glorious crown should him reward.
 He sought the way with duteous art
 To change his Cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

He sought and found: and now where'er
 Saint Andrew's holy Cross we see,
 In royal banner blazon'd fair,
 Or in dread Cipher, Holiest Name, of thee,²

A martyr'd form we may discern,
 There bound, there preaching: Image meet
 Of one uplifted high, to turn
 And draw to Him all hearts in bondage sweet.

And as we gaze may He impart
 The grace to bear what He shall send,
 Yet stay the rash self-pleasing heart,
 Too forward with His Cross our penal woe to
 blend.

Ille tamen veritus celsae decus aemulando mortis
 ambire tanti gloriam magistri,
 Exigit ut pedibus mersum caput imprimant supinis,
 quo spectet imum stipitem cerebro.

¹ Cf. St John i. 40; xii. 22.

² *i.e.* ✠ (= *χριστός*), which appeared to Constantine
 in a vision, and was taken by him as his sign.

IX
HOLY PLACES AND THINGS

I.

PREPARING FOR SUNDAY
SERVICES. 1841.

As they went to tell His Disciples, Jesus met them, saying, "All hail." St Matt. xxviii. 9.

Jesus will greet all who come with fear and love to His worship, as He greeted the women who sought His Sepulchre on Easter Day.

BEHOLD, athwart our woodland nest,
And down our misty vale,
From his own bright and quiet rest
The Sunday sun looks out, and seems to say,
"All hail!"

True token of that brighter Day,
Which hail'd, this matin hour,
The holy women on their way.
They sought His Church in love, He met them
in His power.

And dare we the transporting word
To our own hearts apply?
Trembling we dare; for He had heard
Our lowly-breathèd vows, ere flam'd yon
morning sky.

We have been by His Cross and grave;
His Angel bade us speed

Where they resort whom He will save,
 And hear and say as one,¹ "The Lord is risen
 indeed!"

Then speed we on our willing way,
 And He our way will bless.
 In fear and love thy heart array ;
 Straight be thy churchway path, unsoil'd thy
 Sabbath dress.

2.

WALK TO CHURCH. 1841.

The path of the Just is as the shining light, which
 shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Pro-
 verbs iv. 18.

This poem needs no analysis.

NOW the holy hour is nigh,
 Seek we out the holy ground ;
 Overhead the breezy sky,
 Rustling woodland all around :
 Fragrant steams from oak-leaves sere,
 Peat and moss and whortles green,
 Dews that yet are glistening clear
 Through their brown or briary screen.

Hie we through the autumnal wood,
 Pausing where the echoes dwell,
 Boys, or men of boyish mood,
 Trying how afar they swell.

¹ as one—i.e. as with one voice.

Haply down some opening glade
 Now the old grey tower we see,
 Underneath whose solemn shade
 Jesus risen hath sworn to be.

He hath sworn, for there will meet
 Two or three in His great Name,
 Waiting till their incense sweet
 Feel His heaven-descended flame.
 Day by day that old grey tower
 Tells its tale, and week by week
 In their tranquil hoary bower
 To the unlearn'd its shadows speak.

3.

THE LICH-GATE.

Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of
 God. Ecclesiastes v. 1.

The churchyard should tame the boy's high spirits,
 for it is full of holy thoughts; so in old age the
 memory of the past visits here will prove dear, and
 the Angel who guarded him at Baptism shall guard
 him also in death.

THIS is the portal of the dead.—
 Nay, shrink not so, my fair-eyed boy,
 But on the threshold grating tread
 With wary softness: tame the joy,
 The wildfire keen, that all the way
 E'en from our porch at home hath danc'd with
 thee so gay.

This is the holy resting-place,
 Where coffins and where mourners wait,

Till the stol'd priest hath time to pace
 His path toward this eastern gate,
 Like one who bears a hidden seal
 Of pardon from a king, where rebels trembling
 kneel.

Brief is the pause, but thoughts and dreams
 By thousands on that moment crowd,
 Of clouds departing, opening gleams,
 A waning lamp, a brightening shroud :
 Such visions fill the longing eyes
 As haply haunt the space 'twixt earth and
 Paradise.

Such visions in the churchyard air
 Are gleaming, fluttering all around.
 O scare them not away : beware
 Of bolder cry and ruder bound.
 Thick as the bees that love to play
 Under the lime-tree leaves the livelong summer
 day,

And tuneable as their soft song,
 And fragrant as the honey'd flowers
 They haunt and cherish, is the throng
 Of thoughts in these our hallow'd bowers.
 On every gale that stirs the yew
 They float, and twinkle in each drop of morning
 dew.

Oh then revere each old grey stone,
 And gently tread the mounds between.
 So when thy blithesome days are done,

And thou, as I, shalt wearied lean
 Upon the wicket low, and tell
 Thy tale of playmates call'd before thee here to
 dwell;—

When thou shalt mark, how swarms the street
 With boys at play, the turf with graves,
 All in one little hour to meet
 And hear the doom that slays or saves;—
 Fresh may the memory prove and dear,
 How thou hast come and gone, since first we
 brought thee here.

Then shall the wings, so strong in need,
 Which met thee at the Font that hour,
 And homeward joy'd with thee to speed,
 O'ershade thee still in love and power,
 And with the churchyard shadows blend,
 Which thy last entering here shall in sweet peace
 attend.

4.

OBEISANCE AT ENTERING CHURCH.

They shall see His Face, and His Name shall be
 in their foreheads. Rev. xxii. 4.

This needs no analysis.

COME, hear with duteous mind
 Thy Mother's whisper'd word.
 "Wouldst thou upon His threshold find
 Thy dread and loving Lord?"

Renew in silence on thy brow
The pledge of thy first saving vow."

Safe in thy forehead keep
The mark by Jesus set,
Before thee is a mighty deep,
A baptism waits thee yet :
As Lazarus rising, such thou art,
Thy soul and flesh again to part.

But when thy Lord and thou,—
Thou from the grave, and He
From Heaven,—shall meet, upon thy brow
A glorious Cross shall be,
A Light that needs no watching o'er,
E'en as He rose, and died no more.

5.

THE EMPTY CHURCH. 1841.

The blind and the lame came to Him in the temple. St Matt. xxi. 14.

This also needs no analysis.

WHY should we grudge the hour and house
of prayer
To Christ's own blind and lame,
Who come to meet Him there?
Better, be sure, His altar-flame
Should glow in one dim wavering spark,
Than quite die down, and leave His temple drear
and dark.

“ But in our Psalm their choral answers fail.”—
 Nay, but the heart may speak,
 And to the holy tale
 Respond aright in silence meek.
 And well we know, bright angel throngs
 Are by, to swell those whisperings into warbled
 songs.¹

What if the world our two or three despise?
 They in His name are here,
 To Whom in suppliant guise
 Of old the blind and lame drew near.
 Beside His royal courts they wait
 And ask His healing Hand; we dare not close
 the gate.

6.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

August 8, 1843.

I will not offer burnt-offerings without cost.
² Samuel xxiv. 24.

(SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This needs no analysis, but it should be compared
 with vi. 5.

WHY deck the high cathedral roof
 With foliage rich and rare,
 With crowns and flowerets far aloof,
 To none but Angels fair?

¹ Cf. *supra*, iii, 2, Introduction.

“Why for the lofty Altar hide
 Thy gems and gold in store?
 Why spread the burnish'd pall so wide
 Upon the chancel floor?”

Nay, rather ask, why duteous boy
 And mother-loving maid
 Scarce in their filial gifts find joy,
 If nought of theirs be paid:

Why hearts, that true love-tokens need
 For brother or for friend,
 Count not the cost with careful heed,
 But haste their all to spend.

Ask why of old the favour'd king
 Enquir'd the Temple's price,
 Not bearing to his Lord to bring
 An unbought sacrifice.

Yea, lowly fall, and of thy Lord
 In silence ask and dread,
 Why prais'd He Mary's ointment, pour'd
 Upon His Sacred Head.

7.

CHURCH WINDOWS. Nov. 8, 1842.

The Lord my God shall come, and all the Saints
 with Thee: and it shall come to pass in that day,
 that the light shall not be clear, nor dark. Zechariah
 xiv. 5, 6.

(ALL SAINTS)

As there is a fragrance in the autumn leaves, and
 the sunset sheds a lustre upon them, so with the

few poor and old worshippers in Church, a lustre falls on them from the presence of the Saints who lie beneath the floor, and who are imaged in the windows.

OFt have I heard our elders say,
 How sad the autumnal hour,
 How rude the touch of stern decay,
 How fast the bright hues melt away
 In mountain, sky, and bower !

Yet is it dear delight to me
 The rustling leaves to tread,
 To heap and toss them wild and free,
 Their fragrance breathe, and o'er them see
 Soft evening lustre shed.

And some will say, 'tis drear and cold
 In holy Church to kneel
 With one or two, Christ's little fold,
 With blind and lame, with poor and old,
 There met for Him to heal.

Nay, look again : the Saints are there :
 Christ's ever-glowing Light
 Through heavenly features grave and fair
 Is gleaming ; all the lonely air
 Is throng'd with shadows bright.

The Saints are there :—the Living Dead,¹
 The Mourners glad and strong ;

¹ *the Living Dead.* Cf. "Miscellaneous Poems,"
 p. 109.

The sacred floor their quiet bed,
 Their beams from every window shed,
 Their voice in every song.

And haply where I kneel, some day,
 From yonder gorgeous pane
 The glory of some Saint will play :—
 Not lightly may it pass away,
 But in my heart remain !

8.

RELICS AND MEMORIALS.

August 22, 1843.

As the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.
 Isaiah xxxii. 2.

(ST BARTHOLOMEW)

The poem is full of the bright hopefulness of the Acts of the Apostles (*cf.* especially Acts ii. iii. 1-11 ; v. 15, 16 ; xix. 11, 12). It forms a good comment on the poem for King Charles the Martyr in "The Christian Year," st. 4.

Yea ; wheresoe'er one trace of thee is found,
 As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall ;
 With beating hearts we roam the haunted ground,
 Lone battle-field or crumbling prison-hall.

THE twelve holy men are gather'd in prayer,
 The Psalm mounts on high, the Spirit
 descends :

A keen silent thrilling is round them in air,
 A Power from the Highest with thought and
 word blends.

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean.
 How glorious the train that streams to and fro !
 The blind, dumb, halt, wither'd, by hundreds
 are seen,
 The prisoners of Satan lie chain'd where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall
 Of Christ's awful Saint, to prayer as he speeds :
 The mighty love-token all fiends shall appal,
 A gale breathe from Eden, assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie Paul's girdle or vest :
 One touch and one word :—the pain fleets away,
 The dark hour of frenzy is charm'd into rest :—
 The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in His Saints : from Godhead made
 Man

The virtue goes out, the whole world to bless.
 O'er lands parch'd and weary that shadow began
 To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall
 grow less.

9.

CARVED ANGELS. March 12, 1845.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little
 ones : for in Heaven their angels do always behold
 the Face of My Father. St Matt. xviii. 10.

(ST MICHAEL)

God's indwelling Presence gives a dread power
 even to little children, which causes them to shame

sinner from their sin; for their Angels protect them, and they are like the Angels in their purity. Like the Angels in Heaven, they on earth serve others and worship God, as the Angels do, and the Church has rightly placed cherubs, carved like infants, to hold up the Cross before our eyes, and make us ashamed of irreverent thoughts or of inward impurity.

GREATEST art Thou in least, O Lord,
 And e'en Thy least are great in Thee :
 A mote in air, a random word,
 Shall save a soul if Thou decree :—
 Much more their presence sweet,
 Whom with an oath Thou didst into Thy
 Kingdom greet.

A little child's soft sleeping face
 The murderer's knife ere now hath staid :
 The adulterous eye, so foul and base,
 Is of a little child afraid.
 They cannot choose but fear,
 Since in that sign they feel God and good Angels
 near.

For by the Truth's sure oath we know,
 There is no christen'd babe but owns
 A Watcher mightier than his foe,
 One of the everlasting Thrones,
 Who in high Heaven His face
 Beholding ever, best His likeness here may
 trace.

As in each tiny drop of dew,
 Glistening at prime of morn, they mark

Of Heaven's great Sun an image true,¹
 Hear their own chantings in the Lark,
 So, sleeping or awake,
 They love to tend their babes for holy Beth-
 lehem's sake.

And so this whole fallen world of ours,
 To us all care, and sin, and spite,
 Is e'en as Eden's stainless bowers
 To the pure spirits out of sight,—
 To Angels from above,
 And souls of infants, seal'd by new-creating
 Love.²

Heaven in the depth and height is seen ;
 On high among the stars, and low
 In deep clear waters : all between
 Is earth, and tastes of earth : e'en so
 The Almighty One draws near
 To strongest seraphs there, to weakest infants
 here.

And both are rob'd in white, and both
 On evil look unharm'd, and wear
 A ray so pure, ill Powers are loth
 To linger in the keen bright air.
 As Angels wait in joy
 On Saints, so on the old the duteous-hearted
 boy.

God's Angels keep the eternal round
 Of praise on high, and never tire.

¹ Cf. *supra*, i. 6.

² Cf. *supra*, i. 2.

His Lambs are in His Temple found
 Early with all their heart's desire.
 They boast not to be free,
 They grudge not to their Lord meek ear and
 bended knee.

O well and wisely wrought of old,
 Nor without guide, be sure, who first
 Did cherub forms as infants mould,
 And lift them where the full deep burst
 Of awful harmony
 Might need them most, to waft it onward to
 the sky :—

Where best they may in watch and ward
 Around the enthronèd Saviour stand,
 May quell, with sad and stern regard,
 Unruly eye and wayward hand,
 May deal the blessèd dole
 Of saving knowledge round from many a holy
 scroll.

What if in other lines than ours
 They write, in other accents speak ?
 There are whom watchful Love empowers
 To read such riddles ;—duteous seek,
 And thou shalt quickly find.
 The Mother best may tell the eager babe's deep
 mind.¹

¹ The allusion seems to be to Latin or Greek inscriptions on the scrolls (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 339), or perhaps only to the ecclesiastical symbolism, the interpretation of which has to be learnt from the Church.

Haply some shield their arms embrace,
 Rich with the Lord's own blazonry.
 The Cross of His redeeming grace,
 Or His dread Wounds we there descry.
 His standard-bearers they :
 Learn we to face them on the dread Procession
 Day.¹

And oh ! if aught of pride or lust
 Have soil'd thee in the world, take heed :
 Entering, shake off the mire and dust.
 Angelic eyes are keen to read,
 By the least lightest sign,
 When we foul idle thoughts breathe in the air
 divine.

And how, but by their whisperings soft,
 Feel virgin hearts when sin is near,
 Sin e'en in dreams unknown? Full oft
 Such instinct we may mark in fear,
 Nor our own ill endure
 In presence of Christ's babes, and of their
 Guardians pure.

10.

CHURCH RITES. January 26, 1843.

Christ is all, and in all. Col. iii. 11.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

The change of water into wine at the Marriage

¹ *on*, but *ere*, MS.

Feast of Cana is a symbol of the way in which, at Marriage, at Baptism, at Ordination, at the Eucharist, at the Burial of the Dead, the Church gives a gift more rich, more spiritual, more divine, than sight can see.

THE wedding guests are met,
 The urns are duly set,
 E'en as the Lord had taught His own of old.
 Fill'd are they to the height
 With water pure and bright:—
 Now pour them out—'tis done, and purest wine
 behold.

The bridegroom kneels beside
 His bashful loving bride;
 Earth on that hour seems showering all her best.
 But more than Earth e'er knew
 He wins, if hearts be true:—
 An Angel friend, to share his everlasting rest.

A babe in deep repose
 Where holy water flows
 Is bathed, while o'er him holiest words are said.
 A child of wrath he came—
 Now hath he Jesus' Name:
 A glory like a Saint's surrounds his favour'd
 head.

A mortal youth I saw
 Nigh to God's Altar draw
 And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands
 Were spread with many a prayer,
 And when he rose up there
 He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.

When Bread and Wine he takes,
 And of Christ's Passion makes
 Memorial high before the Mercy Throne,
 Faith speaks, and we are sure
 That offering good and pure
 Is more than Angels' bread to all whom Christ
 will own.

'Mid mourners I have stood,
 And with sad eye pursued
 The coffin sinking in the grave's dark shade :
 The immortal life, we know,
 Dwells there with hidden glow,
 Brightly to burn one day when sun and stars
 shall fade.

What is this silent might,
 Making our darkness light,
 New wine our waters, heavenly Blood our wine ?
 Christ, with His Mother dear,
 And all His Saints, is here,
 And where they dwell is Heaven, and what they
 touch, divine.¹

¹ The change of water into wine was believed by the ancients to typify that change which St Paul in particular so earnestly dwells on: "*Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new*": and St John, "*He that sitteth on the Throne saith, Behold, I make all things new.*" Accordingly St Cyprian applies this first miracle to the admission of the Gentiles into the Church (Ep. 63, ed. Fell.); and St Augustine, to the evangelical interpretation of the Old Testament (in Joan. Tract. 8); and St Cyril of Alexandria (*in loc.*) to the Spirit superseding the letter. This then being the "*beginning of miracles,*" a kind of

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

I. THE CHRISOM.

These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white, in the Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

As one white ray of light can be broken up by the prism into many colours, so the Baptismal light is rich with manifold Christian graces, but it must be kept clean and refreshed with constant light from Heaven.

The Chrisom—i.e. the christening robe. Strictly speaking the Chrisom or Chrismal was a white cloth laid upon the head of the baptized after it had been anointed with the sacred oil.

pattern of the rest, shewed how Christ's glory was to be revealed in the effects of His Sacramental Touch ; whether immediately, as when He touched the leper and healed him: or through the hem of His garment: or by Saints, His living members, according to His Promise, "*The works that I do shall ye do also: and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto My Father.*" Thus, according to the Scriptures, the Sacramental Touch of the Church is the Touch of Christ: and her system is "*deifica disciplina,*" a rule which, in some sense, makes men gods, and the human divine; and all this depends on the verity of the Incarnation, therefore His Mother is especially instrumental in it; besides being, as nearest to Him, the most glorious instance of it. "*The Mother of Jesus is there, and both Jesus and His Disciples are called,*"—(He as the Bridegroom and Author of the whole mystery, they as ministers, servants, and instruments,)—to this mysterious "*marriage,*" or Communion of Saints.—J. K.

ALL gorgeous hues are in the pure white beam,
 All Christian graces in one drop of Love
 That sparkles from the bright baptismal stream
 Over the fair young brow, where gently move
 Christ's dawning rays. Therefore the veil ye
 wove,

Good Angels, under Bethlehem's healing star,
 Whose virtue this our new-born joy shall prove,
 Is spotless white : and from its folds afar,
 E'en as from banner wav'd in Angels' war
 The dark Powers flee. But thou, heaven-
 honour'd child,

Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar :
 Wrap it around thy bosom undefil'd ;
 Yet spread it daily in the clear Heaven's sight,
 To be new-bath'd in its own native Light.

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

II. THE SUNDAY DRESS.

Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments. Rev. xvi. 15.

No analysis seems needed for this and the following sonnets.

SO keep thou, by calm prayer and searching
 thought,
 Thy Chrisom pure, that still as weeks roll by,
 And Heaven rekindles, gladdening earth and
 sky,

The glow that from the grave our Champion
 brought,¹
 Pledge of high victory by His dread Wounds
 wrought,
 Thou mayst put on the garb of Purity,
 And from thy prayer look up with open eye,
 Him owning, who from shame and sinful blot
 Hath kept thee safe, nor suffer'd base desire
 Thy soul to haunt, unhallowing the good hour.
 Then on thy way to church rejoicing fare,
 Yet heedful, gathering up from earthly mire
 The glittering folds: for e'en in Sunday air
 Foul spirits love to lurk with tainting power.

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

III. CONFIRMATION.

Ye shall be as the wings of a Dove, that is covered
 with silver wings. Ps. lxxviii. 13.

SPEED on, ye happy Sunday hours, O
 speed
 The moment when a richer gift shall crown
 A riper faith:—when Childhood, casting down
 Her innocent vesture, the pure Chrisom weed,

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year," for Easter Day,
 especially st. 9.

Yet e'en the lifeless stone is dear
 For thoughts of Him who late lay here,
 And the base world, now Christ hath died,
 Ennobled is and glorified.

Shall claim the sevenfold radiance, erst decreed
 Where true hearts kneel 'neath Apostolic hands.
 White are his mantle folds, who ready stands
 Before the shrine, to bless and intercede :
 And duteous maidens, skilful in Love's law,
 Unbidden use in stainless white to come :
 As doves, that to the bright clouds upward
 draw,
 Plume the soft lily breast, the more to win
 Of splendour from the Light's far cloudless
 home.
 O deep, that hour, the bliss or curse within !

I I.

WHITE APPAREL.

IV. PRIESTS IN WHITE.

When they enter in at the gates of the inner
 court, they shall be clothed with linen garments.
 Ezekiel xlv. 17.

AND e'en the very walls of the dread place,
 And the tall windows with their breathing
 lights,
 Speak to the adoring heart, and say, No base
 Or week-day garb may him beseem, who writes
 God's message here in hearts of men,—invites
 To the bright nuptial feast of joy and grace.
 But Angels waiting on our awful rites
 Should in our frail and mortal Angel trace¹
 Some hue of their own robes, what time they
 raise

¹ *Our frail and mortal Angel, cf. Rev. i. 20.*

The censer, heap'd with prayer, before the
throne :

And Innocents, in wonder mov'd to gaze
On the new glory, mantling forms well known,
Should ask and learn the clue to Angels'
ways :—

“The vision is for the pure heart alone.”

I I.

WHITE APPAREL.

V. CHORISTERS IN WHITE.

—the Levites which were the singers, . . . with
their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white
linen. 2 Chron. v. 12.

WITHIN a reverend Minster I have stood,
As one to whom, for many a godless
deed,

The Choir was clos'd :—fit penance and due
meed

Sad conscience own'd it :—one by one I view'd
With wistful eye the entering multitude.

At last with joyous step, but sober heed
Of holy things, like fawns in forest mead,
Timid yet happy, the white-rob'd brood

Of Choristers swept by :—then musings came,

“What happier dawn of being than to meet

Matins and vespers here with punctual feet ?

What happier close, than here in peace to lay,

Wearing the white robe still, th' exhausted
frame,

And so, through life, Heaven's garb and speech
assay ?”

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

VI. BRIDAL WHITE.

And unto her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white. Rev. xix. 8.

This sonnet should be compared with the poem on Matrimony in "The Christian Year."

ONCE more unto Thine Altar, Lord, once
 more
 In vesture of Thy Saints : for Joy and Love
 Have vow'd, to-day, their best on earth to
 prove,
 And Pureness, guardian sole of their rich store
 Of blessing and delight. Arm we the more
 Both heart and limb with brightness from above :
 So may we scare the noisome beasts that rove
 There busiest, where Earth's rapture most runs
 o'er.
 Well are they warn'd, who in that dangerous
 bliss
 May on some Innocent look down, array'd
 In bridal white, flower of the nuptial band,
 Unconscious, yet o'erjoyed : not far amiss
 Deem they perchance, who in that smiling
 maid
 Heaven's youngest Angel see, with wreath in
 hand.

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

VII. PENITENTS IN WHITE.

Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him. St Luke xv. 22.

BUT what if Chrisom robes be sin-defil'd,
 If nuptial white of broken vows bear trace,
 If he who daily in the holy Place
 Wears the bright albe, in heart be gross and
 wild,
 So that the stones, whereon the shrine is pil'd,
 Seem to cry out, "Who hath requir'd this grace
 Of thee, the consecrated floor to pace,
 Thrice pledg'd and thrice forsworn?" O
 Saviour mild,
 Hast Thou, for these, a white robe yet in
 store?
 Yea: the Church path is by the fount of tears,
 And a grave Angel stands beside the door,
 Laden with vests for contrite pilgrims meet.
 Him trust with all; sad memories and dim
 fears;
 Then kneel in white before the Mercy-seat.¹

¹ The white apparel of the penitent may refer only to the language of Isaiah i. 18; Rev. vii. 14; perhaps also to the old English custom, by which notorious sinners had to appear in the church or the market-place, bareheaded, and in a white sheet, and make open confession of their sins.

II.

WHITE APPAREL.

VIII. WHITE UPON THE ALTAR.

He bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped Him in the linen. St Mark xv. 46.

O LORD, give gracious humbleness of heart,
 And chaste and grave imaginings, in awe
 Veil'd evermore, that as we nearer draw
 To Thy tremendous Altar, or impart
 Unto Thy little ones the skill and art
 Of holy things, and the mysterious law
 Whereby Faith sees whate'er Apostles saw,
 No ill may glance or eye or mind athwart.
 So unprov'd may we to babes declare
 The secret of the Altar's snow-white pall,
 And of the linen garment, bright and fair,¹
 Spread o'er the glorious Sacrifice when all
 Have tasted. 'Tis as Jesus' winding-sheet,
 And theirs, who die clasping His sacred Feet.

¹ Cf. Scudamore, "Notitia Eucharistica," p. 102 (ed. 1872), who quotes from Lyndwood's "Provinciale," iii. 23: "The Corporal shall be of pure flax, without the admixture of any other thing, whether costlier or cheaper; and it shall be white and clean, because it signifies the fine linen in which the Body of Christ was wrapt."

11.

WHITE APPAREL.

IX. THE WINDING SHEET.

Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon. 2 Cor. v. 4.

PURE is the glory of the Chrisom vest ;
 Joyous the Sunday-robe : all hope and
 might

The heavenly gleam, when dovelike wings alight
 On the twice-sealed brow ; benignly rest
 The smiles of Angels on the mitred crest
 And flowing skirt of Priests, whose stainless
 white

The heart belies not ; or on striplings bright,
 Glancing like spirits through the region blest ;
 Or on glad bridal train, around the shrine
 Gather'd with starlike and unchanging gleam ;
 But most where dimly robes of penance shine.
 Yet all is vain, if the last glory fail,
 If with the cold pale shroud the Font's pure
 beam

Blend not, and o'er all hues of death prevail.

12.

REDBREAST IN CHURCH.

October 20, 1843.

The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Romans viii. 21.

(FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

A redbreast singing in the cathedral is a type of

the way in which the animal world is freed by the Incarnation to join men and the angels in the praise of God. God forbid that they should ever again be cruelly treated.

The poem is said to have been suggested by a redbreast "which spent its winter in Winchester Cathedral, and was often heard singing throughout the anthem, and continuing through the ensuing prayers and thanksgiving." (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 189.) The poem should be compared with that for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity in "The Christian Year."

WHAT is this sudden thrill
Of notes so sweet and keen?
The organ's waves of sound are still
Within the awful screen.
In prayer are bow'd both head and knee,
And yet unbidden rings and free
A chant from one unseen.

A wingèd chorister
From his arch'd nook on high
Makes in the calm a gladsome stir,
His proper melody;
A Redbreast blithe, his evening hymn
Trying amid the shadows dim,
Attracts both ear and eye.

Nor time nor tune are there,
Yet sounds the unruly joy
Meet for the hour, nor spoils the prayer
E'en of the gazing boy.
It seems to say, Not man alone
Lives in the shade of Jesus' Throne
And shares the Saints' employ.

The Angels out of sight
 Worship with us, we know ;
 And who can say what pure warm light
 The unreasoning tribes below
 May by their kindly wafting feel ?
 What gleams to guide, what balms to heal
 From Christ on earth may flow ?

Bird, beast, and insect hail
 Warm sun and fragrant shower.
 The sheep in Bethlehem's thymy dale,
 In Blessèd Mary's bower
 The ox and ass—to them was given
 To see our Lord : the Light of Heaven
 Fell on them in that hour.

And since our Lord she bare
 In triumph to His place,
 One patient beast hath seem'd to wear
 The mark of His high grace,
 His token to dumb creatures, freed
 From slavery and unholy deed,
 From cruel tasks and base :—

Freed by the mighty Cross,
 And pure.—O mark it, all
 Who bear that sign ! O fear and loss,
 Should ye again enthrall
 To woe and wrong His creatures, seal'd
 For blessing, aid to earn and yield,
 As ere our father's fall !

13.

DISUSE OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

October 15, 1842.

Having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled. 2 Cor. x. 6.

The Church's spiritual weapons are terrible, too terrible for the present time with its low desires; yet they are real, and a true Church could still wield them rightly. The thought of them is a protection to those tempted to sin, though to the innocent they have no terror.

O WONDROUS warfare of the Spouse of
 God,
 Trampled to earth, yet wielding bolts so
 keen,
 She dares not hurl them in her wrath abroad,
 Only their ireful lustre glares half-seen.

For if she once unlock her quiver'd store,
 Once speak the words that in her bosom
 dwell,
 Earth could not bear the sound; the anguish
 sore
 Might drive her haughtiest to the scourge and
 cell.

For she hath power to shut the Heaven on high,
 Oft as in hallow'd air her dread notes thrill,
 That no shower fall: and she may smite and
 try
 Earth with all plagues, as often as she will.¹

¹ Cf. 1 Kings xvii. 1; Exodus vii.-xii.

Only her potent arm now for a space
 Lies wither'd : quench'd and dull her arrowy
 fires,
 Like smouldering brands in daylight, till her
 race
 Wake, as of old, to heaven-born high desires.

But would one Church Christ's awful lore
 obey,
 Like Saints of old, one household, one
 true heart,
 Such sacrifice might open the dread way
 For the old signs, for Paul's or Moses' art.

Darkness and mist, at one stern word of thine,
 Might e'en on scorners' outward eyes
 descend ;
 Fire might break out of each insulted shrine,
 Thy locusts spoil them, and thy lions rend.¹

Haunt us, dire thought ! where'er we walk in
 sin
 That mighty secret Power is all our foe :
 But they who bear unharm'd Heaven's seal
 within
 May through the penal fires rejoicing go.²

¹ Cf. Acts xiii. 11 ; Numbers xvi. 35 ; Deut. xxviii. 38, 42 ; 2 Kings xiii. 24 ; xvii. 25.

² In the MS. the poem ends here with the lines,
 But they who bear unharmed Heaven's seal within
 Rejoice, as babes at lightning laugh and crow.
 The last line was afterwards expanded into the
 following stanza.

So when the storm is rife among the hills,
 Rous'd on his heathery bed the mountain boy
 To every flash that through the dim air thrills
 Keeps time with eager hands, and screams for
 joy.¹

14.

DISUSE OF INFANT COMMUNION.

April 23, 1844.

There shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of
 water : follow him. St Mark xiv. 13.

(THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER)

The Church following Christ's commands brings
 her children to the font (—symbolized by the water-
 bearer, in whose house Christ ate His Passover with
 His disciples—) and in old days at once confirmed
 them, and allowed them to partake of the Com-
 munion. But now it bids them wait; it reminds
 them often of their baptismal vows; it trains them
 by Confirmation and by penance to be worthy to be
 true communicants. Penitents, such as I, must
 learn the patience of infants waiting to be admitted
 to the feast.

¹ Note from the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," i. 83,
 "There is a story of his having been forgotten one
 day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came
 on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation,
 and running out to bring him home, is said to have
 found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at
 the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny,' at
 every flash."—J. K.

O LORD, behold these babes are Thine,
 Thy 'treasur'd nurslings pure and sweet :
 We have sought counsel at Thy shrine :
 "Where may they sit with Thee, and eat?"
 Thou saidst, "The Water-Bearer meet
 Within the chosen City's round,
 Trace him along the hallow'd street,
 And where he guides, be duteous found."¹

"Where glorious Sion rests on high
 Amid the hills that on her wait,²
 Him faithful following, ye shall spy
 A wicket in a lowly gate :
 There early knock, there linger late,
 There in Christ's Name the room require,
 Where the Great Lord in royal state
 Shall eat the Bread of His desire."³

"Then to the spacious upper room
 The Host will bid you onward fare,
 Round many a nook of deepest gloom,
 Up many a broken wearying stair.
 The handmaid Penance hath been there,
 And swept and garnish'd all the place.
 Haste, and with loyal hands prepare
 For Me and Mine the Feast of Grace."

¹ *The Water-bearer*: The pitcher of water which the man carried who had prepared the upper room for the Lord's Last Supper is treated as symbolical of Baptism by Theophylact and Euthymius in their comments on St Mark xiv. 13.

² Cf. Ps. cxxv. 2.

³ Cf. St Luke xxii. 15.

Thou spak'st, and we Thine infants bore,
 And bath'd them in the Living Well
 That gushes out beside the door,
 Where Thou, O Lord, delight'st to dwell :
 Then lowly on our knees we fell,
 And pray'd, that through the world's hot day
 Dews from that hour, a balmy spell,
 Might gently freshen all their way.

Now, trembling still as they advance
 Up the far-shadowing awful nave,
 Full oft we bid them backward glance
 Where gleaming from its heavenly cave,—
 The Saviour's side,—the healing wave
 Falls in the fount of their new birth.
 The ears that hear its murmuring crave
 No tinsel melodies of earth.

When to the Chancel-arch they come,
 "Pause here," we say, "and search with fear
 If yet the pledge of your high doom
 Upon the sealèd brow appear.
 If worn and faint, by many a tear
 Renew the lines, then humbly kneel
 Till He invite—till sure and near
 The gliding of soft wings ye feel.

"Then to the inner shrine make haste,
 Fall prostrate with anointed brows,
 Adore, and of the Adorèd taste.
 Such bliss the Love untold allows."¹

¹ Cf. *supra*, i. 4, st. 10.

Of old, we read, the intrusted Spouse¹
 Her infants to the Anointing led
 Straight from the Laver and the vows ;—
 Yea, Christ was then the children's bread.²

But now some mournful instinct chills
 Our Mother's joy, and mars our spring :³
 She, as of old, to the bright hills
 Her eaglets' speed at once would wing :
 Now far and wide earth's vapours fling
 Their tainting dews ; and she perchance
 Shrinks from the fall such flight may bring,
 Fears the debasing, downward glance.

Then in low place with lowly heart
 Wait we, dear babe, both thou and I,
 Bide we our time, and take such part
 In the Bride's awful minstrelsy,
 As she whose laws are seal'd on high
 Ordains : and if long lingering tire,
 Yet may we hope, Faith's virgin sigh
 The purer mounts, to meet Heaven's fire.

¹ *the intrusted Spouse*—i.e. the Church intrusted with the care of the children, to whom it has been said, "Take these children and nurse them for me."

² *Infant Communion*. This practice is referred to as an old custom as early as the third century (St Cyprian, "De Lapsis," c. 25 ; "Apostolical Constitutions," viii. 13 ; St Augustine, "Sermons," 174, sec. 7). It still continues in the Eastern Church, but it was formally prohibited in the Western Church in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

³ *mars our spring* : Cf. ii. 2, st. 5, note.

15.

THE OFFERTORY. December 20, 1844.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. ix. 7.

(ST BARNABAS)

Christ in His poor is ever calling us to give freely to their needs. The child's generosity in giving is a type to us, and like the lute or harp combining with the winds, or some one cloud or flower giving its completeness to a landscape, so it recalls and combines with the generosity of the early Church, and with the lavish munificence of St Barnabas, who sold all for Christ.

CHRIST before thy door is waiting:
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold.

Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold:—
Hungry, by Whom Saints are fed
With the Eternal Living Bread;
Thirsty, from Whose pierced side
Healing waters spring and glide;
Cold and bare He comes, Who never
May put off His robe of light;
Homeless, Who must dwell for ever
In the Father's Bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying
He besets thy bed and path,
Fain would see thee hourly buying
Prayers against the time of wrath,
Prayers of thankful mourners here,
Prayers that in Love's might appear
With the offerings of the Blest,
At the shrine of perfect rest.¹

¹ Cf. St Luke xvi. 9.

See, His undecaying treasure
 Lies like dew upon the grass,
 To be won and stor'd at pleasure :—
 But its hour will quickly pass.¹

Christ before His Altar standing,
 Priest of Priests, in His own Day,
 Calls on thee, some fruit demanding
 Of the week's heaven-guarded way.²
 See His Arm stretched out to bless :
 Whoso nearest to Him press,
 Open-handed, eagle-eyed,
 They may best that Arm abide,
 When, the last dread lightnings wielding,
 He shall lift it, and decree,
 "Go, ye churls of soul unyielding,
 Where nor gift nor prayer shall be."

Jesus in His babes abiding
 Shames our cold ungentle ways,
 Silently the young heart guiding
 To unconscious love and praise.
 See out-reach'd the fingers small,
 Ever, at each playful call,
 Ready to dispense around
 Joys and treasures newly found.
 Fearless they of waste or spoiling,
 Nought enjoy but what they share ;
 Grudging thought and care and moiling
 Live not in their pure glad air.³

¹ *i.e.* the manna, *cf.* viii. 2, st. 1-3.

² *Cf.* 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

³ *Cf. supra*, vi. 5, "Pebbles on the Shore."

Strange the law of Love's combining!—
 As with wild winds moaning round
 Tones from lute or harp entwining
 Make one thread of solemn sound;—
 As calm eve's autumnal glow
 Answers to the woods below;—
 As in landscape, leaf or stone,
 Cloud or flower, at random thrown,
 Helps the sadness or the glory;—
 So the gift of playful child
 May recall thy natal story,
 Church of Salem undefil'd!

How the new-born Saints, assembling
 Daily 'neath the shower of fire,
 To their Lord in hope and trembling
 Brought the choice of earth's desire.
 Never incense-cloud so sweet
 As before the Apostles' feet
 Rose, majestic Seer, from thee,
 Type of royal hearts and free,
 Son of holiest consolation,
 When thou turn'dst thy land to gold,
 And thy gold to strong salvation,
 Leaving all, by Christ to hold:—¹

Type of Priest and Monarch, casting
 All their crowns before the Throne,
 And the treasure everlasting
 Heaping in the world unknown.²

¹ Cf. Acts ii. 44, 45; iv. 35-37.

² Cf. Revelations iv. 10; 1 Tim. vi. 19.

Now in gems their relics lie,
 And their names in blazonry,
 And their form from storied panes
 Gleam athwart their own lov'd fanes,
 Each his several radiance flinging
 On the sacred Altar floor,
 Whether great ones much are bringing,
 Or their mite the mean and poor.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
 Heap it high and hide it deep :
 Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,¹
 Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
 For as Heaven's true only light
 Quickens all those forms so bright,
 So where Bounty never faints,
 There the Lord is with His Saints,
 Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
 Far and wide from heart to heart,
 From His Wounds atonement shedding
 On the blessèd widow's part.²

16.

CHURCH BELLS. March 4, 1845.

Let the hills hear thy voice. Micah vi. 1.

(TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The church bells, that greet Christmas and the New Year with their messages of memory and of hope, shed a blessing on the sorrows and the joys of the whole twelvemonth. We hear their message of hope in the summer breeze, in the swell of ocean, in

¹ Cf. St Luke vi. 38.

² Cf. St Luke xxi. 1-4, and *supra*, iv. 7, st. 7.

the winds that wail round the house at night, or sough in the woods in June, in the sounds of the pinelogs on the hearth, in the echoes of distant peals. Hence we fear no perils: we envy not those who can hear Nature's wildest cataracts; the church bells that first welcomed us as infants to church tell always the same message of Love and Power.

In the opening of the poem there may be a reminiscence of Tennyson's "May Queen," published in 1842.

“WAKE me to-night, my mother dear,
 . That I may hear
 The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
 To high and low glad tidings tell,
 How God the Father lov'd us well,
 How God the Eternal Son,
 Came to undo what we had done,
 How God the Paraclete,
 Who in the chaste womb fram'd the Babe so sweet,
 In power and glory came, the birth to aid and
 greet.

“Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
 . May bear the song
 About with me in the world's throng;
 That treasur'd joys of Christmastide
 May with mine hour of gloom abide;
 The Christmas carol ring
 Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
 Each of the twelve good days¹
 Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
 Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common
 ways.

¹ *the twelve good days* — *i.e.* from Christmas till Twelfth Night.

"Wake me again, my mother dear,
 That I may hear
 The peal of the departing year.
 O well I love, the step of Time
 Should move to that familiar chime :
 Fair fall the tones that steep
 The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
 The New guide softly in
 With hopes to sweet sad memories akin !
 Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart,
 conscience win."

In the dark winter, ere the snow
 Had lost its glow,
 This melody we learn'd ; and lo !
 We hear it now in every breeze
 That stirs on high the summer trees.
 We pause and look around—
 Where may the lone church-tower be
 found,
 That speaks our tongue so well ?
 The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,
 It greets us from afar in Ocean's measur'd
 swell.

Perhaps we sit at home, and dream
 On some high theme,
 And forms that in low embers gleam,
 Come to our twilight Fancy's aid :
 Then, wavering as that light and shade,
 The breeze will sigh and wail,
 And up and down its plaintive scale

Range fitfully, and bear
 Meet burden to the lowly whisper'd air,
 And ever the sweet bells, that charm'd Life's
 morn, are there.¹

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes
 Mimic the chimes,
 The while on high the white wreath climbs,
 Which seething waters upward fling,
 In prison wont to dance and sing,
 All to the same low tune,
 But most it loves in bowers of June
 At will to come and go,
 Where like a minster roof the arch'd boughs
 show,
 And court the pensive ear of loiterer far below.

Be mine at Vesper hour to stray
 Full oft that way,
 And when the dreamy sounds decay,
 As with the sun the gale dies down,
 Then far away from tower or town,
 A true peal let me hear,
 In manifold melodious cheer,
 Through all the lonely grove
 Wafting a fair good-night from His high love,
 Who strews our world with signs from His own
 world above.

So never with regretful eye
 Need we descry
 Dark mountains in the evening sky,

¹ *charmed*, but MS. *soothed*. Cf. Introduction, p. 14.

Nor on those ears with envy think,
 Which nightly from the cataract shrink
 In heart-ennobling fear,
 And in the rushing whirlwind hear
 (When from his Highland cave
 He sweeps unchain'd over the wintry wave)
 Ever the same deep chords, such as home fancies
 crave.

Ever the same, yet ever new,
 Changed and yet true,
 Like the pure heaven's unfailing blue,
 Which varies on from hour to hour,
 Yet of the same high Love and Power
 Tells alway :—such may seem
 Through life, or waking or in dream,
 The echoing Bells that gave
 Our childhood welcome to the healing wave :
 Such the remember'd Word, so mighty then to
 save.

17.

CONTINUAL SERVICES.

February 27, 1845.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing
 be lost. St John vi. 12.

(THE SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT)

The sight of a child turning round the globe
 suggests (*a*) the ceaseless round of the universe
 moving smoothly in obedience to its Creator's law ;
 (*b*) the ceaseless answer of the earth in flower and
 breeze ; (*c*) the ceaseless answer of the Catholic

Church—in this so different from the local worship of the Jewish Church—always at some point of the globe offering the Eucharist to God. This bond unites us with our friends throughout the world; and all fragments of our worship are gathered into one whole

Compare with this the poem headed “Jeremiah xxiii. 23,” in J. K.’s “Miscellaneous Poems,” p. 270. This poem seems to have suggested the hymn, “The day Thou gavest, Lord, is over,” by the Rev. J. Ellerton (“Hymns Ancient and Modern,” No. 477).

O ENDLESS round of Nature’s wheel,
 How doth thine untir’d course reveal
 The universal spring
 Of Power and Motion! Not in keen
 And sudden startings, far between,¹
 But smooth as sea-bird’s wing,
 Gliding unwearied now in Air
 And now in Ocean,
 As though Life’s only call and care
 Were graceful motion.

Such are your changes, Space and Time,
 Dying away in softest chime,
 With gentlest intervals
 Aye lessening on the ear, and felt
 As when into each other melt
 The hues where evening falls.
 Thus moon to moon gives silent place,
 And bright stars waning
 Gradual retire, while morn’s still pace
 On night is gaining.

¹ Continuo, non vero per saltum.—NEWTON.

Thus or for increase or decay
 The seasons wind their viewless way,¹
 Nor but by word of man
 Or measure rude by man impos'd,
 Is known when day or year hath clos'd,
 Summer or Winter's span.
 And ever onward as we go,
 The wide earth rounding,
 The horizon moves in gentle flow,
 Not in harsh bounding.

For why? the unseen Preserver's law
 Is nigh, to master and o'erawe
 The creatures in their race,
 Else starting each its own wild way.
 So Nature sav'd from disarray,
 Is free to wait on Grace:
 And still, as Earth and Time steal on
 To their dread ending,
 New fragments may of both be won
 For holy spending.

Thus high may soar the instructed soul,
 Watching young fingers idly roll
 The mimic earth, or trace
 In picture bright of blue and gold
 The orbs that round the sky's deep fold
 Each other circling chase.
 When plainest strikes the inward ear
 What Heaven hath spoken,
 Then most for our own chant we fear
 So harsh and broken.

¹ *viewless*, but *voiceless*, MS. Cf. Ps. xix. 3.

His spheres, recede they or advance,
 Before Him in mysterious dance
 Keep tune and time; nor e'er
 Fails from this lower world a wreath
 Of incense, such as sweet flowers breathe,
 And vernal breezes bear.
 Only man's frail sin-wearied heart
 Bears, half in sadness,
 A wavering, intermitted part
 In that high gladness.¹

Yes: so it was ere Jesus came,
 Alternate then his altar-flame
 Blaz'd up and died away;
 And Silence took her turn with Song,
 And Solitude with the fair throng
 That own'd the festal day.
 For in earth's daily circuit then
 One only border
 Reflected to the Seraph's ken
 Heaven's light and order.

But now to the revolving sphere
 We point, and say, No desert here,
 No waste so dark and lone,
 But to the hour of sacrifice
 Comes daily in its turn, and lies
 In light beneath the Throne.
 Each point of time, from morn to eve,
 From eve to morning,
 The shrine doth from the Spouse receive
 Praise and adorning.

¹ Cf. "The Christian Year," Morning, st. 1-4;
 and the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, st. 1-7.

While on our couch we listless dream,
 Or drink perforce of care's dull stream,
 Yet somewhere in that hour
 The holy words are utter'd, Earth
 Is partner made in Angels' mirth,
 The unspeakable, pure shower
 Of blessings to the unbloody rite
 E'en now is winging
 Its awful way, The Infinite
 To meek hearts bringing.

'Tis said, of yore some child of pride
 Would vaunt him how his empire wide
 The bright sun never left.¹
 So in the Name of our dread King
 Of incense and pure offering
 We never are bereft.
 'Tis morning here, 'tis evening there,
 And prayer must vary ;
 But evermore through silent air,
 Nor dull nor weary,

¹ The allusion is probably to Philip II. of Spain. Cf. Camden, *Annales Rerum Anglicarum*: iv., of the death of Philip II. *Princeps cujus imperium tam longe lateque supra omnes retro imperatores diffusum ut vere dicere posset, sol mihi semper lucet*), and Schiller ("Don Carlos," Act i. sc. 6) puts into Philip's mouth the words:

Ich heisse
 Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt,
 Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

For other references to the saying, cf. "Notes and Queries," for Oct. 15, 1898.

From earth, the footstool of His feet,
 Mounts to the Lord the savour sweet
 Of that which once for all
 He gave upon the Cross, and we
 Give daily, earth's release to be
 From daily woe and thrall.
 Thus to Heaven's Bride, so chaste and sweet,
 A voice is granted,
 The notes untiring to repeat
 In high Heaven chanted.

Then mourn we not with drooping heart,
 Though half the globe may seem to part
 Our prayers from home and friends.
 Our matins meet their evensong,
 And the dread Offering, all day long,
 All prayer, all duty blends.
 The Eucharist of God's dear Son,
 Like Him undying,
 Is mighty, worlds and hearts in one
 For ever tying.

Wherefore in solemn cheer we pass
 (Now that the Church hath turn'd her glass)
 From year to dawning year.
 All years to Him are one: and thou,
 In virtue of thy first dread vow
 Signing thyself in fear,
 Make haste, dear child, and onward press •
 To high Communion:—
 Thy fragments He will glean and bless
 With perfect union.

X

HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS

I.

CHRISTMAS EVE: VESPERS

January 26, 1844.

If it bear fruit, well: if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. St Luke xiii. 9.

The daughter of the schoolmaster at Hursley, a child about three years old, came into church one Christmas Eve, expecting to see the decorations, but they were not yet put up, and she complained, "There's no Christmas here." (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 19.) This suggests the thought that if our Lord were to come, He might be equally disappointed, failing to find in our lives the true Christmas decoration of the Christian character, and to a prayer that He will help even the old and withered boughs to bear fruit still.

THE duteous sun hath ceas'd to keep
The vigil of His wondrous birth,
Who in few hours, while sinners sleep,
Shall dawn on thankless earth.

The sun is set, the stars begin
Their stations in His watch on high,
As once around that Bethlehem inn;
The vesper hour is nigh.

A little maid with eager gaze
Comes hurrying to the House of Prayer,

Shaping in heart a wild green maze
Of woodland branches there.

One look,—a cloud comes o'er her dream:
No burnish'd leaves, so fresh and clear,
No berries with their ripe red gleam:—
“There is no Christmas here.”

What if that little maiden's Lord,
The awful Child on Mary's knee,
E'en now take up the accusing word:—
“No Christmas here I see.

“Where are the fruits I yearly seek,
As holy seasons pass away,
Eyes turn'd from ill, lips pure and meek,
A heart that strives to pray?

“Where are the glad and artless smiles,
Like clustering hollies, seen afar
At eve along the o'ershaded aisles,
With the first twilight star?”

Spare, gracious Saviour, me and mine:
Our tardy vows in mercy hear,
While on our watch the cold skies shine
Of the departing year.

Ere we again that glimmering view,
Cleans'd be our hearts and lowly laid;
The unfruitful plant do Thou renew,
And all beneath its shade.

By winter frosts and summer heats,
 By prunings sharp and waterings mild,
 Keen airs of Lent, and Easter sweets,
 Tame Thou the sour and wild.¹

And dare we ask for one year more?
 Yea, there is hope: One waits on high
 To tell our contrite yearnings o'er,
 And each adoring sigh.

If He in Heaven repeat our vow,
 We copying here His pure dread Will,—
 O dream of joy!—the wither'd bough
 May blush with fruitage still.

2.

CHRISTMAS EVE: COMPLINE

December 3, 1842.

Rejoice in the Lord alway. Philippians iv. 4.

A Christmas Benedicite. A call to children to join in the chorus of praise which goes up to God from the stars, the flowers of earth, the angels, the animals, and the Saints in Paradise, in thanksgiving for the Incarnation.

REJOICE in God alway,
 With stars in Heaven rejoice,
 Ere dawn of Christ's own day
 Lift up each little voice.

¹ *Easter sweets.* Cf. "Thy dying sweets." "The Christian Year": Holy Baptism, st. 12, and the note there. With the whole stanza cf. *supra*, vi. 2.

Look up with pure glad eye,
And count those lamps on high.
Nay, who may count them? on our gaze
They from their deeps come out in ever-
widening maze.

Each in his stand aloof
Prepares his keenest beam,
Upon that hovel roof,
In at that door, to stream,
Where meekly waits her time
The whole earth's Flower and Prime :—
Where in few hours the Eternal One
Will make a clear new day, rising before the sun.

Rejoice in God always,
With each green leaf rejoice,
Of berries on each spray
The brightest be your choice.
From bower and mountain lone
The autumnal hues are gone,
Yet gay shall be our Christmas wreath,
The glistening beads above, the burnish'd leaves
beneath.

Such garland grave and fair
His Church to-day adorns.
And—mark it well—e'en there
He wears His crown of thorns.
Should aught profane draw near,
Full many a guardian spear
Is set around, of power to go
Deep in the reckless hand and stay the grasp-
ing Foe.

Rejoice in God always,
 With powers rejoice on high,
 Who now with glad array
 Are gathering in the sky,
 His cradle to attend,
 And there all lowly bend.

But half so low as He hath bow'd
 Did never highest Angel stoop from brightest
 cloud.

Rejoice in God always,
 All creatures, bird and beast,
 Rejoice, again I say,
 His mightiest and His least ;
 From ox and ass that wait
 Here on his poor estate,

To the four living Powers, decreed
 A thousand ways at once His awful car to speed.¹

Rejoice in God always :
 With Saints in Paradise
 Your midnight service say,
 For vigil glad arise.
 E'en they in their calm bowers
 Too tardy find the hours

Till he reveal the wondrous Birth :
 How must we look and long, chain'd here to
 sin and earth !

Ye babes, to Jesus dear,
 Rejoice in Him always.
 Ye whom He bade draw near,
 O'er whom He loved to pray,

¹ Cf. Ezekiel i. 5.

Wake and lift up the head,
Each in his quiet bed.

Listen : His voice the night-wind brings :
He in your cradle lies, He in our carols sings.

3.

CHRISTMAS DAY. November 23, 1843.

(While waiting on an Infant at home.)

Behold, I and the children which God hath given me. Isaiah viii. 18.

The infant, who cannot join in the worship of Christmas Day, yet by its very smile in sleep seems to be dreaming of Christmas joy, and hearing the voices of children now adoring Christ in Heaven ; and the parents, who have to tend it, can join in that worship by offering their child to God, in union with the great Eucharistic Offering. The child's smile is mysterious, yet much more mysterious must have been the face of the Eternal Child ; that can never more be seen, but this new-born child shall know of His Crucifixion, and receive mercy and joy therefrom.

THOU, who didst choose Thine awful
room

Within the undefilèd womb,—

The bridal chamber, where our God

For spousals high made brief abode,

High spousals, evermore to bind

The Godhead with our fallen kind :—

Now while the o'erarching clouds among

Echoes the Angels' matin song,

While, heart and hand,
 In every land
 The Saints their sacrifice prepare
 The Cradle to adore of Heaven's dread Heir,
 Behold where in the silent shade
 Thy slumbering little ones till matin prime are
 laid.

Soon will a thousand bells ring out,
 A thousand roofs the choral shout
 Prolong, where Kings with Shepherds meet
 His manger with their gifts to greet.
 What shall we do, mine infant dear,
 Who may not those glad anthems hear?
 How shall we serve Him, thou and I,
 Far from that glorious company?
 Thou smil'st in sleep:
 Who knows how deep
 The dream of joy that smile denotes?
 Mild as the summer lightning, see, it floats,
 As if, the new-born Spirit o'er,
 Came voices low from where departed babes
 adore.

Such is thy silent Liturgy,
 But what is ours who wait on thee?
 We offer thee to Him, this hour,
 Who in like slumber veil'd His power:
 Thy cradle with its hopes and fears,
 Thy May-day smiles and April tears,
 Whate'er thou hast, whate'er thou art,
 Howe'er thy mother's dreaming heart

Shapes thy bright doom
 In years to come ;—
 All with that offering would we blend,
 Which Saints on earth to Angel hands commend
 To bear on high, this favour'd day,
 And on the sovereign Babe's unquenched altar
 lay.

Mysterious are these smiles of thine ;
 But of that Face, the Godhead's shrine,
 Those holy lips, that awful brow,
 Nor Angel then nor Prophet now
 Might truly deem ; none trace aright
 Those hoverings of supernal light.
 No more to sight, in earth or heaven,
 Shall the Eternal Child be given,
 But, Infant dear,
 Unveil'd and clear,
 Thou shalt behold Him as He died,
 Thine eye shall gaze upon the Crucified :
 In mercy may He meet thy gaze,
 And all the joy fulfil of all His bright glad days !

4.

THE EPIPHANY. January 1843.

They saw the young Child with Mary His Mother,
 and when they had opened their treasures, they pre-
 sented unto Him gifts. St Matt. ii. 11.

A christening day or a birthday is full of bright-
 ness and of gifts ; let us then to-day brightly bring
 our very best to our Lord—the gold of a virgin heart,

the frankincense of prayer, the myrrh of penitence—
that so the sight of the infant Child may be a protec-
tion during the coming year.

HOW gaily seems the sun to rise
On christening days and days of birth,
Whether he smile in summer skies,
Or faintly warm the wintry earth !
Bright are the dreams he drives away,
And bright the promise of that day.
All charms, all gifts of Love are there,
Love breathes in all the fragrant air.

Oh haste we then to-day to greet
Him who is born our glorious King :
Of gold and myrrh and incense sweet
Your treasures to His cradle bring.
The Virgin Mother waiting by
Your offering scans with earnest eye,
Angels and Saints with jealous heed
Watch if you bring your best indeed.

And He, the Holiest, Humblest One,
Making as though He could not see,—
Yet is His Eye all hearts upon.

O may He find some good in me !
A poor, weak, wayward soul is mine,
Yet own I, Lord, Thy saving sign.
Thou seest me daily, how before
Thy gracious footsteps I adore.

Fain would I there my stores unfold,
And of the gifts Thy Love hath given
One heart restore of virgin gold,
One prayer, like incense, seeking Heaven,

One drop of penitential Love,
 Fragrant and dear to God above,
 Yet bitter in the mouth as gall,¹
 Fain would I bring Thee : 'tis mine all.

O blessèd, who with eyes so pure
 Have watch'd Thy cradle day by day,
 Thy look may in their hearts endure,
 Brightening their dim and weary way !
 Blest, whom sweet thoughts of Christmas tide
 Through all the year may guard and guide,
 As on those sages journeying smil'd
 In dreams the Mother and the Child.

5.

THE PURIFICATION

February 12, 1843.

The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Song of Solomon ii. 12.

As on a bright February day, the budding violets and snowdrops, the gay faces of the children, the first spring notes of the birds anticipate the spring, yet the cold winds and mists return again; so the Presentation of Christ by His mother in the Temple anticipated His great offering of Himself, yet at once there mingled with it the note of sorrow.

WHAT buds, what fragrant flowers are here !
 Not yet are Christmas garlands sere,
 The stern bleak months that lead the year
 Are frowning still,
 Yet forth they come, no stay, no fear,
 And bloom at will.

¹ Cf. Revelations x. 10.

Each nodding violet spray beneath
 What troops of tender nurslings breathe,
 Close set as gems in bridal wreath !

April's last day
 No richer gift did e'er bequeath
 To brightening May.

The snowdrops round the cottage door
 Are twinkling gay by tens or more,
 The merry children on the floor

As gay within :
 The birds tell out their vernal lore
 With joyous din.

As they prevent the matin prime,
 So, might it seem, sweet Nature's chime
 Rings out to greet the holy time.

Heaven's softest airs
 Wait on the Maid who now shall climb
 The Temple stairs.

Pure from her undefilèd throes,
 Her virgin matron arms inclose
 The only Gift the wide earth knows
 Not all unmeet

For the dread place where now she goes,
 His mercy-seat.

See the Redeemer on His way
 Himself to be redeemed to-day :
 In humblest meekness see her lay
 Before the shrine

Such offerings as poor matrons pay,
 Want's lowly sign.¹

¹ Cf. St Luke ii. 24.

But soon the untimely vernal gleam
 Must fade away like morning dream,
 And ill winds blow, and cold mists stream
 On flower and leaf:
 So with the glad prophetic theme
 Come tones of grief.

“The sword shall pierce thy very soul.”
 As on some gay glad hour might toll
 The funeral knell, or thunders roll
 O'er summer night,
 So did that word thy joy control,
 Thou Virgin bright!

Then, poor and orphan'd though I prove,
 Yet would I praise Thee, Lord, and love,
 And learn of Mary's spotless Dove,
 With moanings meek,
 And soft wing gliding high above,
 Thy Face to seek.

6.

LENT. March 6, 1844.

Sanctify a fast . . . gather the children, and those
 that suck the breasts. Joel ii. 16.

(ASH WEDNESDAY)

The grown up have one advantage over children,
 that their service of God implies deliberate choice
 of heart; hence, while children rejoice in the
 Church's festivals, Lent is for the grown up—for
 sinners; yet the presence of children deepens the
 penitence of the sinner; and as at the sight of sorrow
 they show an instinctive sympathy, so at the sight of

the broken heart they feel instinctive horror of sin and soothing sympathy with the sinner. *Cf. supra*, ix. 9.

'TIS said, the immortal Powers on high
Might envy Saints on earth, for they
can die;

They for their Lord may suffer loss;
Those but adore, these taste, the healing Cross.
So while in all beside, dear babe, we pine
For hope as pure as thine,
One gift we have, one token more than thou,
With choice of heart beneath the Saviour's yoke
to bow.

No deep of joy to thee is lost
From Christmas, Easter, or bright Pentecost:
No memory-cloud in air, to dim
The unfolding heavens or mar the Seraphs'
hymn.
The gladsome days are thine: to us are sent
The wan soft gleams of Lent,
The kindly waters from the heavens above,
From earth to be exhal'd in dews of tearful love.

Our portion in Christ's awful year,
Not thine, is Lent: and yet He calls thee near.
Come, spotless one, He seems to say,
Come with thy pure white robe, and kneel
to-day
Beside the fallen and defil'd, and learn
How keen the fires must burn
Of the dread Spirit, purging contrite hearts
With penitential pains, Truth in the inward parts.¹

¹ *Cf.* Ps. li. 6.

Oft have we marked thy wistful eye
Fix'd upon ours when evil news came nigh,
As who should say, "My dreams are
bright,
"Why should the cloud of woe on thee alight?"
Then sweeter grew thy smile, thy soft caress
Would closer seem to press,
And for the woe, to thee yet unreveal'd,
Pure balm of kindly hope thou didst unknowing
yield.

So be it now : the secret dark
Of wasting sin here in God's awful ark
In mercy may He keep from thee,
Yet be thou near, our penance-hour to see,
Our penance-hour to see, and deeply thrill
At sense of unknown ill.
Thou look'st an Angel : be thy presence found
Like a bright Angel's here, guarding the holy
ground.

Oh much we need a loving spell,
To scare away the Powers unclean and fell,
Whom we too oft have tempted nigh,
To bind our burden, dim our upward eye.
Thou from the Font art fresh and undefil'd :
O surely, happy child,
More than angelic power is where thou art,
More than angelic love, to melt the cold dry
heart.

7.

EASTER EVE. April 4, 1842.

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Lamentations iii. 26.

Nature's flowers bloom as much while the Lord lies in His grave as though there were no sorrow in the world; the thyme and violets grow even on the tomb, for they anticipate the Easter message; and the child's delight in the flowers is one with their instinctive faith, but it needs as it grows, to be kept safe by fast and prayer.

THE Primroses with kindly gleam
Are looking out from bower and brake :
As bright and quiet all things seem
As if no heart on earth could ache.

Yet He, the Sun who yester even
Set in that wild tempestuous gloom,
When graves flew wide, and rocks were riven,
Still lingers in the dreary tomb.

Nor blame our peace : for He will rise,
His veil for evermore withdrawn.
O never yet shone vernal skies
So pure, as shall to-morrow dawn.

'Tis in that faith the flowers of Earth
Their very best make speed to wear,
And e'en the funeral mound gives birth
To wild thyme fresh and violets fair.

Stoop, little child, nor fear to kiss
 The green buds on this bed of death,
 Thou hast thy first baptismal bliss,
 Like new-born babe's, thy fragrant breath.

Thy fragrant breath with this sweet air
 From briar and turf may duly blend :
 But keep it pure with Fast and Prayer,
 Come early near, and lowly bend.

8.

EASTER DAY. April 11, 1844.

I found Him whom my soul loveth : I held Him,
 and would not let Him go. Song of Solomon, iii. 4.

To a child, on Easter Day.

As at the Incarnation, Jesus lay in a Virgin's Womb, and left it undefiled, so in death He lay in a tomb in which no man had ever lain, and left it sealed, as He rose triumphant in the early Easter Morn to receive the homage of those who had learnt the lesson of His Death. He rose to bring blessings to others, and to thee among them. He appeared first—so Church tradition vouches—to His mother, then to the Magdalen, to Peter, to John, to the holy women, to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, and to the Apostles in Jerusalem—that thou mightest learn first to care for thy parents, and then to be with the penitent and the sorrowing, with those who talk about Christ, and those who meet together for His worship.

'TWAS at the matin hour, early before the
 dawn,
 The prison-doors flew open, the bolts of death
 were drawn.

'Twas at the matin hour, when prayers of Saints
 are strong,
 Where, two short days ago, He bore the spitting,
 wounds, and wrong,
 From realms unseen, an unseen way, th' Almighty
 Saviour came,
 And following on His silent steps an Angel
 arm'd in flame.

The stone is roll'd away, the keepers fainting fall;
 Satan's and Pilate's watchmen—the Day has
 scar'd them all.

The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone
 before,
 The Breath of Life, the Living Soul, had
 breath'd itself once more
 Into the sacred Body that slumber'd in the tomb,
 As still and lowly, as erewhile in th' undefilèd
 womb.

And surely not in folds so bright the spotless
 winding-sheet
 Inwrapt Him, nor such fragrance pour'd the
 myrrh and aloes sweet,
 As when in that chaste Bosom, His awful bed,
 He lay,
 And Mary's prayer around Him rose, like
 incense, night and day.

And e'en as, when her hour was come, He left
 His Mother mild
 A royal Virgin evermore, heavenly and undefil'd,
 So left the glorious Body the rock it slumber'd on,
 And spirit-like in silence passed, nor touch'd the
 sealèd stone.

The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone
 before,
 Not for Himself, but for His Saints, is burst the
 prison door,
 That penitents who bring Him tears and perfume
 of good deeds¹
 May for His glory school their eyes, watching
 His funeral weeds.

They who have sinn'd, though much they love,
 —they who have thrice denied,—²
 'Tis meet that they awhile beneath the garb of
 glory hide
 A shred of Jesus' grave-clothes, such robes as
 hermits weave ;—
 But Virgin Love needs only to behold, rejoice,
 believe.³
 Dearest, be thine such portion : yet even so, in
 still
 And humble guise draw nigh : such is thy
 Saviour's will.
 Stoop lowly o'er His traces dim, and of His
 Angels learn
 Where face to face He will be met, and for that
 greeting yearn.

Thou know'st He died not for Himself, nor for
 Himself arose :
 Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for
 one He chose.

¹ Cf. St John xii. 3.

² Cf. St John xx. 6, 7 ; and *supra*, v. 12, st. 5.

³ Cf. St John xx. 8.

Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven
was thy name,¹

He for thy cleansing had prepar'd His water and
His flame.

Sure thou with Him art risen: and now with
Him thou must go forth,

And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy
strivings, might and worth.

Early with Him thou forth must fare, and ready
make the way

For the descending Paraclete, the third hour of
the day.²

He veil'd His awful footsteps, our all-subduing
Lord,

Until the Blessèd Magdalene beheld Him and
ador'd.

But through the veil the Spouse may see, for her
heart is as His own,

That to His Mother or by sight or touch He
made Him known.³

¹ Cf. Isaiah xlix. 16.

² Cf. Acts ii. 1, 15.

³ Compare "The Christian Year," Fourth Sunday
in Lent:

As when the Holy maid beheld

Her risen Son and Lord:

Thought has not colours half so fair

That she to paint that hour may dare,

In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from Heaven

The earnest of our bliss,

Of many a chosen witness telling,

On many a happy vision dwelling.

Sings not a note of this.

The actual tradition of such an appearance vouch-

And e'en as from His manger-bed He gave her
 His first smile,
 So now, while Seraphs wait, He talks apart with
 her awhile ;
 That thou of all the forms, which to thee His
 image wear,
 Might'st own thy parents first, with thy prime of
 loving care.

And when that first spring-flower of love is
 gather'd, be thou seen
 Full soon with mourning Peter, and bereavèd
 Magdalene,
 And meet with looks of soothing cheer the
 women on their way
 To find the Lord, nor from beside His musing
 comrades stray.
 To Emmaus see thou lose not the narrow path ;
 for there
 With open face He tarries, to give thee Angels'
 fare.
 Where all His Saints assemble, make haste ere
 twilight cease,
 His Easter blessing to receive, and so lie down
 in peace.

safed first to the Virgin is apparently not found
 earlier than Eadmer. It reappears in Ludolph of
 Saxony's "Life of Christ."

9.

WHITSUN-EVE. August 9, 1845.

O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the Rock, . . .
let me hear thy voice. Song of Solomon ii. 14.

Plato, in his ideal state, laid down that soft music should be played round every child's cradle at night and stirring tunes each morning; but God has provided us with the lark's song at morn and with the sighing of the wind through the pines at night. Nay, Nature does more! it makes tunes for holy times, for the note of the Dove—soft, grave, content, combining joy with wistful sadness—comes both at morn and eve to remind us of the Spirit's work.

Compare Wordsworth's contrast of the song of the nightingale with that of the stock-dove, especially the lines about the latter:

He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward gleë;
That was the song—the song for me.

WELL fare the Sage, whose dreams of old
Would every cradle fain enfold
In evening clouds of softest sound,
Slow settling ear and heart around,
Then with the breeze at morning prime
Would mingle some heart-thrilling chime,
Some Dorian movement, bold or grave,
Such as in inmost soul they crave,
Who, when the battles of the Lord are fought,
Shrink from their own frail hearts, else fearing
nought.¹

¹ This reference seems to combine Plato, "Laws," ii. p. 664, where choruses are to sing to the young and tender souls of children, with the "Republic," iii. p. 399, in which the Dorian and Phrygian harmonies are set apart for the true education of the rulers of the state.

Such strains have I desir'd erewhile,
 When haply with half-pitying smile,
 One of the attendant Spirits kind,
 Who float unseen on wave or wind,
 Might to another say, "Behold
 The dimly eyed and narrow soul'd !
 He longs for music in the morn,
 Nor heeds the lark's unwearied horn.
 He finds at eve no soothing lullaby,
 Though west winds stir and whispering pines
 are nigh."

O heavenly Wisdom, strong and sweet,
 How dost thou tune thy lyre, to meet
 The wakening or half-dreaming cares
 Of souls whom Love for Joy prepares !
 How do wild Nature's chords, by thee
 Combin'd in varying melody,
 Make tunes for holy times ! e'en now,
 From underneath the fragrant bough,
 In notes of hopeful warning the fair Dove
 Gives token of the approaching morn of love.

Soft are her tones ; for He draws nigh,
 Who moveth all things quietly :
 Yet grave and deep ; for to His sight
 Heaven's secrets are undazzling light :
 Content ; for He on healing wings
 The promise of the Father brings :
 And Comfort in His name ; yet so
 That in His promptings here below
 A wistful uncomplaining sadness still
 Must deeply blend with Joy's adoring thrill.

As yet we but our vigil hold,
 Not yet the Whitsun flowers unfold
 Their full bright splendours. In the sky
 The third hour's sun must ride full high,
 Ere to the holy glorious room
 The fires of new Creation come,¹
 Ere on weak hearts, though willing, fall
 The rushing mighty wind, in all
 The power of its dread harmony, and win,
 Ne'er to die down, true echoes from within.

O loving Spirit, gently lay
 Thine arm on ours when we would stray !
 Prepare us with Thy warnings sweet,
 Us and our little ones, to greet
 Thy visitations dread and dear !
 Grant us, when holy times are near,
 In twilight or of morn or eve,
 Thy dove-like whisperings to receive,
 And own them kindlier for the plaintive mood,
 That breathes of contrite Love, mild Hope,
 and Joy subdued.

10.

WHITSUNDAY. June 16, 1843.

The Promise is unto you and to your children.
 Acts ii. 39.

The one Spirit given at Pentecost produced many
 varying crowns of glory and tongues of praise ; only
 of children is there no mention then. Yet the Virgin
 Mother, whose heart is always full of the true Child,

¹ *New Creation, cf. supra, i. 2.*

was there in worship; and St Peter, the Shepherd who was bidden to feed Christ's Lambs, declared that the promise was "for you and *your children.*"

ONE the descending Flame,
 But many were the tongues of fire;
 From one bright Heaven they came,
 But here and there in many a spire,
 In many a living line they sped
 To rest on each anointed head.
 There, as yon stars in clearest deep of night,
 The glory-crowns shone out in many-colour'd
 light.¹

One the dread rushing Wind,
 But many were the tones of praise,
 Love guiding each to find
 His way in Music's awful maze.
 Many the tongues, the theme was one,
 The glory of th' Incarnate Son,
 How He was born, how died, how reigns in
 Heaven,
 And how His Spirit now to His new-born is
 given.

Join'd in that choral cry
 Were all estates, all tribes of earth:
 Only sweet Infancy
 Seem'd silent in the adoring mirth.
 Mothers and maidens there behold
 The Maiden Mother: young and old
 On Apostolic thrones with joy discern
 Both fresh and faded forms, skill'd for all hearts
 to yearn.

¹ Cf. *supra*, vii. 10.

Widows from Galilee,
 Levites are there, and elders sage
 Of high and low degree ;
 But nought we read of that sweet age
 Which in His strong embrace He took,
 And seal'd it safe by word and look,
 From Earth's foul dews, and withering airs of
 Hell :
 The Pentecostal chant no infant warblings swell.

Nay, but she worships here,
 Whom still the Church in memory sees
 (O thought to mothers dear)
 Before her Babe on bended knees,
 Or rapt, with fond adoring eye,
 In her sweet nursing ministry. —
 How in Christ's Anthem fails the children's part,
 While Mary bears Him thron'd in her maternal
 heart ?

Hear, too, that Shepherd's voice,
 Whom o'er His lambs the Saviour set
 By words of awful choice,
 When on the shore His Saints He met.¹
 Blest Peter shews the key of Heaven,
 And speaks the grace to infants given :
 " Yours is the Promise, and your babes', and all,
 Whom from all lands afar the Lord our God
 shall call."

¹ Cf. St John xxi. 15-17.

II.

OCTAVES OF FESTIVALS.

November 26, 1844.

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.
Ps. lxxxix. 15.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS)

As in a strain of music the last notes recall the main tune, so in the strains which greet Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsuntide, the Church keeps her octave, and on the eighth day sounds once more the note given on the festival. We may grow wearied, but the angels weary not; and both little children with their cry of "Again," "Again," for what they like, and with their unwillingness to part with a friend, and mothers, ever untired of their children's voices, are examples to us how we ought to train ourselves to greet the unvarying bliss of Heaven.

E'EN as the close of some grave melody,
Hovering and lingering in the moon's still
ray,

Breathes o'er and o'er, reviving ere they die
The notes that are the soul of the sweet lay,
And hearts that own the music, loitering near,
Drink the lov'd cadence with enchanted ear;¹

So the bright holy days, as one by one
They pass, a glorious week behind them draw.
Nor will their echo cease till they outrun
Their Octave: such is heavenly Music's law.
Nor will Faith's ear grow weary of the strain,
But long for the glad note to sound again.

¹ *enchanted*, but *unsated*, MS.

Whether the tones were pastoral, warbled low
 On Christmas Eve, but ere the bright sun rise,
 From thousand Seraphs in harmonious flow
 O'erspreading earth new-born and gladden'd
 skies :

Or in high triumph from beside the tomb
 The sudden anthem pierc'd the Paschal gloom :

Or cloudlike soar'd the long-drawn melody,
 Still upward gliding where the Lord had gone :
 Or in all tongues the Pentecostal cry
 Rose from all lands in perfect unison ;—
 For each and all, seven happy nights and days,
 The Church untiring holds her notes of praise.

For each and all, the eighth mysterious morn
 Doth of the first tell o'er the perfect tale.
 Lo, from Heaven's deep again the lays are borne
 That seem'd for ever past behind the veil,
 (For Thy dread Hours, Thou awful Trinity,
 Are but the Whitsun airs, new set on high).

'Tis only our dull hearts that tire so soon
 Of Christ's repeated call ; while they in heaven,
 Unwearied basking in the eternal noon,
 Still sound the note, by the first Seraph given,
 What time the Morning Stars around their King
 Began for evermore to shine and sing.¹

And you, ye gentle babes, true image here
 Of such as walk in white before the Throne,

¹ Cf. Job xxxviii. 7.

Ye weary not of Love, how oft soe'er¹
 Her yearnings she repeat in unchanged tone,
 To tale familiar, to remember'd strain,
 To frolic ten times tried, ye cry, Again.

How have I seen you, when the unpleasing time
 Came for some kindly guest to pass away,
 Cling round his skirts! how mark'd the playful
 chime
 Of earnest voices, pledg'd to make him stay!
 O deeply sink, and with a tearful spell,
 The memories of such welcome and farewell.

Nor wants in elder love the like soft charm.
 The Mother tires not of one little voice,
 E'en as she fain all day with patient arm
 Would bear one burthen. O frail heart, rejoice!
 Love trains thee now by repetition sweet
 The unwasting and unvarying bliss to greet.

¹ *oft*. I have restored this from the MS. and the first edition. Later editions read *soft*—probably a mere slip.

APPENDIX

MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT.

December 8, 1844.

IN CONCEPTIONE B. V. M.

The incident which suggested this poem occurred in August 1844. Mr Keble was on a visit at Ballachulish, in Scotland, when a child rushed into the room, then stopped, complaining, "My mother is not here." This suggests to the poet two thoughts: (*a*) how many devout Englishmen are complaining that the True Mother, the Church, is not to be found in England! (*b*) how many are also complaining that the proper reverence is not paid there to the Virgin Mother of Our Lord! But as the child was stilled by the assurance that his mother was not far off and would soon be back, so we are comforted by the thought (*a*) that the Church is still with us, even if not in all her glory, giving Her blessing to our prayers; and (*b*) that though we may not adore the Blessed Virgin, yet the true love and fear is growing which pays due reverence to the Saints. We think of her as associated for ever with her Son, we name her in the Creed, we use her Magnificat, we keep her Festivals, and we may unforbidden use the Angelic greeting and call upon her and all the Saints to aid our prayers.

The poem was written for the "Lyra Innocentium," but not published in it, as Mr Keble's friends, Mr Justice Coleridge and Mr Dyson, thought it would give offence, and that it went farther than was sanctioned by the English Church. But, as it

has since been published, it is printed here. (*Cf.* Introduction, pp. 20-22. Coleridge, "Memoir," c. xiii.; W. Lock, "J. Keble," c. vi.). It should be compared with the Poem for the Annunciation in "The Christian Year."

SAW ye the bright-eyed stately child,
 With sunny locks so soft and wild,
 How in a moment round the room
 His keen eye glanced, then into gloom
 Retired, as they who suffer wrong
 When most assured they look and long?
 Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,
 In anger half, "My Mother is not here!"

Perchance some burthen'd heart was nigh,
 To echo back that yearning cry
 In deeper chords than may be known
 To the dull outward ear alone.
 What if our English air be stirred
 With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
 Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,
 "Our own, our only Mother is not here."

The murmurings of that boyish heart
 They hush with many a fostering art,
 Soon o'er the islands of the west
 The weary sun will sink to rest;
 The rose-tints fade, that gradual now
 Are climbing Ben-y-veer's green brow,
 Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer,
 Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.

Lightly they soothe the fair, fond boy,
 Nor is there not a hope and joy
 For spirits that half-orphan'd roam
 Forlorn in their far island home.
 Oft, as in penance lowly bowed,
 Prayer—like a gentle evening cloud—
 Enfolds them, through the mist they seem to trace
 By shadowy gleams a royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side,
 Not in her robes a glorious Bride :—
 As sister named of Mercy mild
 At midnight by a fever'd child
 Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
 A white-stoled angel in a dream,
 Such may the presence of the spouse appear
 To tender, trembling hearts so faint, so dear.

The babe for that sweet vision's sake
 Courts longer trance, afraid to wake ;
 And we for love would fain lie still,
 Though in dim faith, if so He will.
 And wills He not ? Are not His signs
 Around us oft as day declines ?
 Fails He to bless our home, or choral throng,
 When true hearts breathe His Mother's even-
 song ?

Mother of God ! O, not in vain
 We learn'd of old thy lowly strain,
 Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
 And kneel with thee, and call thee blest ;
 With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
 And if thou art not here adored,

Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more
near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry,
Man hath assail'd the Throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie, that pardoning hour
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break :
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Thenceforth, Whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee Mother evermore ;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.
How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below in high acclaim
In holy Creed ? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze ?

Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
 Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
 Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
 Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,
 "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet
 Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows
 Paid duly to the enthroned Spouse,
 His Church and Bride, here and on high,
 Figured in her deep purity,
 Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
 To bear and nurse the eternal Son.
 O, awful station, to no seraph given,
 On this side touching sin, on the other heaven!

Therefore, as kneeling day by day
 We to our Father duteous pray,
 So unforbidden may we speak
 An Ave to Christ's Mother meek.
 (As children with "good morrow" come
 To elders in some happy home :)
 Inviting so the saintly host above
 With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
 Our falterings in the pure bright air.
 But strive we pure and bright to be
 In spirit, else how vain of thee
 Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
 Feel we the sword that pierced thy side!
 Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
 Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

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